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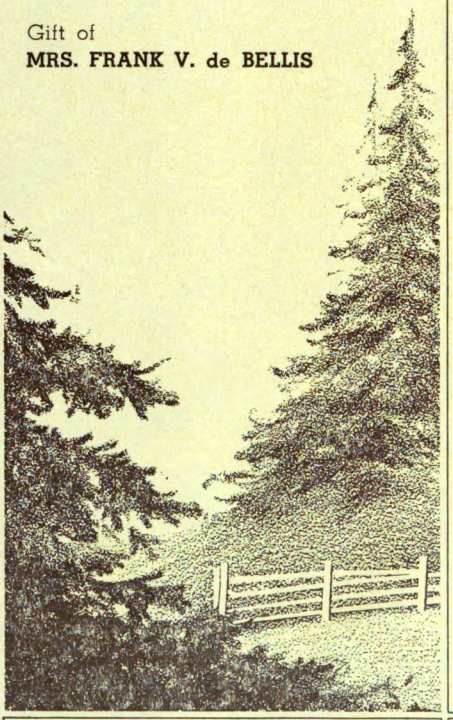

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THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

VI.

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THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND
(HANS BREITMANN)

VOLUME VI.

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1892

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GERMANY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
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GERMANY.

SECOND PART.—BOOK THE THIRD.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

Do you know China, the native land of the winged dragon and of porcelain tea-pots? All the country is a cabinet of curiosities, surrounded by an inhumanly long wall and one hundred thousand Tartar sentinels. But the birds and thoughts of European scholars fly over it, and when they have seen till they are satisfied, returning home, they tell most charming things of the strange land and its more curious folk. There Nature, with its glaring contrasts and entangled flourishes, eccentric giant flowers, dwarfed trees, voluptuously baroque fruits,[1] and absurdly deco-

[1] "Barock wollüstigen Früchten." In reference to the fre-

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rated birds, is as fable-like a caricature as man himself, with his pointed pig-tailed pate, his reverences, long-nails, antique-crafty nature, and child-like tongue of monosyllables.[1] Man and Nature cannot there look at one another without suppressing a laugh. They do not laugh aloud, being by far too high-politely civilised; so, to repress it, they make the most seriously comic faces. In that land is neither shadow nor perspective. Over houses which are like patchwork of many colours, rise rows on rows of roofs which look like outspread umbrellas on which hang many metal bells, so that even the wind when sweeping by makes itself droll by singing comic sounds.

In such a house with bells dwelt a princess whose feet were smaller than those of any other Chinese girl, whose obliquely slit little eyes blinked and winked more sweet-dreamily than

---

quent representations of fruits grouped together as for dessert, which are so common in the baroque or degraded rococo style of decoration of the Regency, and which are still to be seen in many hotel dining-rooms. From their almost invariably exaggerated size and high colour, such pomological displays in art were jokingly described by an American critic in a burlesque catalogue as "some pumpkins," which became a popular saying for anything very remarkable of its kind. It is curious, as exactly conveying the sense of Heine's singular expression.—*Translator.*

[1] "With ways which were dark
And tricks which were vain, . . .
But his smile it was gentle and child-like."
—*The Heathen Chinee*, by Bret Harte.
—*Translator.*

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those of any dame of the Celestial realm, and in whose giggling, tittering heart the craziest caprices made their nests. For it was her chief delight to tear to rags the costliest silks and cloths of gold. When they r-r-ripped and cracked sharply between her destroying fingers, she shouted for joy. But at last, when she had spent all her fortune on such a fancy, and had torn up all her properties and possessions, she was, by advice and opinion of all her mandarins, declared to be an incurable lunatic, and was confined in a round tower.

This Chinese princess or caprice personified is like the personified Muse of a German poet, who cannot be passed without mention in a history of Romantic poetry. This is the Muse who smiles at us so madly from the poems of Clemens Brentano. There she sits, tearing the most lustrous satin trains and the most brilliant gold lace, and her wild and merrily laughing madness fills our souls with uncanny rapture and voluptuous pain. But now for fifteen years Brentano has lived secluded from the world, or walled up in his Catholicism; for now there remains to him nothing more that is precious to tear up. For he has torn, as it was said, the hearts which loved him, and every one who was his friend has some capricious injury, by him inflicted, to complain of; but it was most and worst of all on himself, and on his own poetic power, that he practised his mania for destruction

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I especially call attention to a comedy by this poet called *Pome de Léon*. Nothing can be more disjointed and fragmentary than this composition, both as regards thoughts and languages. Yet all these shreds and tatters live and whirl round so merrily that in reading it one fancies himself in a masqued ball of words, and thoughts, and witticisms. There everything rushes and riots and rolls together in delightful confusion, and it is only the generally prevailing madness which makes a kind of harmony. The most preposterous puns run like harlequins through all the piece, and slap everybody with their wooden swords. Sometimes a serious idea addresses us, but it stutters like the Doctor of Bologna. There a phrase lounges and strolls like a Pierrot with far too loose hanging sleeves and far too large waistcoat buttons, and there again humpy dwarfy witticisms, with little legs, leap like Punches, while words of love flutter about with sorrow in their hearts. So all dances, and leaps, and whirls, and rattles, and drones, while ever and anon blare out the trumpets of a Bacchantic rage for ruin and destruction.

A great tragedy by this poet, called "The Founding of Prague," is also very remarkable. There are scenes in it where we are inspired by the most mysterious thrills or chills of primevally ancient legends. In it rustle the dark Bohemian

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guests, there too wander the grim Slavonian gods, heathen nightingales trill as of yore, but the soft Aurora of Christianity is beginning to shine on the summits of the trees. Brentano has also written some good stories, such, for instance, as "The History of Brave Caspar and Pretty Annie" (*Die Geschichte vom braven Kasperl und dem schönen Annerl*). While fair Annie was still a child, and went with her grandmother to the public executioner's, to there purchase, as common people in Germany are accustomed to do, certain remedies,[1] something suddenly rattled in the great cabinet by which Annie stood, and the child

[1] It is mentioned by many writers, but especially by Michelet (*La Sorciere*, vol. i., Intro.), that during the Middle Ages the executioner was generally the most skilful surgeon in every community, the study of practical anatomy being forbidden to all (even to professional surgeons), save him. "And his experiments were sacrilegious." Hence he became a kind of physician generally. When Paracelsus at Basle in 1527 burned the books of his predecessors, he declared that all he knew of medicine and surgery he had learned from witches and executioners. As regards this story of Caspar and Annie, Heine seems to have been haunted all his life, very strangely, by the mystery of the headsman's sword; nor have I myself quite escaped it, as the reader may see in my "Gypsy Sorcery." In the remarkable series of laws against superstitions and sorceries published by the Pfalzgraf Maximilian in 1611 (vide *Bayerische Sagen*, von Friedrich Panzer, 1848), there is one which decrees punishment to any person who, believing that an executioner's sword which has taken life is of special virtue and effect (in combat), shall obtain or buy such a sword for such a purpose.—*Translator.*

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cried in fright, "A mouse! a mouse!" But the executioner was still more frightened, and said, "Dear woman, in this cabinet hangs my headsman's sword, and it always moves of itself when any one comes near whom it is destined to decapitate. My sword thirsts for the blood of this child. Let me just scratch her a little with it on the neck. Then it will be satisfied with a drop of blood, and have no further longing." But the grandmother would not listen to this advice, and had at last to deeply regret her incredulity when fair Annie was really beheaded with the same sword.

Clemens Brentano is now perhaps fifty years of age,[1] and he lives a hermit life in Frankfort, as corresponding member of the Catholic Propaganda. His name has almost passed away of later years, and he is only mentioned now and then when people speak of the popular songs which he published with his friend Achim von Arnim. For he compiled with the latter, under the title of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ("The Wondrous Horn of the Boy"), a collection of songs which were gathered partly from the people, partly from old broadsides and rare works. I cannot praise this work enough; it contains the fairest flowers of German

[1] French version, "M. Clément Brentano peut avoir aujourd'hui cinquante sept ans."

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spirit and feeling, and he who would know the people from their best side should know these songs. As I write, the book lies before me, and it seems as if I smelt the perfume of German lime-trees.[1] The lime-tree plays a leading part in these songs. Lovers woo of evenings in its shade; it is their favourite tree, probably because the lime-tree leaf is in the form of a heart. This remark was made to me by a German poet whom I prefer to all others—namely, myself.[2] On the title-page of that book is a boy blowing a horn, and when a poet in another land looks at that picture, he thinks he hears the notes best known to him, and then he may feel home-sickness, as happened to the Swiss *landsknecht* (or mercenary soldier), who, when standing sentinel on the bastion at Strasburg, hearing the call to the cows afar, threw away his pike and swam over the Rhine, but was soon after arrested and shot as a

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[1] *Linden.* It is known by the name of "lime" in New England, and of "linden" in Pennsylvania.

[2] Heine's memory here deceived him. It was probably a very much older poet who gave him the simile. "The linden leaf," remarks Friedrich (*Symbolik der Natur*, p. 245), "on account of its being shaped like a heart, was a symbol. The greatest of our old poets, such as Walter von der Vogelweide, Godfrey of Strasburg, and the Minnesinger, often speak of the linden and its leaf." Fortunately for Heine, this poet whom he preferred to all others had some images which were more original.—*Translator.*

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deserter. On which subject there is a touching song in "The Boy's Wonder-Horn:"—

"In Strasburg on the fort
My trouble all begun.
I heard an Alpine horn blow far away;
I tried to swim back to my home that day;
It was not done.

At one o'clock that night
They caught and held me tight,
And took me to the captain, as ye see.
Ah, God! they caught me swimming in the stream;
All's up with me!

To-morrow morn at ten
Before the regiment I have to go;
No pardon can I gain,
That hope is all in vain,
That I well know.

Ye brothers of my corps,
After to-day you'll see me never more.
Upon the shepherd all the blame should fall;
It was the Alpine horn which did it all;
That I deplore!"

What a beautiful poem! There is a deep charm in these popular songs. Artistic poets try to imitate these productions of Nature just as men make artificial mineral waters. But when they are chemically analysed the main thing is wanting; that is, the non-analysable sympathetic power

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of Nature.[1] In these songs we feel the heart-beat of the German people. Here all its sad gaiety, all its foolish reason reveals itself. Here German anger drums, German mockery fifes, German love kisses. German wine and German tears drop in pearls, and the last are often better than the first, for there are therein both iron and salt. What naïveté in the truth! what honesty in the untruth! What an honest soul is "the poor black-necked rough," although he practises highway robbery! Listen to the phlegmatic touching tale as he himself tells it—

"I came unto a landlady;
They asked me who was I?
I'm a poor black-neck ruffian,
I eat when I am hungry,
And I drink when I am dry.

They took me in the dining-hall;
They gave me wine to drink:
I let my eyes stray round the room,
And let the wine glass sink.

They sat me at the table,
Like a gentleman so high;
But when it came to pay the bill,
The devil a coin had I.

[1] Perhaps the truth is that they have not run through the soil, nor been kept long enough.—*Translator.*

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And when I asked them for a bed,
They put me in the hay ;
So I, poor black-neck ruffian,
For my joke must dearly pay.

And when I nestled in the hay,
Oh, then I felt forlorn,
For I was pricked with thistles dry,
And stuck with many a thorn.

And in the morning when I rose,
The roofs were white with frost ;
Then I, poor black-neck ruffian,
Must laugh at mine own cost.

I took my sword well in my hand,
I bound it to my side ;
Poor devil, I must go a-foot
For lack of a horse to ride.

And rising up, I ranged about
The roads as it might be ;
I met a wealthy merchant's son,
And he left his purse with me."

This *arme Schwartenhals,* or black-neck ruffian, is the most German character whom I know. What repose, what conscious power prevails in this poem! But you shall also learn to know our Gretel. She is a straightforward maiden, and I love her dearly. Hans said to her—

" ' Gird up your garments, Margaret,
And come with me away,
For all the corn is garnered
And the wine is stowed away.' "

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She answers, pleased—

"'O Hänslein, dear Hänslein!
I'll be true mate of thine;
The week-days in the meadows,
And on Sunday by the wine.'

He led her through the byways
All by her snow-white hand,
He took her on the highways
To a tavern far inland.

'Landlady, hey, good landlady,
Bring out your wine, I say!
Because the clothes this Margaret wears
Must all be drunk to-day.'

Then Margaret fell to weeping,
And so her grief began;
Adown her cheeks in sorrow
The light-bright teardrops ran.

'O Hänslein, dear Hänslein!
Such language did not come
From thee when thou didst take me
From my dear father's home.'

He took her by the fingers,
His hand in hers was bound;
He led her by the byways
Till they a garden found. . . .
. . . . . .
'O Margaret, dear Margaret!
What is it grieves thee most?
And is it for thy cheerfulness,
Or honour which is lost?'

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'I weep not for my cheerfulness,
Or honour which is lost ;
I'm sorry for my garments,
And to think how much they cost.'"

That is not the Margaret of Goethe, and her repentance would not be a subject for Ary Scheffer. There is no German moonlight in it. There is as little sentimentality in this song as when a young fellow begs his sweetheart by night to let him in, and she sends him away with the words—

"Ride thou along the highway,
Ride to yon heath alone,
Ride back as thou cam'st hither ;
There is a good broad stone ;
On it thou thy head may'st lay,
And no feathers take away !"

But moonlight full and fair pouring through all the soul shines in this song—

"Were I a little bird
With two small wings, my dear,
I'd fly to thee ;
But that can't be,
And so I must stay here.

But though afar from thee,
In sleep I'm still by thee,
Talking with thee, mine own ;
But when I'm wide awake,
Then I'm alone.

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Every hour for thy sake
In the night I awake,
From sleep I start,
Thinking of the thousand times
Thou gav'st me thy heart."

But if any one, charmed, asks who composed such songs, he is answered with such concluding lines as these—

"Who was it made you this pretty song?
Over the water three geese came along,
And brought it—two grey and one white."

It is generally wandering folk, vagabonds, soldiers, travelling students, or trade-apprentices who make such a song, but specially the latter, or the so-called *Handwerksburschen*. I very often in my foot-excursions kept company with them, and observed how they now and then, inspired by some out-of-the-way incident, improvised a bit of ballad, or whistled it in the open air. Birds on the branches listened to the lay, and when another boy with staff and scrip came trudging by, they chirped the song to him, and what was wanting to the words he made, and so the song and melody were done. Words fall in this way as it were from heaven on the lips of such youths, and they have only to utter them, and they are more poetical than all the refined phrases which we mine out of the depths of our hearts. The character of these

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German *Handwerksburschen* lives and thrives in and through such popular ballads. They are an odd race, who, without a sous in their pockets, wander all over Germany, harmless, merry, and free. I generally found three of them in company.[1] Of these three, one was always the talker; he talked with droll whims of every casual subject, of every bird which flew in the air, of every commercial traveller who rode by, and when they came into some wretched place with poor huts and beggarly people, he observed ironically, "God made the world in six days, but this was a bit of after-work."[2] The second of the trio only broke in occasionally with some angry remark; he could not converse without cursing; he swore at every boss with whom he had worked, and his endless refrain was his regret that before leaving

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[1] *Tres faciunt collegium.* That which Heine here mentions is specially set forth in a farce entitled *Lumpacivagabundus, or the Jolly Clover-Leaf*, the latter word (*trifolium*) being applied to a company of three *Handwerksburschen.* As regards the one of three pilgrims or apprentices who always does the talking, there is a proverb, "Wo Drey sind, muss einer allweg der Narr seyn"—"Where there are three, one is always the fool." —*Translator.*

[2] So it is said in America, that on Saturday night, when God had made the world, some sand still stuck to his hands. He brushed it off, threw it down, and lo! it became the State of New Jersey! In the French version, "Le bon Dieu a fait le monde en six jours; mais il y paraît, car il reste encore beaucoup à faire."

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Halberstadt he had not slapped the face of the mistress who gave him every day only cabbage and watery turnips to eat. But at the word "Halberstadt," the third, who was the youngest, sighed from his very heart. He was on his first journey, and thought of the black-brown eyes of a sweetheart, hung his head, and never a word spake he.[1]

Des Knaben Wunderhorn is by far too remarkable a monument of our literature, and has exercised by far too great an influence on the lyrical poets of the Romantic school, and especially on our admirable Uhland, to be passed unnoticed. This book and the Nibelungenlied played a leading part at that time, of which latter there must be a special mention. For a long time, indeed, we spoke of nothing but the Nibelungenlied, and classical philologists were not a little vexed when one compared this epic with the Iliad, or when

[1] I trust that it is not out of place to mention that I recently, near Florence, accompanied during a long walk three young Germans of this humble class. One did all the talking and, *in einem fort*, without cessation commented on what he saw, or repeated ballads one after the other, and the second argued, while the third was silent. During a long illness in the same city, our German head-waiter came in at times to converse with me. I questioned him on this subject, and he narrated much which was very curious, as, for instance, how he and another waiter, after saving up a little money, had made very long pedestrian journeys in Eastern Europe, and into Turkey, suffering much, in order to see the world.—*Translator.*

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people debated as to which of these poems precedence was due. And the public, when questioned on it, looked like a child of whom one should ask, "Would you rather have a horse or a hard-bake?" But in any case, this Nibelungenlied is of great, tremendous strength. A Frenchman can hardly form an idea of it, or even of the language in which it is composed. It is a language of stone, and its verses are blocks in rhyme. Here and there, between the clefts, red flowers stream forth like drops of blood, or long ivies trail like green floods of tears. And you—nice little people that you are[1]—can hardly form a conception of the giant-like passions which inspire this poem! Imagine a clear summer night, the stars bright as silver, yet large as suns, come forth in the blue heaven, and that all the Gothic cathedrals in Europe are met in rendezvous on a vast plain. First comes calmly advancing the Strasburg Minster, the Dom of Cologne, the Campanile of Florence, the grand Church of Rouen, and that these gallantly wooed the fair Notre Dame de Paris. It is true that their gait is a little unsteady, that some of them act very clumsily, and that one is tempted to

[1] French version, "bonnes gens civilisés et polis que vous êtes." *German*, "ihr kleinen artigen Leutchen."

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laugh at their amorous awkward staggering.[1] But this laughter soon ends when we see them in fury striving to strangle one another; how Notre Dame in despair throws her two arms of stone up to heaven, and then suddenly seizing a sword, decapitates the grandest cathedral. But no; you could even then form no idea of the leading figures of the Nibelungenlied; no tower is so high, and no stone so hard, as the grim Hagen and the vindictive Chriemhilde.

But who composed this poem? We know as little as we do the names of the authors of the popular songs. It is indeed strange that we so seldom know the originator of the most admirable books, poems, architectural works, and similar monuments of art. Who was the builder of the Cathedral of Cologne? Who painted the altar-piece on which the beautiful Mother of God and the Holy Three Kings are so delightfully depicted? Who composed the Book of Job, which has been a consolation to so many suffering generations of humanity? Man soon forgets the names of his benefactors; those of the noble and the good who have toiled for the benefit of their fellow-beings are seldom in the mouths of the people, whose

[1] Here Heine falls into his very common failing of very needlessly repeating one idea or simile three times within the limits of a single sentence. The French version briefly gives the conclusion as "leur transports amoureux."

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blunt coarse memories retain only the names of their oppressors and cruel heroes of wars. The tree of knowledge forgets the silent gardener who protected it from cold, watered it in sultry drought, and freed it from noxious creatures, but it faithfully preserves the names which have been unmercifully cut into its bark with sharp steel, and hands them over—always growing larger—to succeeding generations.

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CHAPTER II.

OWING to their joint publication of the "Wonderhorn," the names of Brentano and Von Arnim are usually associated; and having mentioned the one, I cannot omit the other, all the more because he is much more deserving our attention. Ludwig Achim von Arnim is a great poet, and was one of the most original minds of the Romantic school. The lovers of the fantastic will relish his works far more than those of any other German writer. Herein he far outdoes Hoffmann and Novalis. He lived more deeply into Nature than the latter, and could conjure up far more ghastly and grotesque images than those of the former; indeed, when I look at Hoffmann it seems to me as if Von Arnim had created him. Von Arnim has remained utterly unknown to the multitude, having a name only among literary men, who have, however, while fully recognising his merits, never spoken of them openly; indeed, there were some who spoke contemptuously of him, and these were the very ones who imitated his method.

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One would apply to them that which Stevens wrote of Voltaire when the latter spoke contemptuously of Shakespeare after plundering "Othello" for his "Orosman." "Such men are like thieves, who, after plundering a house, set fire to it." Why did Tieck never speak befitingly of Arnim, he who said so much that was clever over such piles of second-hand trash? And the Schlegels also ignored him. It was not till after his death that he obtained a kind of obituary notice from a member of the school.

I believe that Von Arnim could not become famous because he was by far too Protestant for his friends of the Catholic party, while the Protestants, on the other hand, regarded him as a crypto-Catholic. But why did the public ignore him—the public who could find his romances and novels in every circulating library?[1] Even Hoffmann was hardly ever mentioned in our literary and æsthetic journals; the higher criticism maintained an aristocratic reserve as to his works,

[1] Heine's vindication of Von Arnim, like all his laudations, is admirable in every respect, but to give it point he is guilty of as great exaggeration as regards this author's being neglected and unpopular. If his works were in every circulating library, they must have been in demand by other than "literary men." There is also a quite unconscious exaggeration of the genius of Von Arnim, and of the thrilling terror and mystery of his romances. At the present day they read like "Der Freyschutz by daylight."—*Translator.*

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and yet everybody read him. But why did the German people neglect an author whose imagination grasped all things, whose feelings were of infinite depth, and whose gift of description was unrivalled? Because one thing was wanting to him, which the people always seek in books, and that was *life*. They require that the author shall feel their daily sorrows, and whether he brings from his heart pleasure or pain, they ask for sensation; and Arnim could not satisfy this want. He was not a poet of life, but of death. In all which he writes there is only a movement as of shadows; the figures crowd and rush hurriedly; they move their lips as if speaking, but the words are only seen, not heard. These forms leap and creep, tussle and wrestle, stand on their heads, approach us mysteriously and whisper in our ears, "We are dead!" Such a play would be too terrible were it not for the peculiar grace of Von Arnim, which spreads over his poetic compositions like the smile of a child—and yet even this is a dead child. Arnim can depict love, and sometimes sensuality, but even there we cannot feel with him; we see beautiful bodies, heaving breasts, well-turned limbs, but all surrounded by a cold damp shroud. And Arnim is often witty, and we must laugh, but it is as if Death were tickling us with his scythe. Yet he is generally serious—as a dead German. A living one is a sufficiently solemn character—

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fancy a dead one.[1] But a Frenchman can form no idea of how solemn we are when life has departed; for then our faces are immeasurably longer, and the worms which feed on us become melancholy at the sight. The French think it strange that Hoffmann can be so appallingly serious, but it is a mere jest compared to the awful gravity of Arnim. When Hoffmann evokes his dead, and they rise from their graves and dance round him, he himself trembles with delight, and dances with them in the midst, and makes the maddest monkey-grimaces. But when Arnim summons his spectres, it is as if a general had a review, and he sits calmly on his high spectral horse and makes the terrible host pass before him, and they glance at him with awe, and seem to fear him. And yet he always nods to them in a friendly manner.[2]

Ludwig Achim von Arnim was born in 1784 in the Mark Brandenburg, and died in the winter

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[1] In Philadelphia it is a common saying, "Solemn as a dead Dutchman;" Dutch being there the popular translation of *Deutsch.—Translator.*

[2] This seems to have been suggested by the well-known poem of Zedlitz which describes how the spectre of Napoleon rises and holds a "Midnight Review." It begins with the words—

> "At night, when twelve is striking,
> The drummer leaves his grave."

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of 1830.[1] He wrote dramas, romances, and novels. His dramas are inspired with a deep sentiment of poetry, especially one entitled *Der Auerhahn* (or "The Mountain Cock," pheasant). Its first chapter would not be unworthy the greatest poet. How true to the very life is the most melancholy ennui therein depicted! One of the three natural sons of the late Landgrave sits alone in the great desolate castle-hall, and talks yearningly to himself, and complains that his legs are growing longer and longer under the table, and that the morning air blows so cold between his teeth. His brother, the good Franz, comes slowly loitering in, dressed in the clothes of his late father, which hang a world too wide about him, and sorrowfully recalls how at this hour he used to help his father draw them on, and how the latter often threw him a crust, which his old teeth could no longer bite, and now and then in his ill-humour gave him a kick. This last recollection moves good Franz to tears, and he grieves because his father is dead and can kick him no more.

Arnim's romances are called the *Kronwächter* ("The Guardians of the Crown") and *Dolores*. The scene of the former is laid in the upper storey of the watch-tower of Waiblingen, or in the little

[1] Arnim was born January 26, 1781, in Berlin, and died January 21, 1831.—*German Publisher.*

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house-room of the watchman and of his notable fat wife, who is, however, not so fat as people in the town report. For it is mere scandal when they say that she grew so fat in the tower-chamber that she could no longer descend the narrow flight of stairs, and after the death of her first husband was obliged to wed the new watchman (on that account). The poor woman grieves sadly at such tittle-tattle, the truth being that she could not quit the tower because she suffered from vertigo.

The second romance of Von Arnim, "The Countess Dolores," has also an admirable beginning. In it the author depicts the poetry of poverty and that of nobility, which he, who often lived in dire distress, very often chose for a subject. And what a master Arnim is in describing destruction and decay! It seems to me as if I had before my very eyes the desolate castle of the young Countess Dolores, which seems all the more desolate because the old Count built it in a gay Italian style, but never finished it. Now it is a modern ruin, and all is run to waste in the garden of the castle; the walks of trimmed box-trees have become ragged and wild, the trees grow into the way of one another, the laurels and oleanders wind and twist sadly on the ground, great beautiful flowering plants are clogged and twined with weeds, statues of the gods are fallen from their

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pedestals, and two pert beggar-boys crouch by a poor Venus who lies in the high grass, and whip her marble *derrière* with nettles.[1] When the old Count, after a long absence, returns to the castle, the conduct of all his household, especially of his wife, strikes him as very singular. Such strange things take place at table, the reason being that the Countess had long before died of grief, as had all the others. The Count himself begins at last to realise that he is surrounded by spectres, and, without any indication that he has observed it, quietly goes away.

But to me the most delightful of Arnim's novels is his "Isabella of Egypt." In it is set forth the wandering life and ways of the gypsies, whom we in France call Bohemians, and also Egyptians Herein we see that strange legendary race, with its brown faces, fascinating fortune-telling eyes, and sorrowful secrets. Their gay, delusive juggling merriment hides a great mysterious pain. For according to the legend, which is charmingly told in these pages, the gypsies must wander about the world as a penance for the inhospitable severity with which their ancestors once treated the Holy Virgin and Child, when she, during the

[1] There is a very obvious imitation of this scene, including the Venus in the grass, in the "Florentine Nights." Heine, however, did not whip the Venus, but kissed her.—*Translator.*

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flight into Egypt, once begged them for a night's lodging. For this, people treated them in turn with cruelty. For as during the Middle Age they had as yet no philosophers of the school of Schelling, poetry then undertook the defence of the most despicable and cruel laws;[1] and these laws were more barbaric as regards the gypsies than any other people.[2] In many countries every gypsy suspected of theft could be hung without trial or sentence. So was their chief Michael, called Duke of Egypt, executed, though innocent, and it is with this sad incident that the novel of Von Arnim begins. By night the gypsies take their dead Duke down from the gallows, place the scarlet princely mantle on his shoulders, set the silver crown on his head, and throw him into the

[1] This is strangely rendered in the French version as follows: "Dans le moyen âge, on n'avait pas encore une philosophie catholique, et il fallait bien employer la poésie pour justifier les lois les plus indignes et les plus cruelles."

[2] A very great error indeed. The gypsies were often hung or shot out of hand, or proscribed, as were all kinds of criminals in that rude age, but they were not *invariably* tortured to death or burnt alive, as were innumerable heretics and witches. For information the reader may consult papers by D. MacRitchie and others in the *Gypsy Lore Journal*, and works by Grellman, Wilson, F. Groome, Liebich, and many more, to which these will direct him. For the witches, the works of Walter Scott, Michelet, and Horst will more than suffice. As regards the heretics, this is simply the whole history of the Catholic Church in its relations to all its weaker enemies, sava e or civilised.—*Translator.*

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Schelde, being fully convinced that the compassionate stream will bear him back to home, or to their beloved Egypt. The poor gypsy princess, Isabella, knows nothing of all this sad event; she dwells alone in a ruined house on the Schelde. Hearing the water rustle strangely, she looks, and sees her dead white father rise in his red array, while the moon casts its sorrowful light on the silver crown. The heart of the poor girl is well-nigh broken for indescribable grief; in vain she seeks to hold her dead father fast—he floats onward to Egypt, to his wondrous native land, where he is awaited, and where he will be worthily buried in one of the pyramids. Very touching is the supper to the dead with which the poor maiden honours her father. She lays her white veil on a stone in the field and places on it food and drink, which she solemnly enjoys.

Everything is deeply moving which Arnim tells us of the gypsies, whom he also describes with compassionate sympathy in other works, as, for instance, in "The Wonderhorn," where he declares that we owe to them so much which is beneficent and healing—that is, most of our medicines.[1] We rejected and persecuted them ungratefully. With all their love, they could

[1] This is more than doubtful. But Michelet has taken pains to prove that during the Middle Age the witches or wise

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never attain among us to a home. He compares them in this respect to the elves or dwarfs, who brought to the feasts of their greater and more powerful enemies everything which the latter required, but who, having once in their need taken a few peas from a field, were cruelly beaten and driven from the country. And it was a sad sight to see how the poor little things trotted by night over the bridge like a herd of sheep, every one laying down a small coin as he did so until a barrel was filled.[1]

A translation of "Isabella of Egypt" would not only give the French an idea of Von Arnim's writings, but also show that all the fearful, uncanny, horrible, and ghostly tales with which they have of late industriously tormented themselves are, as compared to the horrors of Von Arnim, only the rosy morning dreams of an opera-dancer. In all the fearful tales of France there is not, put

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women were by far the most learned class in an empiric or practical knowledge of medicines, and some of this was undoubtedly derived from the gypsies.—*Translator.*

[1] A legend probably commemorating, according to David MacRitchie (*vide* "The Testimony of Tradition"), the exodus of some early dwarf race. I have often seen in New England a piece of ground known as the "Last Breakfast Field." When the last remnants of an Indian race were obliged to depart from the land of their fathers and go west, they assembled and ate their last home-meal in that field. This field is near Rye Beach.—*Translator.*

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together, so much that is mysteriously horrible as in the coach which our writer sends from Brussels, and in which the following persons sit:—

1. An old gypsy woman, who is also a witch. She seems as beautiful as the Seven Sins, and flourishes about in the most brilliant gilt and silken array.

2. A dead Bärenhauter,[1] who, to earn a few ducats, has risen from his grave and engaged himself as a servant for seven years. He is a bulky corpse, clad in an overcoat of white bear-skin—whence his name—notwithstanding which, he is always shivering.

3. A Golem, that is, a figure of clay formed like a beautiful woman, and who acts as such. On her forehead, hidden by her black locks, is inscribed in Hebrew letters the word *Truth*, and should this be wiped away, all the figure will fall lifeless like mere earth.

4. The Field-Marshal Cornelius Nepos, who is by no means any relation to the celebrated historian of that name, and who cannot even boast descent from a simple citizen, since he is by birth a root, an *Alraun*, which the French call *mandragore*, a mandrake. This grows under a gallows-

[1] *An idler*, an ancient word, from a proverb, *Auf der Bärenhaut leigen*, to lie on the bear-skin, as did the savage Germans; here perhaps suggested by a *grenadier*, from *Bärenmütze*, a bear-skin hat. French version, *Monsieur Peau d'Ours*.

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tree from the droppings of a hanged man. It uttered a horrible cry when Isabella at midnight tore it from the ground. It looked like a dwarf, but had neither eyes, mouth, nor ears. The dear maid stuck two black juniper berries in its face, with a red haw, which made eyes and mouth. Then she put a little millet on the head, which sprouted like hair, but roughly. She cradled the monster in her white arms when it wailed like a child; kissed his hawthorn-berry mouth quite askew—yes, almost kissed his juniper eyes out of his head for love; and the nasty dwarf was so spoiled by such petting that he must needs at last be a field-marshal and put on the uniform, and so acquired the title of one.[1]

There are four fine characters for you! Rake out the Morgue, the graveyard, the Cour des Miracles, and all the pest-houses of the Middle Age, you will find no such company as that which travelled in a single coach from Broche to Brussels. Ye French must at last see that the horrible is not your *forte*, and that France is not a fit soil

[1] French version, "Elle baisait si fort ses lévres de rose, qu'elle lui fit presque sortir de la tête ses yeux de grains d'orge, et le gâta tellement qu'il voulut à toute force être feld-marechal. Il fallut le couvrir de ce brillant uniforme, lui conférer ce noble titre; et c'était Lord Wellington en miniature." The fullest details as to the origin and imitations of these *Alraun* or mandrakes are given in the *Anthropodemus Plutonicus* of J. Prætorius, 1666–67.

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for such spectres. When ye invoke spirits we must laugh. Yes, we Germans, who remain serious and sober at your most brilliant witticisms, must roar with laughter at your ghost-stories. For your ghosts are all French, and as for French spectres, why, it is a contradiction in terms. For in the word "ghost" there is everything that is grim, lonely, growling, German, and taciturn, and in "French" all that is social, pleasant, French, and gossippy. How could a Frenchman be a phantom, or how can there be spectres in Paris? In Paris, in the *foyer* of European society! Between twelve and one, the hour allotted to spectres,[1] the liveliest life rattles in the streets of Paris; just then the most roaring finale of the opera resounds, the merriest groups stream from the Variétés and the Gymnase; all is crowding and capering, laughing and chaffing on the Boulevards, and we go to soirées. How miserably must a poor *spooking* or haunting ghost feel in such gay and festive life! And how could a Frenchman, even if he were dead, keep serious countenance enough to haunt where the merriest multitude sweeps round on every side? I myself —German as I am—were I dead, and had to

[1] French version, "Qui est de toute éternité le temps assigné aux spectres, la vie la plus animée se repand encore dans les rues de Paris."

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haunt or *spook* in Paris by night, could certainly never maintain my spectral dignity if there should suddenly run against me at any street corner one of those goddesses of frivolity and recklessness who know so well how to laugh charmingly at one on such occasion.[1] If there really were ghosts in Paris, I am convinced that the French, sociable as they are, would at once associate as such and have spectral *réunions*, set up a ghostly *café*, publish a Deadman's Daily and a *Revue de Paris Morte*, and have *soirées des morts, où l'on fera de la musique*—mortal soirées where there would be music and a little dancing. I am sure that ghosts would amuse themselves better in Paris than do the living with us. As for me, did I know that one could live thus after death in Paris as ghost, I would no longer fear death. I should simply take the proper measures to be buried at Père la Chaise, so that I could haunt in Paris between twelve and one. What a happy hour! You, my German fellow-countrymen, when you come to Paris and meet me by night as a ghost, be not afraid, for I shall not *spook* it in the awfully unhappy German fashion—no, I shall be spectreing for my own amusement.

And as I have read in all ghost-stories the

[1] Oddly enough this passage relative to the goddesses is omitted in the French version.

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ghosts of men haunt the spots where they have left buried treasures, I will, out of careful foresight, bury a few sous somewhere on the Boulevards. Hitherto I have killed money in Paris, but never buried any.[1]

Oh ye poor French authors! ye shall at last understand that your tales of terror and ghost stories are all unfit for a country where there are either no ghosts, or where they are as socially cheerful as we would be ourselves, or have them be. Ye seem to me like children who hold masks before their faces to frighten one another.[2] They are terribly stern masks, but merry children's glances shoot through the eye-holes. We Germans, on the contrary, often wear the most winsome, youthful masks; but from the eyelets gleams grim and grey death. You are a dainty, amiable, reasonable, and lively race; and the sphere of your art embraces only the beautiful, the noble, and human. Your earlier writers saw this, and you the later will soon come to the same conviction. Let alone the ghastly and ghostly. Leave to us Germans all the horrors of madness, of fevered dreams, and of the world

[1] This passage is also omitted in the French.

[2] Probably in reference to a beautiful motive often repeated in Roman sculpture. There is an original bas-relief of this subject in the Musée Fol at Geneva. Bulwer has a poem in "The Last Days of Pompeii" suggested by it.—*Translator.*

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of shadows. Germany is a far better country for old witches, Golems of both sexes, and specially for field-marshals, like little Cornelius Nepos. On the other side of the Rhine such spectres may flourish, but never in France. While I was travelling hither, my ghosts accompanied me to the French frontier. There they bade me sadly adieu, for the sight of the tri-coloured flag scares away ghosts of every kind.

Oh, I would gladly stand on the spire of Strasburg with a tri-coloured flag in my hand so long that it would reach to Frankfort; and I believe that when I should wave that consecrated flag over my dear fatherland, and utter the proper words of invocation, the old witches would fly away on their broomsticks, the cold Bärenhäuter creep again into their graves, the Golem fall into mere clay, field-marshal Cornelius Nepos return to the place whence he came, and the whole spectral delusion be at end.[1]

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[1] This chapter is beautifully and brilliantly written, and much knowledge may be gained from it. But, judged by Heine's own comments on Victor Hugo, these remarks as to the relative capacity for horrors in France and Germany are really baseless. Isabella of Egypt and the stories of Hoffmann seem to us of the present day simply like children's fairy tales, and a mere *réchauffage* of mediæval trifles; for none of Von Arnim's mandrakes or Golems were original with him. But Victor Hugo was the leading genius, and head of modern French literature, and the founder of a great school; and compared to the half-

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human, half-unnatural horrors and sensations of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, and "Hans of Iceland," all of the characters in German romantic literature are mere nursery bugbears, or phantoms on the stage. Heine has laid stress on the fact that Arnim and Hoffmann excelled in horrors, because they based them on nature; and by this standard they are immeasurably distanced by Hugo and a great array of his followers, who have carried the unnatural—that is, nature distorted—to a degree of which Germany never had any conception; yes, even into utter nastiness. It would puzzle Heine to reconcile later French realism with nothing but what is "beautiful, noble, and human." All the horrors of German literature put together are commonplace and clean and decent compared to the works of Zola, which are "strictly founded on nature." It should be here mentioned that with this chapter the first German, as well as the first French, edition of the Romantic school ended. —*Translator.*

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CHAPTER III.

It is as difficult a matter to write the history of Literature as Natural History. In both we occupy ourselves with the most striking phenomena. But as in a small glass of water there is a whole world of marvellous beings which manifest the omnipotence of God as much as do the largest animals, so the smallest Almanac of the Muses reveals a multitude of poetlings who are to the eyes of the calm investigator as interesting as the largest elephants of literature. God is great!

Most literary historians really give us a history like a well-arranged menagerie, and show us in their separate cages epic mamma-lians, lyrical-ærial bird-poets, dramatic water-fowl of watery verse, prosaic amphibia who write land and sea novels, comical odd-fish,[1] and so on.

[1] *Humoristische Mollusken.* In English comic literature oysters are known by this term; and I have seen a picture which I think was drawn by Hood the elder, in which oysters with droll faces on their shells were entitled odd-fish. I do not know whether in referring to lyrical-ærial poets Heine had in his mind the lyre-bird, which he himself not infrequently resembles.—*Translator.*

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Others, on the contrary, treat such history practically,[1] and begin with the primitive feelings of man, which developed themselves in various ages, and finally assumed artistic form; that is, they begin *ab ovo*, like the historian who opened the tale of the Trojan War with the egg of Leda. Wherein they—like him—act foolishly. For I am convinced that if the eggs of Leda had been made into an omelette, Hector and Achilles would have encountered one another all the same before the Skaïc gate, and fought valiantly.[2] Great deeds, like great books, do not spring from such trifles —they are the result of necessity, they are connected with the course of the sun, moon, and stars, and originate perhaps in their influence on the earth. Deeds are the results of ideas; but how does it come that at certain times certain ideas make themselves so preponderant that they shape the whole life of human beings, their drivings and strivings, their thinking and writing, and in the strangest manner.[3] Perhaps it is time to write a

[1] *Pragmatisch.* In the French version, *dogmatiquement.*

[2] Heine does not here take the *general* view. The French Revolution was inevitable; but if Louis XVI., or Robespierre, or even Mirabeau, had died a year before it begun, its incidents and details would have certainly been very different. Which reminds one of the little American boy who said, after long reflection, "Mother, who would I have been, supposin' you'd married somebody else?"

[3] This passage is far better in the French version. "Certaines idées s'emparent des hommes si puissament, qu'elles changent

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literary astrology, and in it explain the appearance of certain ideas or of certain books wherein these reveal themselves, according to the constellations of starry intellects.[1]

Or does the advent of certain ideas correspond to the mere temporary wants of men? Do they seek out the ideas which seem to give authority to their desires? In fact, men are always, according to their most secret impulses, true *doctrinaires;* they can always find a doctrine to justify what they detest or desire. On banyan or fast days, when pleasures are hard to attain, they extol the doctrine of abstinence, and declare that earthly grapes are sour; when times are better, and it becomes easier to get at the fruits of the flesh, then a more joyous gospel comes to light, which preaches life with all its sweets and its full and perfect right to enjoyment.

Are we getting to the end of the Christian Lent, and is a rosier age of joy dawning on us? And what form will the joyous doctrine receive from the future?

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leur vie entière avec ses joies et ses peines, et réforment en même temps l'expression artistique de leur pensée, le style." —*Translator.*

[1] "Aus der Konstellation der Gestirne zu erklären." *Gestirn* means planet; but there is *gestirnt*, from *Stirn*, a brow, forehead, or brains, which suggests thought. The French version (as usual) evades the difficulty by simply translating it, "d'après les constellations des etoiles."—*Translator.*

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The foreshadowing or predicting pictures of a race are in the hearts of its literary men, and a critic who dissects a new poet with a sufficiently sharp knife can easily prophesy therefrom how Germany will behave—as from the entrails of an animal sacrificed. And I, as literary Chalchas, would from my very heart with this intention gladly sacrifice some of our young poets, were I not afraid of seeing in their bowels things unutterable. For one cannot investigate our more recent German literature without marching into the deepest dominion of politics. In France, where the belletristic authors endeavour to keep clear rather more than they should from the political movements of the time, one may judge of the *beaux esprits* of the day without a word as to the day itself. But on the other side of the Rhine such writers throw themselves headlong into the questions of the time, from which they were so long excluded. You Frenchmen have been on your legs for fifty years at such work, and are now tired; we Germans have been sitting all that time, on the contrary, over the study-table, commenting old classics, and would now like to take a little exercise.[1]

[1] French version, "Restant assis dans notre cabinet de travail, occupés à développer des systèmes de philosophie transcendentale, ou á commenter les vieux bouquins de l'antiquité," &c. "Connu, connu, connu." Heine is good at sincere German, but terrible in affected French.—*Translator.*

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The same cause which I have mentioned prevents me from doing justice to an author of whom Madame de Staël has given only casual indication, but who more recently, owing to the brilliant and clever article by Philarete Chasles, has attracted the attention of the French public.[1] I speak of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. He has been called *der Einzige* (the Only One), a most appropriate term, which I now fully understand for the first time, after much vain reflection as to what place in literary history should be assigned to him. He appeared almost simultaneously with the Romantic school, without taking the least part in it, nor was he subsequently in any way allied to the art school of Goethe. He was alone in his time, because being opposed to both schools, he gave himself entirely to that time, and his whole heart was full of it. And his heart and his works were one and the same. This peculiarity, this unity, also appears among the authors of the Young Germany of this our time, who do not separate living from writing, who never divide politics

[1] Truly, if Professor Chasles was brilliant and clever in this article, he must have been unusually inspired. For one weary winter did I listen to and transcribe his lectures on German literature—that is, till the Revolution of 1848 broke up all study in the colleges—and can bear witness that in ten years of student life in four countries I never heard anything so flat and dreary as his discourses.—*Translator.*

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from learning and science, or art from religion, and who are at the same time artists, tribunes, and apostles.

Yes, I repeat the word—Apostle, for I know of none more appropriate. A new faith inspires them with a passion of which the writers of the preceding age had no presentiment. This is the faith in Progress, which faith sprang from knowledge and science. We have measured the land, weighed the forces of nature, counted the resources of industry, and see what we have found—that the earth is large enough, every one has therein room to build the hut of his happiness. This world can feed us all if we wish to work instead of living on one another. Then it will be superfluous to preach heaven to the greater and poorer class.[1] The number of these learned believers is as yet, it must be admitted, small. But the time is coming when races will not be reckoned by heads, but by hearts. And is not the great heart of a single Heinrich Laube worth more than a whole Zoological Garden of Raupachs and comedians.[2]

I have mentioned the name of Heinrich Laube,

[1] The French version adds, "pour ne pas leur faire envier le bonheur des riches."

[2] In amusing and direct contradiction to this theory of an agricultural paradise in which every man is to inhabit a hut and raise his own beans, we have Heine's fervid declaration that under his Socialistic system men are to enjoy all the luxuries of

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for who could speak of Young Germany without recalling the great and flaming heart which flashes most brilliantly from it. Heinrich Laube, one of the writers who have appeared since the Revolution of July, is of such social significance as regards Germany that his real weight cannot be as yet estimated. He has all the good qualities which we find among the authors of the past generation, and unites to them the apostolic zeal of Young Germany. Withal, his powerful passion is softened and enlightened by an elevated sense of art. He is inspired for the Beautiful as much as for the Good; he has a fine ear, and a quick eye for noble form; and vulgar natures are repulsive to him, even when they appear as champions for the noblest patriotic sentiments. This sense of art, which is in him

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the most highly aristocratic life, "nectar and ambrosia, purple robes, the voluptuousness of perfumes, dances of nymphs, music and comedies ("Germany, from Luther to Kant"), which is manifestly impossible if there is to be "no living on one another," and no mutual dependence or services. None of Heine's German friends have as yet proved that their promised paradise will be anything but a well-ordered poorhouse, or half-time workhouse. That waste lands in any part of the world may be cultivated is a discovery which is as old as Adam, but Young Germany has been slow to realise it, or to attempt it. There must be yet a little more measuring, weighing, and counting the resources of nature, ere the *summum bonum* can be attained.

In the French version all from the reference to Laube until Richter is resumed, or about two pages of the German, is omitted.—*Translator.*

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innate, protected him from the great errors of that patriotic mob which still continues to revile and vilify our great master, Goethe.

In this relation Herr Karl Gutzkow, another writer of more recent time, deserves the highest praise. If I mention him after Laube it is by no means because I regard him as less talented, and still less because I have been less edified by his tendencies; no, for I must also admit that Karl Gutzkow possesses the most admirable gifts of creative power and critical sense of art—his writings also delight me by their correct conception of our time and its needs; but in all which Laube writes there prevails a far-sounding repose, a self-conscious greatness, a still serenity which move one personally more than the picturesque, colour-gleaming, and stingingly-spiced vivacity of the Gutzkow spirit.

Karl Gutzkow, whose soul is full of poetry, must needs, like Laube, soon withdraw himself most definitely from company with those zealots who despise our great master. The same may be said of L. Wienbarg and Gustav Schlesier, two most distinguished writers of recent time, whom, as Young Germany is here in question, I cannot pass unmentioned. They deserve indeed to be ranked among its leaders, and their names have a good ring in the land. This is not the place in which to describe in detail their abilities and

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works. I have wandered too far from my theme, but will still say something more as to Jean Paul.

I have mentioned how Jean Paul Friedrich Richter preceded Young Germany in its chief tendency. But these later writers have avoided the abstruse confusion, the baroque-dry depicting, and the unpleasant style of the Jean-Paul writings. Of which style a clear, well-edited French head can form no conception. Jean Paul's construction of periods consists of nothing but cells, which are so small that when one idea meets in them with another their heads knock together. On the ceiling are innumerable hooks on which hang all kinds of ideas, and on the walls around, secret drawers in which feelings are hidden. No German writer is so rich in thoughts and feelings, but he never lets them ripen, and he more astonishes than refreshes us by this wealth of wit and of sentiment. He gives us ideas and emotions which would have grown to be vast trees if they had been allowed to properly take root and burgeon forth into sprays and blossoms and leaves, which are often mere buds, for these he tears up when they are hardly little plants, or only sprouts, and so whole forests of intellect are served up to us as salads on a common plate. And this is really a very odd and unpalatable food, for it is not every stomach which can digest young oaks, cedars, palms, and bananas in

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such a quantity. Jean Paul is a great poet and philosopher,[1] but no one could be more inartistic than he in form or thought. He brought forth in his novels truly poetic forms, but all these births drag after them a cord with which they entangle and strangle one another. Instead of thoughts he gives us his own thinking—we see the material action of his brain; he gives us, so to speak, more brain than thought. His witticisms hop about in every direction, like the fleas of his heated intellect. He is the merriest, and, at the same time, the most sentimental of writers; in fact, sentiment has always with him the upper hand, and his laughter turns abruptly into tears. And very often he disguises himself as a beggarly, coarse fellow; when all at once, like the prince incognito whom we see on the stage, he unbuttons his rough overcoat, and we suddenly behold the shining star.

Herein Jean Paul is quite like the great Irish-

[1] French version, "et aussi quelque peu philosophe." As if one should say of Rembrandt that "he painted a little." Heine appears to be quite unconscious that in the ensuing dry and laboured conceits he is himself imitating Jean Paul, without the wit of the latter. The fleas are, however, omitted in the French version. On the whole, he very truly describes all the faults of Jean Paul Richter, but manifestly did not grasp him as a whole, or do justice to his practical genius. He does not, for example, mention the *Vorschule der Æsthetik*, which is quite free from Richter's usual grotesques, and which I—*salva venia* (speaking under correction), regard as one of the great works of German literature.—*Translator.*

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man to whom he has so often been compared. The author of "Tristram Shandy," when he has lost himself in the coarsest trifling, knows how by a sudden sublime change to show us his princely dignity and near alliance to Shakespeare. Jean Paul has, like Laurence Sterne, made himself personally important in his writings; he has also shown himself, like the latter, in his human nakedness, but with a certain awkward shame, especially as to sexual nudity. Sterne shows himself stark-naked to the public, while Jean Paul has only holes in his trousers.[1] Certain critics are wrong in believing that Jean Paul had more real feeling than Sterne, because the latter, as soon as the subject which he treats has reached a tragic height, at once breaks out into the most mocking and merry tone; while Jean Paul, on the contrary, when there is the least earnestness in a jest, begins slowly to make sad faces, and calmly lets his teardrops trickle down. No; Sterne feels perhaps more deeply than Jean Paul, because he is a greater poet. As I said, he is of equal birth with William Shakespeare, and the muses brought him, Laurence Sterne, also upon Parnassus. But in woman-fashion they soon spoiled him by their caresses. He was the nursling of the pale goddess of tragedy. Once in a fit of cruel tenderness she kissed his young heart so powerfully, so

[1] The French version adds, "sa nudité est plutôt ridicule qu' ideale."

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passionately, sucking it with such mad love, that it began to bleed, when, lo! all at once it understood all the sufferings of this world, and was filled with infinite compassion. Poor young poet's heart! But the younger daughter of Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of jest and laughter, ran quickly up, and took the suffering boy in her arms, and tried to cheer him with smiles and singing, and gave him her comic mask and jester's bells, and soothingly kissed his lips, and with that kiss there passed into his soul all her light-heartedness, all her daring recklessness and witty mockery.

From that time the heart and lips of Sterne were in strange contradiction, for many a time when his heart is tragically moved, and he would give utterance to the deepest, bleeding feelings of his heart, then to his own amazement there leaps from his lips the most delightful merry words. Alas, poor Yorick![1]

[1] "Pauvre Yorrik!" occurs only in the French version.

These last pages are very interesting, because Heine had taken Sterne more to heart than any other has ever done, and owed more to him than to any writer of any country whatever. In fact, what Rabelais and his kin and kind had been to Sterne, the latter was to the German, and these concluding remarks conceal such a deep and sincere feeling of love, sympathy, and gratitude, that much of it might escape us did we not know the truth. I possess a rare old book devoted to pointing out all the literary sources of Sterne's genius; such a work on Heine would be very interesting, and first on the list I would place Sterne, but for whom the *Reisebilder* would perhaps have never been written.—*Translator.*

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CHAPTER IV.

THERE was among the people in the Middle Age a prevalent belief that when a building was to be erected one should slay some living thing and place the foundation-stone on its blood, by means of which the structure would remain firm and fast for ever.[1] Whether this was an old heathen

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1 A German, whose name I cannot now recall, has written a very curious work on this subject. There is, however, much relating to it in Bechstein (*Sagen des Grabfeldes*, No. 156. *Vide* his *Deutsches Sagenbuch*, No. 729). In the *Bayerische Sagen und Brauche*, von Friedrich Panzer, Munchen, 1848, there is a chapter on *Einmauern*, in which several curious traditions relative to it are given, chiefly referring to children thus sacrificed. In earlier ages it was invariably a human being who was walled up alive. In later times a cock was substituted, and subsequently an egg, and this latter form of fetish was continued till comparatively recent times. Then other objects were offered always for luck, and this custom prevails to the present day, in placing coins, newspapers, and other memorials n foundation-stones. *Vide* Friedrich, *Symbolik*, p. 570. The real object of so doing, as appears from many legends, was to conciliate or appease the local spirit of the hill, or other place where the ground was disturbed for the foundations. The superstition is far older than Christianity, and it was the latter which deprived it of its bloody character.—*Translator.*

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lunatic fancy that the favour of the gods was won by a blood-offering, or a misconception of the Christian atonement, which produced this belief in the miraculous power of blood, of healing by blood, and in blood generally—enough to say, it prevailed, and in lays and legends lives the fearful fact that children and animals were slain to insure great buildings with their blood.

To-day mankind has more sense. We no longer believe in the miraculous power of blood, be it in a nobleman or a god, and the multitude put faith only in money. Does the religion of to-day consist in the monetisation of the Deity, or the deification of money?[1] Enough, the people believe in money only; it is the coined metal, the silver and golden pyxes, in which they think that virtue lies; gold is the beginning and end of all their works, and when they have a great building to erect they take care that a few coins of different kinds are placed in a capsule under the foundation-stone.

Yes, just as in the Middle Age all things, all buildings, including the whole edifice of Church and State, were based on the belief in blood, so do

[1] "Besteht nun die heutige Religion in der Geldwerdung Gottes, oder in der Gottwerdung des Geldes?" I am indebted to the American newspapers for the verb "to monetise," *i.e.*, to convert into money. "On prend son bien où il le trouve."—*Translator.*

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all our institutions of the present day rest on the faith in money, and in money alone. That was superstition, this is clear current egoism. The first was destroyed by reason, the latter will be destroyed by sentiment. The foundation of society will sometime be better, and all the great hearts of Europe are painfully busied in endeavouring to find it out.

Perhaps it was irritation at this prevalent faith in money, or revolt at the egoism which they saw grinning out everywhere, which inspired certain poets of the Romantic school in Germany, who had deeply honourable feelings, to take refuge from the present in the past, and attempt the restoration of the Middle Age. This may have been specially the case with those who did not form the actual coterie. To these latter belonged the writers of whom I have specially treated in the second book, after having discussed the Romantic school in general in the first. It was only on account of their literary-historical importance, not from their intrinsic merit, that I at first, and in detail, spoke of the members of this coterie, who all worked in common. Therefore I trust I may not be misjudged because I have given to Zacharias Werner, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, and Ludwig Uhland, a later and scantier notice. These three authors deserve to be treated more in detail, and more highly praised,

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than the others alluded to. For Zacharias Werner was the only dramatist of the school whose pieces were played, and also applauded by the pit. Baron de la Motte Fouqué was the only epic poet of the school whose romances were read by the entire public, and Ludwig Uhland was the only lyric writer among the Romanticists whose songs sunk into the hearts of the multitude, and which still live in the mouths of men.

From this point of view these three poets take place before Tieck, whom I have praised as one of the best writers of the school. For Tieck, although the theatre is his hobby, and though he has been familiar from a child with the world of comedy and its minutest details, has never yet succeeded in moving from the stage men's hearts as Zacharias Werner has done. Tieck has always required a domestic public to whom he could declaim his poems, and whose applause was to be securely anticipated. While de la Motte Fouqué was read with equal delight by every one, from the duchess to the washerwoman, and shone as the sun of the circulating libraries, Tieck was only the astral lamp of evening tea-parties, where the cultured guests, illuminated by his poetry, sipped their tea in perfect peace while listening to the reading of his romances. The strength of such poetry would naturally appear by contrast with that of the refreshment; and in Berlin, where people drink

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the weakest of tea, Tieck would naturally seem to be one of the strongest of poets. While the songs of our admirable Uhland rang in forest and valley, and are still bellowed by wild students and lisped by tender misses, not one song of Tieck's ever sunk into our hearts, not one remained in our ears, nor does the multitude know one ballad by the great lyric writer.[1]

Zacharias Werner was born in Königsberg in Prussia on the 18th November 1768. His union with the Schlegels was only sympathetic, never personal. Far away from them he felt what they sought, and did his best to poetise in their

[1] If to be sung by the multitude, when accompanied by very popular airs, were any proof of poetical talent, then Kœrner, whose verses Heine describes as very bad, was a far better poet than Heine himself. Herlossen, a Romanticist, who wrote the *Letzte Taborit*, which supplied the ground or sketch to George Sand for "Consuelo" (and whom Heine does not even mention), was the author of "Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehen" (from the *Buch der Liebe*), which song was never heard of till Abt, long after it was published, composed the air to it by which it is now as well known as any song in the German language. A careful examination of a very cheap and popular *Volksliederbuch* of 500 pages (Vienna, 1862) convinces me that the melody constitutes nine-tenths of the popularity of all these lyrics, and it is more generally associated to an *indifferent* (*i.e.*, to a smoothly singable) poem than to a song with sense. Heine's own piano-ballad, "Du hast Diamenten," which has been more sung than anything which he ever wrote, is his feeblest production, and all unworthy of him. An honest history of popular songs would be more one of musicians than writers.—*Translator.*

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spirit. But he could only develop inspiration for the Restoration of the Middle Ages one-sidedly, that is, on the hierarchic-catholic side; the feudal spirit of the ancient time did not by any means excite him so warmly. Regarding this his fellow-countryman, T. A. Hoffmann, has narrated something remarkable in the *Seräpions-brüdern*. For he tells us that Werner's mother was disordered in her mind, and believed while *enceinte* that she was the mother of God, and was about to give birth to the Saviour. And Werner's mind bore through all his life the birth-mark of this religious delirium. All his works abound in frightful fanaticism. One of them, the "Twenty-fourth of February," is, however, free from such fancies, and has a place among the best productions of our dramatic literature. It has excited on the stage, far more than anything else by the same author, the greatest enthusiasm. His other dramatic works have been less successful with the multitude, because with all his energy and vitality the poet was almost utterly ignorant of adaptation to stage requisites.

Criminal-councillor Hitzig, the biographer of Hoffmann, has also written the life of Werner. It is a conscientious work, as interesting to the psychologist as to the literary historian. As I was recently told, Werner was for some time here in Paris, where he was especially amused at the

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peripatetic female philosophers who in those days wandered of evenings in brilliant array in the galleries of the Palais Royal. They capered after him, mocking him and laughing at his odd dress and odder manners. Those were the good old times! Ah! in later days both the Palais Royal and Zacharias Werner changed sadly; the last lamp of gaiety (*Lust*) was extinguished in the mind of the sorrowing man. In Vienna, he entered the order of the Ligurians, and preached in the Church of Saint Stephen over the nothingness of all worldly things. He had found out that all on earth is vanity. The girdle of Venus he now declared was a nasty snake, and sublime Juno wore under her white robes a pair of postillion's leather-breeches, not over clean. Father Zacharias now chastened himself, and fasted, and cried with zeal against our stubborn love for worldly lusts. "Accursed is the flesh!" he cried so loudly, and in such a harsh East Prussian accent, that the images of the saints in Saint Stephen trembled, and the Vienna grisettes laughed charmingly. In addition to this important piece of news he constantly assured people that he was a great sinner.

If we consider him closely, the man was always consistent, except that at first he only sung or preached what he afterwards practised. The heroes of most of his dramas are monkish lovers

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or ascetic lechers, who have discovered in abstinence a refinement of pleasure, who spiritualise their lasciviousness by martyrdom of the flesh, and who, like holy rakes, realise in the depths of religious mysticism the most terrible ecstasies.

Not long before his death the delight in dramatic composition again awoke in Werner, and he wrote one more tragedy, entitled *Die Mutter der Makkabäer* ("The Mother of the Machabees"). But here there was no attempt to festoon the profane seriousness of life with romantic jests. To the holy material he adapted a broadly-spread ecclesiastic tone; the measures are as solemnly measured as the knelling of church-bells; all moves as gravely as a Good Friday procession. It is a legend of Palestine in the form of a Greek tragedy. The piece had small success among mortals here below, whether it pleased the angels above any better is more than I know. But Father Zacharias died soon after, in the beginning of 1823, after he had wandered more than fifty-four years on this sinful earth.[1]

We will let the departed rest in peace and turn

[1] All of Heine's scandalous anecdotes, petty gossip, and personal ridicule, whether it be of Werner or the Schlegels, or any one, should always be taken with *very* large grains of doubt. It is to be observed that he always has a discreditable story from some invariably anonymous friend, or an *on dit*, wherewith

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to the second poet of the Romantic triumvirate. This is the excellent Baron Frederic de la Motte Fouqué, who was born in the Mark Brandenburg, in the year 1777, and appointed professor in the University of Halle in 1833. He was formerly a major in the Royal Prussian military service, and belonged to the heroes of song, or singers of heroes, whose Lyre and Sword rang most loudly during the so-called War of Freedom. His laurel is of the real kind.[1] He is a true poet, and the consecration of poetry rests on his head. Few writers have been so universally popular as our admirable Fouqué. He still has his readers, but only among the patrons of circulating libraries. But this public is always large enough, and Fouqué can boast that he is the only member of the Romantic school whose writings have been popular with the lower classes. While people in the æsthetic tea-circles of Berlin turned up their noses when speaking of the decayed nobleman, I met in a village among the Harz mountains with a very beautiful girl who spoke of Fouqué

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to defile those whom he wishes to ridicule. It may well be doubted if there be a word of truth in all this tittle-tattle, and if it be true it is far more discreditable to Heine than to his "antipathies." He has a great reputation as a satirist, yet there is no case in which he does not disgrace himself far more than his victim. *Tempora mutantur.—Translator.*

[1] French version, "son laurier est de meilleur aloi que celui des Tyrtées contemporains."

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with rapture, and who blushing confessed that she would give a year of her life for one kiss from the author of "Undine." And this girl had the most beautiful lips which I ever beheld!

But what a wondrously lovely poem is "Undine!" It is a kiss in itself; the genius of poetry kissed Spring while she slept, and she awoke smiling, and all the roses gave forth perfume, and all the nightingales sang, and what was sung and breathed Fouqué put into words and called it "Undine."

I do not know whether this novel has been translated into French.[1] It is the story of the beautiful water-fairy, who has no soul, and can only attain to one by marrying a mortal; but, alas, she gains with this soul all human sorrows, her knightly spouse is unfaithful, and she kisses him dead. For in this book death is only a kiss.

Undine may be regarded as the muse of Fouqué. But though she is infinitely beautiful, and suffers like us, and is so tormented with earthly sorrows, she is still a supernatural being. This our age rejects all such aerial and watery forms, however beautiful they may be; it demands actually living beings; least of all does it care for nixies, who are in love with noble knights. That was the case. The going back to the past, the endless

[1] It had, however, at this time appeared as a translation in America, and been put on the stage as a drama, probably after English versions.

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praise of noble birth, the incessant exaltation of old feudal forms, the never-ceasing knight-errantry, at last became repulsive to the middle class of the German people, and they turned away from the poet behind his time. In fact this everlasting sing-song of harness, steeds in tournaments, chatelaines, fair damosels, monks, love-worship and religion, or whatever the mediæval properties were called, became at last tiresome; and as the ingenious hidalgo, Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, buried himself more and more in his books of chivalry, and lost, in dreams of the past, all comprehension of the present time, even his best friends turned away from him, shaking their heads.

The works which he wrote in this, his decadence, are hardly readable. In them all the faults of his former writings are carried to extremes. His knights consist of iron and kind feeling, they have neither flesh nor reason. His women are only images, or rather dolls whose golden tresses roll beautifully down over charming flower-like faces. Fouqué's chivalric novels remind us, like the works of Walter Scott, of Gobelin tapestry, which by their rich design and splendid colour please our eyes more than our souls.[1] These are

[1] A remark which abundantly indicates how very far Heine was from comprehending the true spirit of Scott's novels, or that

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deeds of chivalry, pastoral sports, duels, antique costumes—all beautifully brought together, strange and wonderful, yet without deep meaning; works showy, yet superficial. Among the imitators of Fouqué, as among those of Walter Scott, this fashion of setting forth the mere outside of men and things, instead of their inner nature, is developed in a much more melancholy manner. This flat and easy fashion of writing flourishes rankly among writers to-day in Germany as well as in England and France. And even when the subjects are not taken from chivalry, but from modern circumstance and condition, still it is the same manner, which, instead of grasping the inner reality of life, gives us its external accidents. Instead of knowledge of mankind our modern writers display only knowledge of clothes, basing themselves probably on the saying that clothes make the man. How different was the case among the older novelists, especially the English! Richardson gives us the anatomy of sentiment; Goldsmith practically analyses the movements of the hearts of his heroes; the author of "Tristram

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author's genius. It is worth observing, however, that in "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" (Princess Katherine) our author declares that Walter Scott surpassed Shakespeare in the art of setting forth the *Geist*, *i.e.*, the spirit, or deep inner life of classes and races, by characteristic speech. In this passage the word *Gobelin* is sagaciously omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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Shandy" shows us the deepest secrets of the soul, opens a window in it, and gives us a glimpse into its abyss, its paradise, and dirty corners, and then lets the curtain fall. We have already glanced over this strange theatre, the lighting up and the perspective did not fail in effect, and while thinking that we caught a glimpse of the infinite, our own feelings became infinitely poetic.[1] As for Fielding, he takes us at once behind the scenes, shows us the false rouge on all feelings, the coarsest springs of the daintiest deeds, the powdered resin which is to flash up in lightning excitement, the drums on which the drummer lies sleeping, on which he will ere long roll out the most tremendous peals of passion; in short, he shows us the whole internal machinery, the great lie, by means of which men appear to us as other than they are, and all the sweet reality of life is lost.[2] Yet why should we take the English for examples, since our Goethe has given us in his "Wilhelm Meister" the best model for a novel.

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[1] Here the French version "expands beyond the Infinite": "En croyant contempler l'infini nous avons gagné un sentiment sans bornes, ineffable, idéal—tel que doit l'exciter toute vraie poésie." Which is certainly the least it could do after such a flight.

[2] French version, "et par lequel nous perdons toute joyeuse illusion de la vie." Truly, there is some difference between *Realität* and *illusion*, and yet, as here, it often comes to much the same.—*Translator.*

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The number of Fouqué's romances is legion, for he is one of the most prolific writers. *Der Zauberring* ("The Magic Ring") and *Thiodolph der Isländer* ("Thiodulf the Islander") deserve mention with special praise. His metrical dramas, not meant for the stage, contain great beauties. *Sigurd der Schlangentödter* ("Sigurd the Dragon-killer") is especially a bold work, in which the old Scandinavian heroic saga is mirrored with all its giants and scenes of sorcery. The chief character of the drama, Sigurd, is a tremendous being. He is as strong as the cliffs of Norway, and wild as the sea which beats on them. He has the courage of a hundred lions and as much sense as two asses.

Fouqué has also written poems which are grace and tenderness perfected. They are so light, gaily-coloured, glancing, lightly fluttering—one may call them lyrical humming-birds.

But a real writer of songs is Ludwig Uhland, who, born at Tübingen in 1787, now lives as a lawyer in Stuttgart. This writer has written a volume of poems, two tragedies, and two dissertations on Walter von der Vogelweide, and the French Troubadours. The latter are two small works of historical investigation which indicate thorough study of the Middle Ages. His tragedies are *Ludwig der Baier* ("Louis the Bavarian"), and *Herzog Ernst von Schwaben* ("Duke Ernest of Suabia"). I have not read the former, and I am told

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that it is not his best. But the second contains much which is beautiful and is gratifying by nobility of feeling and dignity of sentiment. There is in it a sweet inspiration of poetry such as we never meet with in the plays which are now so popular. German fidelity is the subject of this drama, and we see it here, strong as an oak, defying every tempest. German love, just perceptible, blooms in the distance, yet its violet perfume goes all the more touchingly to the heart. This drama, or rather this song, contains passages which are among the fairest pearls of our literature. And yet the theatrical public received the work with indifference, or rather rejected it. But I will not blame the good people of the pit too bitterly for that. Such folk have settled fancies which the poet must please. His products must not set forth the sympathies of his own heart, but what satisfies the wants of the public. This latter is like the hungry Bedouin in the desert, who, thinking he had found a bag of pease, opened it in haste and found it was full of pearls. The public devours with avidity Raupach's dried pease and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's horse-beans; Uhland's pearls are unto it unpalatable.

As it is extremely improbable that the French know who Madame Birch-Pfeiffer or Herr Raupach may be, I must here mention that this divine couple are related as Apollo to Diana, and like

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them are honoured in our temples of dramatic art. And Herr Raupach resembles Apollo just as much as Madame Birch-Pfeiffer is like Diana.[1] As for their social position, the latter has an appointment as Imperial Austrian court-actress in Vienna, and the former as Royal Prussian theatrical poet in Berlin. The lady has written a number of dramas in which she herself plays. And here I cannot refrain from stating a fact which will appear almost incredible to the French, which is, that a great number of our actors are also dramatic poets, and write their own plays. It is said that Ludwig Tieck was by a careless remark the cause of this disaster. For in his criticisms he observed that actors always play better in a bad piece than in a good one. Supporting themselves on this axiom, a host of actors grasped their pens and wrote in abundance unto redundance, tragedies and comedies, so that it is actually often difficult to decide whether the vain comedian wrote his piece intentionally badly in order to play well in it, or whether he plays badly in order to make us believe that it is good? The actor and the poet, who had previously been as colleagues, or in a sort of relationship (something like that of the

[1] French version, "Oui, M. Raupach est aussi digne d'être comparé a Apollon, que la grosse et *debraillée* Madame Birch-Pfeiffer peut prétendre un titre de Diana." As regards the latter Heine's severity approaches slander.

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executioner and his victim), now became open enemies. The actors sought to banish poets utterly from the theatres, under the pretext that they knew nothing of the requirements of the stage, nothing of bold effects and *coups de théâtre*, such as the actors who had practically learned them, knew how to realise. The comedians, or as they prefer to call themselves, the artists, therefore played by preference in their own plays, or in such as had been composed for them by one of themselves. And in fact such works were exactly what they wanted; in them they found their favourite costumes, their flesh-coloured stockinet-poetry, their applauded exits, traditional grimaces, gold-leaf phrases—all their affected or sham art-Bohemianism: a language only heard upon the stage, flowers which only grow on this make-believe soil, fruits which ripened in the light and heat of the footlights, a nature in which there was not the breath of God but that of the prompter, wild passions which made the scenery shake, soft melancholy accompanied by the lascivious pleasing of the flute, rouged innocence with the trap-door abysses into which crime is hurled, monthly salary sentiments, peals of trumpets, and so forth.[1]

[1] As was to be expected, all of this passage relative to the theatre is admirably given in French. It is as follows:—

"Edans le fait ces pièces répondait à toutes leurs exigences, ils y trouvaient leurs costumes favoris, leurs poésie couleur de

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Thus the actors in Germany emancipated themselves not only from poets, but also from poetry itself. They only allow mediocrity to show itself in their domain, and take good care that no true poet enters in that disguise. How many proofs and trials Raupach had to sustain ere he could set foot in the theatre! And even now they keep a careful eye on him, and when he by chance writes something which is not thoroughly and utterly bad, he must at once produce a dozen miserable *pieces de manufacture* to escape ostracism from the actors. Does the word "a dozen" astonish you? It is no exaggeration. This man can really write twelve plays annually, and people marvel at his fertility. But as Jantjen of Amsterdam, the celebrated juggler, was wont to say, "There is no witchcraft in it, ladies and gentlemen—no witchcraft, only sleight of hand!"[1]

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chair, leurs ingénuités en tricot, leurs sorties à applaudissements, leurs grimaces traditionelles, leurs phrases clinquantes, leurs ruses de métier, leur afféterie guindée, tout leur attirail de cabotins; une langue qui n'est parlée que sur les planches, des fleurs qui ne mûrissent qu'aux lampions de la rampe, une nature que n'anime jamais le souffle de Dieu, mais bien celui du souffleur, une fureur qui n'ébranle que les coulisses, une douce mélancholie avec accompagnement de flûtes, une innocence fardée avec l'abîme qui s'ouvre sous les pas de crime, des sentiments de louange, des rires aigus, des sanglots échevelés, des fanfares et cetera."

[1] All of the following passages until Uhland is mentioned, or two pages and a half, are wisely omitted in the French

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But there is a peculiar reason why Raupach has succeeded in gaining a position on the German stage. This author, a German by birth, lived a long time in Russia, where he received his culture, and it was the Muscovite muse who initiated and dedicated him to poetry. This sable-clad beauty, with an exquisitely charming pug-nose, poured out to our poet whole pints of the brandy of inspiration, hung over his shoulder a quiver full of Kirghese Tartar shafts of wit, and put into his hands the tragic knout. And when he smote therewith at first our hearts, how we did tremble, it was terrible! The very strangeness of it all raised deep amazement. Truly the man pleased us not in civilised Germany; but his monstrous Sarmatian nature, his clumsy agility, and a certain growling grasping in his demeanour, imposed on the public. And it was indeed rather an original sight when Herr Raupach, on his Sclavonian pony, Pegasus, galloped over the steppes of poetry, riding with his dramatic material under the saddle in true Baschkir fashion.[1] This

version. It may here be observed that the amount of space and satire thrown away on this feeble dramatist (whom Heine never neglected an opportunity to ridicule), are out of all proportion to the importance of the subject, and might have been better devoted to some greater man. Heine unfortunately never learned to limit his personal dislikes, and *his* mosquitoes were all dragons.—*Translator.*

[1] In allusion to the Tartar fashion of carrying meat under

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pleased people in Berlin, where everything Russian is well received. Herr Raupach succeeded in getting a foothold there, he established an understanding with the actors, and for some time, as I have said, Raupach Apollo has received divine honours with Diana Birch-Pfeiffer in the temple of dramatic art. He gets thirty thalers for every act which he writes, and he writes nothing but pieces in six acts, since he always calls the first act a prelude. And there is no kind of stuff which he has not shoved under the saddle of his Pegasus and ridden ripe. No hero is safe from such a tragic destiny. He has taken in even Siegfried the dragon-killer? The muse of German history is in despair. Like a Niobe she beholds with pale agony the noble children whom Raupach Apollo has so terribly treated. O Jupiter! he even dared to lay hand on the Hohenstaufen, an old beloved Swabian emperor! It was not enough that Friedrich von Raumer slaughtered him historically—now Raupach must needs come along and cook him up for the theatre! The wooden

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the saddle until it is cooked, or at least made tender, as raw steaks were once prepared for eating in Bavaria, simply by beating and rolling with salt. Meat thus eaten is a strong stimulant or tonic, and is believed to be a cure for consumption, but a meal of it should be followed by a glass of raw spirits. It is not unpalatable. The Roman gladiators trained on this food.—*Translator.*

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images of Von Raumer, Herr Raupach covers with his Russian-leather poetry, and the sight of such caricatures and their evil smell[1] will at last disgust us with the memory of the most beautiful and noblest Emperor of the German Fatherland. And the police does not prevent such outrage? But perhaps they have a hand in the game! New kingly families do not like popular memories of old Imperial stocks whose place they fain would take. It is certain that the theatrical manager in Berlin would never ask Immermann or Grabbe or Uechtsitz for a drama on Barbarossa, but get it from Raupach. Yet even he would not dare to stick a Hohenzollern under his saddle; should he take such a fancy he would soon be shown into a jail as his Helicon.

The association of ideas which springs from contrasts has caused me when about to speak of Uhland, to fall suddenly on Herr Raupach and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer. But though neither of this divine pair—the theatrical Diana any more than the theatrical Apollo—belong to true literature, I must still speak of them, because they

[1] This *Missduft* or evil smell is not quite intelligible. I have smelt much Russian leather, in Russia and elsewhere, but always thought its odour rather agreeable. It is due to black-birch bark, which is certainly fragrant, much like sassafras or winter green, but more spicy.—*Translator.*

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represent the stage-world of the day. In any case, it was due to our real poets to devote a few words in this book to showing what kind of people they are who among us usurp the sovereignty of the stage among us.

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CHAPTER V.

I AM just now in a strange dilemma. I cannot pass by without mention the poems of Ludwig Uhland, and yet I am in a mood which is by no means favourable to such comment. Silence would here seem to be cowardice or perfidy, and a frank and honest opinion a want of kind feeling. In truth, the kith and kin of the Uhland muse, and the petty followers of his fame, will be ill-satisfied with the inspiration which I have to-day at command. But I beg you to take into consideration the time and place wherein I write. Twenty years ago I was a youth—and *then* with what foaming, over-running inspiration would I have exalted the admirable Uhland. In those days I felt his excellence better than I now do; he was nearer to me in feeling and intellect.[1] But so many things have happened since then! What I then thought so magnificent, those chivalresque and Catholic beings, those knights

[1] *Denkvermögen.* That is, Heine as a boy was quite on a par with Uhland, but had since far outgrown him as a poet.—*Translator.*

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who hewed and stabbed one another in noble tournaments, those soft squires and chaste ladies of high degree, those Norland heroes and Minnesinger monks and nuns, ancestral vaults with ominous shudderings, pale sentiments of hope abandoned, with knells and endless wailings of woe—how bitterly repulsive did all this afterwards become to me. Yes, it was once otherwise. How often I sat in those days on the ruins of the old castle of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, and declaimed the most beautiful of all Uhland's songs:—

"DER SCHÖNE SCHÄFER ZOG ES NAH.

"Once as the handsome shepherd went
Near to the royal palace gate;
A maid looked from the battlement,
Then was her longing great.

She spoke to him with gentle word:
'Oh could I go adown to thee!
How white the lambs shine in thy herd!
How red the flowers by me!'

The youth again unto her said:
'Oh could'st thou come adown to me!
For even as thy cheeks are red,
So white thine arms I see!'

And every morning passing by
With silent secret joy and fear,
He saw far on the castle high,
His darling love appear.

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And up to her he gently sang :
'Good morning to thee, princess fair !'
Her gentle voice in answer rang,
'Thank thee, my shepherd dear !'

The winter fled, spring came at last,
Bright flowers blossomed as before ;
The shepherd by the castle passed,
But she appeared no more.

With mournful voice to her he cried :
'Good morning to thee, princess fair !'
A ghost-like sound to him replied :
'Farewell, my shepherd dear !'"

When I sat on the ruins of the old castle and declaimed this ballad, I heard ever and anon the nixies in the Rhine, which there runs by, mocking my words, and there sighed and moaned from the flood with comic pathos :—

"A ghost-like sound to him replied :
'Farewell, my shepherd dear !'"

I did not allow myself to be disturbed by such railleries of the water-nymphs, even when they tittered ironically at hearing the most beautiful passages in Uhland's poems. I modestly took all such giggling to myself, especially towards

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evening when twilight darkened, and I declaimed with somewhat more elevated voice to keep down the mysterious terror which the old ruins of the castle inspired. For there is a legend that a lady without a head haunts the place. I often thought I heard by me the rustle of her silken robes, and my heart beat. That was the time and place when I was inspired by the poems of Ludwig Uhland.

Now I have the very volume in my hands, but twenty years are flown, and in that time I have heard and seen much—very much. I no longer believe in headless human beings, and the old ghostly delusions move me no more.[1] The house

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[1] French version, "Je crois bien encore aux femmes sans tête, mais les anciennes apparitions nocturnes n'ont plus de prise sur mon âme." In Paris, as in all France, a female figure without a head—*la femme sans tête*—with the words, "To the good woman," is a common shop or tavern sign, the intimation being that no woman is good for much, or perfectly good, till she is dead. But the female head without the body, as used by milliners, is called a Zenobia, and, to complete the category, a paver's rammer is a *demoiselle*. It is hardly worth while to indicate to the reader that in a work which the author claims is, *par éminence*, the greatest and truest critical exposition of modern German poetry, such carping at Uhland on such capriciously silly grounds as that the critic feels "out of sorts" this morning, and "don't like the poem as he used to," is simply no criticism at all. "The Shepherd" is, and ever will be, a beautiful poem, despite the sensations resulting to Heine from a twenty years' residence in Paris; but it is by no means Uhland's

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in which I now sit and read lies in the Boulevard Montmartre, and there surge the wildest waves of the day, there roar and surge the loudest voices of our modern time. There is laughing, growling, drumming; the National Guard sweeps by, and every one speaks French. Is this the place in which to read such poems? Three times have I declaimed the conclusion of "The Shepherd" to myself, but I no longer feel the nameless woe which once seized me when the king's daughter died, and the handsome shepherd cried up to her so sadly:—

> "'Good morning to thee, princess fair!'
> A ghost-like sound to him replied:
> 'Farewell, my shepherd dear!'"

Perhaps I have grown cool as regards such poems since I have discovered that there is a far more painful love than that which he endures who has never possessed the beloved object, or who has lost it by death. In fact, it is much more tormenting when the adored reposes by night and by day in our arms, yet torments us by night and day with constant contradiction and silly caprices, so that we finally repel from our heart what it loves best, and escort at last

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best, nor by far his most popular poem. But in reading Heine one must expect now and then a sample of "pretty Fanny's way."

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the accursed-worshipped woman to the railway station,[1] and see her off:—

"Farewell, my princess fair!"

Yes, more painful than loss by death is loss by life; as, for instance, when the beloved turns from us with insane frivolity, when she insists on going to a ball where no respectable man can accompany her, and where she (crazily over-dressed and impudently friséed) throws herself into the arms of the first blackguard whom she fancies, and waltzes away, turning her back on us.

"Farewell, oh shepherd mine!"

Perhaps it went no better with Uhland than with us. His mood and manner may have changed since then. With trifling exceptions he has for twenty years brought no new poems to market. I cannot believe that such an admirable poetic power was so scantily gifted by Nature as to bear within itself only a single spring-time. No, I think that the silence of Uhland is rather due to the contradiction caused by the inclinations of his muse not agreeing with

[1] "Nach dem Postwagen bringen und fortschicken müssen." French, "Nous sommes obligés de la conduire à la cour des Messageries et de l'aider nous-mêmes à monter en diligence pour aller se promener dans son pays," which is illustrated with a picture in *La Physiologie de l'étudiant.—Translator.*

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the exigencies of his political position. The elegist poet who sang the Catholic-feudal past in such beautiful ballads and romances, the Ossian of the Middle Age, became subsequently in the Wurtemberg Chamber of Deputies a zealous representative of popular rights, a bold speaker for civil equality and free thought. Uhland has proved that this democratic and Protestant feeling is in him sincere, by the great personal sacrifices which he made; and as he formerly won the laurel of a poet, he has now gained the oak wreath of civilian virtue. And it was just because he was so honourable that he could not sing the songs of early days with the same inspiration, and as his Pegasus was a knightly charger which willingly trotted back into the past, but was always unmanageable when ridden into modern life, so our brave Uhland smilingly dismounted and let the jibbing steed be led back into the stable. There he is to this day, and like his colleague, the horse of Bayard, he has all possible merits and but one defect—he is dead.[1]

Keener eyes than mine will not have failed to observe that the high horse with gay armorial bearings and proud plumes was never quite appropriate

[1] It is remarkable how this simile passed all over Europe during the Middle Ages. But in England Bayard was the common name of the horse, and his failing was not that he was dead, but blind. "Like a blinde Bayard."—*Translator.*

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to its bourgeois rider, who wore, instead of boots with golden spurs, only shoes and silk stockings, and had on his head, instead of a helmet, the hat of a Tubingen doctor of laws. They think they have discovered that Ludwig Uhland never exactly harmonised with his theme; that he does not really repeat in idealistic truth the naïve grimly-powerful tones of the Middle Age, but rather dissolves them in a sickly sentimental melancholy; that he has cooked over again the vigorous sounds of heroic sagas and of popular songs in his sentiments to make them softer and more palatable to the modern public.[1] And, in fact, if we carefully examine the ladies of Uhland's poems, we find only beautiful shadows, embodied moonshine, milk in their veins, and in their eyes sweet tears, or tears without salt. And if we compare the heroes of Uhland with those of ancient songs, it seems as if they were merely tin suits of armour, in which are flowers instead of flesh and bones.[2] Therefore these Uhlandic

[1] This appalling metaphor of cooking vigorous sounds (*starken Klänge*) in sentiment to soften them is somewhat improved in the French version, "Il a amolli les accents énergiques et héroïques des traditions populacies du Nord, pour les rendre plus appétisantes.—*Translator.*

[2] "The gentleman in tin clothes." I regret that I cannot recall the name of a delightful old burlesque on the horrors of the Anne Radcliffe school, in which this expression occurs. I think it is "The Heroine."

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knights have a far sweet-and-dearer odour for tender noses than the old Kempé, who wore real iron breeches, ate much, and drank still more.

Yet all this is really no discredit, for Uhland never wished to bring before us the German past in all its truth; he more probably desired to please us with its reflection, and so he mirrored it pleasantly on the shining surface of his genius. This has indeed imparted to his poems a peculiar charm, and have won for them the liking of many gentle and good men. The shadows of the past exert a magic charm, although evoked by the feeblest sorcerer. Even men who take part in the modern movement preserve a certain secret sympathy for the traditions of early times, and these spirit voices move us deeply in their faintest echo. And it is easy to understand that the ballads and romances of our admirable Uhland had enthusiastic reception, not only by the patriots of 1813, and pious youth as well as gentle maids, but also among far stronger men and minds of modern thought.

I have added to the word patriots the date 1813, in order to distinguish them from the friends of the Fatherland of the present day, who no longer live upon the memories of the so-called War of Freedom. These older heroes must take the greatest delight in Uhland's muse, since most of his poems are thoroughly imbued with the spirit

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of their time—a time when they revelled in youthful feeling and proud hopes. This admiration of Uhland's poems they transmitted to their followers, and among the youths of the gymnastic-political clubs to acquire this work was regarded as peculiarly patriotic.[1] They found in them songs which even Max von Schenkendorf and Ernst Moritz Arndt could not have surpassed, and in truth what descendant of the bravely-honourable Arminius and of the blonde Thusnelda, would not have been satisfied with the following:—

FORWARD!

Forward! Onward! It was heard:
Russia cried the mighty word,
Forward!

Prussia caught the mighty word,
Echoing gladly what she heard,
Forward!

Up, thou mighty Austria, too!
Forward! Do as others do!
Forward!

[1] French version, "Pour les jeunes gens qui s'adonnait aux exercises gymnastiques fondés alors par le gallophobe *Jaher* (Jahn) pour régénérer le physique de la nation allemande." These gymnastic clubs, or *Turner Verein*, have been of incalculable benefit to Germany, and were a prominent cause of the superiority of the German soldiers in the last war with France. —*Translator.*

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Up, thou ancient Saxonland !
Ever forward, hand-in-hand !
Forward !

Bayern ! Hesse ! fall in line,
Suabia, Frankland, to the Rhine,
Forward !

Forward Holland, Netherland,
High be the sword and free your hand !
Forward !

God's blessing, Switzerland, on thee !
Alsace, Lorraine, and Burgundy !
Forward !

Forward ever—never fear !
Good be the wind, the harbour near !
Forward !

Forward's a field-marshal's name,[1]
So forward, soldiers, just the same,
Forward !

I repeat it, the people of 1813 find in Uhland's poems the spirit of their time most preciously

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[1] The French version adds, "Le général à laquelle cette chanson fait allusion est Blucher, le fameux troupier." In this otherwise fine and sustained poem the whole sense is virtually destroyed by this final connection with an individual, thereby claiming merely German military supremacy. So in Longfellow's "Excelsior," which was suggested by "Forwards," the entire ideal structure or conception is lost when we find it made *rela* by "the pious monks of Saint Bernard," which at once reduces

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preserved, and not only its political, but also its moral and æsthetic, spirit. Uhland represents a whole period, and that alone, since all its other representatives have fallen into forgetfulness, and are all really united now in this one writer. The tone which characterises Uhland's songs, ballads, and romances was that of his romantic contemporaries, and many among them have written, if not better, at least as well. And here is the place where I can praise many a writer of the romantic school, who, as I said, manifests as regards subject and tone in his poems the most striking similarity to Uhland, and who is fully his equal in poetic value, differing perhaps in showing less confidence in expression. In fact, what an admirable poet is Baron von Eichendorff. The songs which he has woven into his novel *Ahnung und Gegenwart* ("Presentiment and the Present") are not to be distinguished from those of Uhland, nor indeed from his best. The difference consists in the greener freshness of the forest and the more crystal-

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the figurative ideal to a literal and very lunatic Alpine climb without a purpose. This coincidence is one of the curiosities of literature. *Excelsior* is the Latin for "forwards." The word is repeated, as in the German model, at the end of every verse, and both poems end with an extraordinary change into realism, which utterly conflicts with all their meaning and destroys it. In the French version the last line is—

"En avant! voilà le nom de votre général!"

—*Translator.*

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line clearness of those of Von Eichendorff. Justinus Kerner, who is almost unknown, also deserves honourable mention; he also wrote in the same key and measure the most admirable songs. He is a compatriot (Suabian) of Uhland.[1] This is also the case with Gustav Schwab, a more distinguished poet, who also bloomed out from the Suabian valleys, and who charms us every year with beautiful and perfumed poetry. He has special talent for ballads, and has sung his local home-legends most charmingly in this form. Wilhelm Müller, whom death tore from us when in all the fire and fulness of his youth, must also

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[1] Justinus Kerner soon became very well known all over Europe and America by his work *Die Seherinn von Prevorst* "The Seeress of Prevorst"). He was the author of the beautiful song "Wohlauf noch get runken," which, like that of Von Eichendorff, "In einem kühlen Grunde," is extremely popular. I knew Justinus Kerner, and was once his guest at Weinsberg. I was a college youth at Heidelberg in those days, and can remember that the Herr Doctor more than once remarked that I reminded him in appearance and in many ways of what his friend Uhland had been at my age. Unfortunately the likeness here ceased. The writers who are so carelessly glanced over by Heine—Von Eichendorff, Justinus Kerner, Gustav Schwab, and Wilhelm Müller — to whom a dozen more could be added, deserved from their intrinsic excellence, originality, and popularity a far more extended notice than Heine has given them; room for all of which and more that is wanting might have been subtracted to great advantage from his comments on the Schlegels, Raupach, and other enemies great and small.—*Translator.*

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be mentioned. He harmonises admirably with Uhland as regards imitation of German popular songs, but it seems to me as if he was often more successful in this sphere, and surpassed him in naturalness. He was more deeply familiar with the spirit of the old types of song, therefore it was not necessary for him to imitate their forms, and we accordingly find a more dexterous management of transferral and a judicious avoidance of antiquated turns and expressions. Here, too, I should recall the late Wetzel, who is now forgotten and vanished. He had affinity in style to our admirable Uhland, and in certain songs of his which I have seen he surpasses him in sweetness and depth of expression. These songs, half flowers, half butterflies, spread their perfume, and flutter in one of the older annual issues of Brockhaus' "Urania."

That Clemens Brentano should have composed most of his songs in the same metres and with the same sentiments as Uhland is a matter of course, for both drank from the same spring of popular ballads and offer us the same draughts, only the cup of Uhland is more gracefully turned. Of Adalbert von Chamisso I cannot here appropriately speak. Though he was a contemporary of the Romantic school and took part in its work, still the heart of this man has of late been so rejuvenated that he has taken up new forms of

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song, made himself known as one of the most original and eminent of modern poets, and belongs much more to young than to old Germany. Yet in his earlier poems there is the same air which breathes in those of Uhland—the same melody, colour, perfume, melancholy, and tears. Chamisso's tears are the more touching because they, like a fountain which bursts from a rock, break forth from a far stronger heart.[1]

The poems which Uhland composed in South German measures are most intimately allied to the sonnets, assonances, and *ottaverime* of his fellow-scholars of the Romantic school, and it is impossible to distinguish them from his, be it in form or feeling. But, as I have said, most of those contemporaries of Uhland have passed with their poems into oblivion. They are now to be found with difficulty in forgotten collections, such as the *Dichterwald* ("The Forest of Poets"), the *Sängerfahrt* ("The Singers' Pilgrimage"), in certain *Frauen und Musenalmanachen* ("Ladies' or Muses' Almanacs") which Fouqué and Tieck published, in old newspapers, as in Achim von Arnim's *Trosteinsamkeit* ("Consolation of Solicitude"), and in the *Wünschelruthe* ("The Divining-rod"), edited

[1] Chamisso is best known to the English world by his strange story of Peter Schlemihl, which was imitated by Hoffmann in "The Lost Shadow." This novelette is, in its way, a poem.—*Translator*

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by Heinrich Straube and Rudolf Christiani, in the weekly journals of the time—and God knows where else!

Uhland was not the father of a school, as were Schiller and Goethe, or those like them, from whose individuality went forth a peculiar tone or expression which was re-echoed by contemporary poets. Uhland was not the father but rather the child of a school which gave him an expression which was not originally his own, which he with care extracted from the works of earlier poets. But in amends for this want of originality or characteristic novelty he gives us many admirable characteristics which are as rich as they are rare. He is the pride of happy Suabia, and where'er resounds the German tongue men rejoice in this noble poet's soul. As most of his lyrical comrades of the Romantic school are united in Uhland, so the public loves and honours it in him. And we love and honour him perhaps all the more since we now are about to lose him for ever.[1]

Ah! it is not from trivial desire but in obedience to the law of necessity that Germany is now excited. Good, peaceful Germany! It casts a mournful look upon the past which it leaves behind, bowing

[1] French version, "Et nous le vénérons et l'aimons peut-être d'autant plus qu'il entre pour nous dans le domaine du passé." Here the French translation of the Romantic school ends.

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once more in deep reverence to the olden time, which looks at it so sorrowful and pale from Uhland's poems, and it takes farewell with a kiss. And yet another kiss—perhaps a tear! But let us linger no longer in idle emotion.

Forward! Onward! It is heard;
France now calls the mighty word:
Forward![1]

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[1] This conclusion redeems every trifling failing or error in the whole chapter. Only a true *vates*, or poet-prophet, could have clearly understood or foreseen, as Heine did when he wrote this, that Germany had really taken leave of its romantic past, and was about to enter on a new and more practical career. In fact, many years after, the rural places about Berlin were described as being haunted by young poets writing ballads, "mostly in imitation of Uhland." The only flaw in the bell was that Heine looked only to political reforms and not to many other concurrent causes which should cause this change.

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CHAPTER VI.

WHEN after long years the Emperor Otto III. went to the tomb where the remains of Charles (Charlemagne) were placed, he entered the vault with two bishops and Count Laumel (who wrote the description of these details). The corpse was not recumbent, as is usual, but sat upright, like a living man, on a chair. On the head was a crown of gold; he held the sceptre in his hands, on which were gloves, but his nails had grown out through the leather. The vault was very strongly built of marble and lime. It was necessary to break an opening, and those who entered perceived a strong odour. All at once sank on their knees and manifested their respect for the dead. The Emperor Otto placed on the corpse a white robe, cut its nails, and otherwise repaired the ravages of time. The limbs were in nowise decayed, save that there was something gone from the tip of the nose. Otto had it replaced with gold. Then he took a tooth from the mouth of Charlemagne, had the vault walled up, and went his way. In the night

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Charlemagne appeared to him in a dream and announced to him that he, Otto, would not attain to old age and would leave no heirs.

This is what is related in the *Deutsche Sagen* ("German Traditions"); but it is not the only instance of the kind. Even so your King Francis I. opened the grave of the mighty Roland, to see for himself if the hero was of such giant stature as poets have sung. This was just before the battle of Pavia. Sebastian of Portugal entered the vaults of his ancestors and gazed on the dead monarchs before he went to Africa.[1]

Strange and terrible curiosity which impels men so often to look into the graves of the past! It occurs at remarkable periods, at the end of an epoch or just before a catastrophe. In this our time we have seen a similar thing, when that great sovereign French people were suddenly seized with a desire to open the grave of the bygone and gaze on the long ruined passed away time by daylight. There was no lack of learned resurrectionists, who with spades and crowbars were quickly on hand to dig up the old *débris*

[1] In the French version this is given more fully. "C'est une pareille visite que le roi Sébastien de Portugal fit aux caveaux de ses ancêtres, avant de s'embarquer pour cette malheureuse compagne d'Afrique où les sables d'Alcanzar-Kébir devinrent son linceul. Il fit ouvrir chacque cercueil, et interrogea longtemps les traits des anciens rois."

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and break into the vault. A strong scent was perceived, which as Gothic *haut-gout* delightfully tickled the noses of those who were *blasés* as to otto of roses.[1] French writers knelt in deep respect before the openly unveiled Middle Age. One placed a new garment on it, another cut its nails, a third gave it a new nose, and then came certain poets who stole its teeth, just as the Emperor Otto had done.

Whether the spirit of the Middle Age appeared to these dentists and restorers of noses, and prophesied to them the speedy end of their romantic reign, I know not. In fact, I only mention this occurrence in French literature that I may distinctly declare that I am not reflecting on them when I, in this book, described in rather severe words a similar thing which took place in Germany. The literary men who there took the Middle Age from its grave had other intentions, as have appeared from this book, and the result which it had upon the multitude endangered

[1] French version, "Les nez blasés sur les parfums classiques." It is, however, extremely probable that this scent was really not at all of an offensive nature. During the early Middle Age bodies of very wealthy and eminent persons were very often embalmed or preserved from decay by means of spices and powerful aromatics. Hence the frequent accounts of the bodies of saints which, when discovered, gave out a perfume which was attributed to supernatural causes, and called "the odour of sanctity."

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the freedom and prosperity of my native land. French authors had only artistic interests in what they did, and the French public merely sought to gratify its newly-awakened curiosity. The majority of men only looked into the graves of the past to find therein a pattern for a fancy dress for the Carnival. The Gothic fashion was in France only a fleeting fashion, which simply served for temporary amusement. People let their hair grow long in mediæval style, and when the barber casually remarked that it did not look well, they had it cut short, with all the associations belonging to it. Ah! in Germany it is quite otherwise, perhaps because the Middle Age is not there quite dead and decayed, as it is with you. The German Middle Age does not lie mouldering; ever and anon it is revived by an evil spirit, and comes out among us in clear, broad daylight, and sucks the red life from our breast.

Ah! do you not see how sorrowful and pale our Germany is, even the German youth which not long ago rejoiced with such life? See ye not how red is the mouth of the plenipotentiary vampire who lives in Frankfort, and there sucks so horribly slowly and tiresomely at the heart of the German people?

What I have said of the Middle Age admits a special application as regards its religion. Loyalty

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requires that I should distinguish most definitely between the party which is here known as the Catholic, and those wretched fellows who bear the name in Germany. It is only to these latter that I have alluded in my book, and that indeed in terms by far too mild. They are the real foes of my Fatherland—a crawling, lying, hypocritical mob of miserable cowardice. They hiss in Munich, they hiss in Berlin, and while you stroll on the Boulevard Montmartre you suddenly feel a bite in your heel. But we will crush the head of the old serpent. It is the party of lies; they are the bailiffs of despotism,[1] the restorers of all the misery, cruelties, and madness of the past. As far as heaven from them is that party which we here call Catholic, whose leaders are among the most talented writers of France. If they are not our brothers-in-arms, we fight at least for the same interests, or for those of mankind. We are one in our love for that, we only differ in our views as to what is best for mankind.[2] They believe that man only

[1] "Schergen des Despotismus." In the French version, "Cessent les familliers de la Sainte-alliance."

[2] Truly, in such distinction all the difference lies, and on this ground an anarchist might agree with an aristocrat. But the sound of the pension paid by the police, or Louis Philippe, rings and rolls through all this chapter, and indeed through all "Germany."

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needs spiritual comfort; we, on the contrary, opine that he wants material prosperity. When the Catholic party in France, ignoring its true mission, announces itself as the party of the past, and as that of the restorers of the faith of bygone times, we should protect it against its own declarations. The Eighteenth crushed Catholicism so completely in France that there was hardly a breath of life left in it, and those who now seek to restore it here seem like men preaching a new religion. By Paris I mean France, and not the provinces; as for the latter, it is as unimportant what they think as what our legs think. The head is the seat of all our thinking power. I am told that the French in the provinces are good Catholics, which I can neither affirm nor deny. All the men whom I ever met there looked to me like milestones, on whose faces one could read distinctly how near or how far they were from the capital. The women there perhaps seek consolation in Christianity because they cannot live in Paris. Christianity has not existed in Paris since the Revolution, and it had lost all importance there long before. It lurked in a remote church-corner like a spider, and leapt out headlong now and then when it could seize on a babe in the cradle or an old man in his coffin. It is only at these two periods of life, when he is born or dies, that a

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Frenchman falls into the power of the Catholic priest; during all the interval he lives in reason and laughs at holy water and emotion. But is that a predominance of Catholicism? It was because it was so utterly extinct in France that it was able under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. to attract a few unselfish minds into itself by the charm of novelty. Catholicism was then something so unheard of, so fresh, so overwhelming! The religion which had reigned recently before in France was the classic mythology, and this beautiful faith had been preached to the French people by its authors, poets, and artists, with such results that the former were at the end of the last century, as regarded life and thought, altogether in heathen disguise. During the Revolution this classic religion bloomed in all its power and glory; it was not merely an Alexandrian aping. Paris was a natural continuation of Athens and Rome. Under the Empire this antique spirit was subdued, the gods of Greece ruled only on the stage and Roman virtue on the battlefield. A new faith had come, and this took form in the holy name "Napoleon." And this religion still rules the masses. Therefore they are in the wrong who say that the French people are irreligious because they do not believe in Christ or His saints. One should rather say that the irreligion of the French consists in this,

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that they now believe in a man instead of the immortal gods. Or we must declare that the irreligion of the French lies in the fact that they no longer believe in Jupiter, Minerva, Diana, or Venus. This last item, it is true, admits of doubt, and it is certain that the French have ever remained orthodox in their worship of the Graces.

I hope that these remarks, far from being misunderstood, will serve to guard the reader from misunderstanding.

The French version of this chapter ends as follows:—

J'espère qu'on n'interprétera mal ces observations: elles avaient pour but de prévenir le lecteur contre le fâcheux malentendus. Dans le trois premières parties de ce livre, j'ai parlé avec quelque developpement des luttes entre la religion et la philosophie en Allemagne; j'avais à expliquer cette revolution intellectuelle de mon pays, sur laquelle Madame de Staël a répandu pour sa part tant d'erreurs en France. Je le déclare franchement: je n'ai cessé d'avoir en vue le livre de cette grand'mère des doctrinaires, et c'est dans une intention de redressement que j'ai donné au mien ce même titre *De l'Allemagne.*

PARIS *le* 8 *Avril* 1835.

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CHAPTER VII.[1]

I SHOULD be in despair if the few intimations or hints as regards the great Eclectic which escaped me in a previous chapter should be quite misunderstood. In fact, far be it from me to depreciate M. Victor Cousin. The very title of this far-famed philosopher binds me in duty unto praise and laud. He belongs to that living Pantheon of France which we call the *Pairie* (peerage), and his intellectual limbs repose on the velvet benches of the Luxembourg. Thereunto he is a man of loving heart, yet he loves not the trifling objects dear to every Frenchman—as, for example, Napoleon, or even Voltaire, who is less easily beloved; no, M. Cousin's heart seeks what is most serious—he loves Prussia. I should be a wretch if I would belittle such a man—yes, a monster of ingratitude . . . for I myself am a Prussian. Who will there be to love us when

[1] This chapter, which was omitted from the last French version, appears in the German edition as an *Anhang* or supplement, with the words Victor Cousin added in the table of contents.—*Translator.*

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the great heart of a Victor Cousin shall no longer beat?

I must indeed subdue with all my strength all private feelings which might mislead me into excessive enthusiasm. Which means that I would not be suspected of servility, for M. Cousin is very influential in the state, both by his position and oratorical power. This consideration might even inspire me to speak as freely of his faults as of his virtues. Would he be therewith displeased? Certainly not. I know that no higher honour can be paid to great men than to set forth their failings as conscientiously as their better qualities. When we portray in song a Hercules, we must describe how he laid by the lion's skin and sat by the distaff, since he is for all that a Hercules. However, when we tell such tales of our hero, we may in honour add that M. Cousin, though he sometimes sits and gossips by the distaff, never lays aside his lion's skin.

To continue the comparison with Hercules, we may mention another flattering point of difference. The multitude ascribed to the son of Alcmena deeds which were performed by several of his contemporaries, but the works of M. Cousin are so colossal, so astonishing, that people never understood how a single man could achieve so much, whence arose the report that the works which appeared under the name of this hero

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were really those of several of the men of his time.

So will it be some day with Napoleon; it is already beginning to pass our comprehension how one hero, unaided, could do so many wondrous deeds. And just as people are beginning to say in depreciation of the great Victor Cousin, that he knows how to use the talents of others and publish the results to his own advantage, so it will be asserted of poor Napoleon that not he, but God knows who—perhaps even Sebastiani —won the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena.

Great men work not only by their deeds, but also by their personal lives. In this respect M. Cousin deserves unconditional praise. Here he appears in purest dignity. He has laboured by the influence of his own example to destroy a prejudice which has perhaps restrained most of his fellow-countrymen from devoting themselves to that grandest of all efforts—the study of philosophy. For here in France there prevailed an opinion that men by studying philosophy unfitted themselves for practical life, that by metaphysical speculation they lost all talent for industrial speculation, and that he who would become a great philosopher must renounce all these splendours of public office and live in simple poverty, retired from all intrigues. This delusion, which

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kept so many Frenchmen far from the sphere of the abstract, has been fortunately dissipated by M. Cousin, who has shown us by his own example that a man may be an immortal philosopher and at the same time a life-peer of France.

It is true that there are certain Voltaireans who explain this phenomenon by the simple circumstance that of these two conditions M. Cousin has only fulfilled the latter. Could there be a more unamiable, unchristian declaration? Only a Voltairean could be capable of such frivolity.

But what great man ever escaped the *persiflage* of his contemporaries? Did the Athenians spare the great Alexander with their Attic-salted epigrams? Did not the Romans sing in bold songs about Cæsar? Did not the Berlin folk write pasquinades on Frederic the Great? M. Cousin must meet with the same fate which Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederic encountered, and which many a great man in Paris will yet endure. The greater the man the more easily is he hit by the arrow of mockery. Dwarfs are far more likely to escape.

The multitude, however, the people, does not love mockery. Like genius, or love, or the forest, or the sea it is of serious nature; it bears antipathy to the spiteful wit of salons, and it explains great phenomena in profoundly mystical fashion.

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All its explanations have a poetic, marvellous, legendary character. So, for example, people explained Paganini's astonishing execution on the violin by declaring that the musician, because he murdered his mistress from jealousy, was for that confined many years in prison, in which his only consolation was a violin, and that by practising on it by night and by day he attained his extraordinary proficiency on the instrument. In like manner the philosophical virtuosoship of M. Cousin is attributed to a similar event, for it is related that the German government considered our great eclectic as a hero for freedom, and shut him up, allowing him nothing to read but Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Out of very *ennui* he studied it continually, and thereby attained that virtuosoship in German philosophy which in after years gained him so much applause in Paris when he publicly performed the most difficult passages in it.

This is a very beautiful folk-tale, fairy-like, legendary, romantic, such as is told of Orpheus, Balaam the son of Beor, of Quaser the Wise, or of Budda, and which every century will work at, till finally the name *Cousin* will no longer be that of a real individual, but the personification of the martyr to freedom who, confined in prison, seeks consolation in philosophy or wisdom in the "Critique of Pure Reason," and some future

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Ballanche will perhaps see in him an allegory of the age itself, an age when criticism and pure reason and wisdom were generally sent to the lock-up.

Yet as regards this story of the imprisonment of M. Cousin, it is by no means of purely allegorical origin. For he, on suspicion of democracy, really passed some time in a German prison, as did Lafayette and Richard Cœur de Lion. But that he there studied in his leisure hours Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" is doubtful, for three reasons. Firstly, this book is written in German; secondly, that to read it one must understand German; and thirdly, M. Cousin does not understand German at all.[1]

But, on my life! I do not say this in blame. The greatness of M. Cousin comes more boldly to light when we see that he has learned German philosophy without understanding the language in which it is taught. How vastly does such a genius overtop us common mortals, who only

[1] To which a friend replies on grounds which I will not investigate, and for which I do not hold myself responsible, that firstly, there was in existence a very good Latin version of the "Critique of Pure Reason;" secondly, that it is most unlikely that a man of genius could have been long in Germany without learning the language; and thirdly, that Heine himself played second fiddle to no man in manufacturing fibs when his object was to render an enemy ridiculous.—*Translator.*

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master with greatest trouble this philosophy, though we have been familiar with German from our infancy! The real character of such a genius must to us ever remain inexplicable. Such are the intuitive natures to whom Kant ascribes spontaneous perception of things in their totality, as opposed to us of common analytical natures, who just apprehend that which is by sequence and combination of details. Kant seems to have had foreboding that such a man would arise, who would understand his "Critique of Pure Reason" by mere intuitive perception, without having learned discursive, analytic German. But it may be that the French are more happily organised than we Germans; and I have observed that however little one may tell them about a doctrine, or learned investigation, or a scientific view, they know how to combine it all and work it up so admirably in their intellect that they promptly understand it far better than we do, and immediately proceed to explain it unto, or instruct us in it. It often seems to me as if the heads of the French were furnished internally, like their cafés, with innumerable mirrors, so that every idea which gets in reflects itself countless times, by which optical arrangement the narrowest, scantiest heads appear to be broad and enlightened. These brilliant intellects, like the shining cafés, generally greatly dazzle a poor German when he first comes to Paris.

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I am afraid that I am imperceptibly coming from the sweet waters of praise into the salt and bitter sea of blame. Yes, I cannot refrain from giving it bitterly to M. Cousin for something, which is that he who loves truth more than Plato or Tennemann[1] he is unjust to himself, he slanders himself when he would make us believe that he has borrowed everything from the philosophies of Schelling and Hegel. I myself must defend M. Cousin against this self-accusation. On my word and conscience this worthy man has stolen absolutely nothing from the philosophy of either, and if he brought any memorial of them back from Germany to France, it was only their friendship. This does honour to his heart. And yet there are many instances of such self-accusation recorded in works on psychology. I myself once knew a man who confessed that he had stolen a silver spoon from a royal dinner table, and yet we all knew that he was not received at court, and only told this story to make us believe he had dined with the king!

No, M. Cousin has, as regards German philosophy, always kept the sixth commandment; he never stole from it an idea—not even the smallest

[1] Author of an excellent History of Philosophy; the hint here being that Cousin owed all his knowledge of German philosophy to it. It is indeed to be regretted that Heine himself was not more familiar with this work and that of Rixner.—*Translator.*

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salt-spoon of an idea did he ever put into his pocket. All witnesses agree in this, that M. Cousin in *this* respect—observe I say, in *this* respect—is honour itself. And not only his friends but his enemies testify to it. Such testimony is to be found in the Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism for the current year, and as their author, the great Hinrichs, is by no means given to praise, his words being therefore the more to be relied on, I will in another place give them in full. What is in hand is to free a great man from a serious charge, and therefore for that, and that only, I cite the testimony of the Berlin Annals, which otherwise hurt my feelings by a certain mocking, sarcastic tone in which they speak of M. Cousin. For I am a true friend of the great Eclectic, as I have shown in the preceding pages, wherein I have compared him with all kinds of great men—with Hercules, Napoleon, Alexander, Cæsar, Frederic the Great, Orpheus, Balaam the son of Beor, Quaser the Wise, Budda, Lafayette, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Paganini.

Perhaps I am the first man to whom it ever occurred to associate these names with that of Cousin. *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y qu'un pas!* That is what his enemies will say, those frivolous Voltaireans, to whom nothing is holy, who have no religion, and who do not believe even in

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Cousin. But it will not be the first time that a nation has learned from a stranger its great men. Mine is perhaps the merit that I have shown to France the value of M. Cousin as regards the present, and his significance in the future. I have shown how the people have already, during his life, adorned him poetically, and narrated wonderful things of him. I have shown how he is passing, little by little, into the purely legendary, and how a time will come when the name of Victor Cousin will be a myth. In fact the Voltaireans titter that it is only a fable.

O ye slanderers of the throne and the altar, ye wretches who, as Schiller sings, "are wont to blacken all which shines, and cast what towers sublime into the dust," I prophesy unto ye that the renown of M. Cousin will, like that of the French revolution, extend around the world. And here again I hear the spiteful souls remark, "Truly it is on its way to go around the globe—it has already taken its departure from Paris." [1]

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[1] A simile which, slightly changed, occurs in the *Reisebilder*. Of this attack on Cousin all that can be truly said is that it is to the last degree discreditable to Heine, it being thoroughly inspired by envy, malice, and untruthfulness, and yet very feeble as regards satire or cleverness. It is, in fact, so weak with its would-be bitterness as to awaken pity. Heine wished to be known as pre-eminently the apostle or introduce for

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German philosophy and literature to France. The latter had already been partly effected by Madame de Staël and Schlegel, the former by Cousin, and for this reason Heine did his utmost to discredit the great French eclectic, of whom, however, it may be truly said that he set forth the *methods* of the German philosophers far more clearly, thoroughly, and intelligently than our author succeeded in doing. The reputation of Cousin has never diminished in the least, his eclectic system was the greatest stimulant to general study or reading and a wide range of thought of any ever known in France, and it was therefore as valuable as any German philosophy. At the time when Heine wrote this diatribe the works of Cousin were text-books in leading American universities. If any one not familiar with them will dispassionately read one or two of the works of this great French writer he cannot fail to be amazed at the incredible audacity of this chapter, which seems indeed, like too much of Heine's criticism, to be sincerely based on a full belief that not one of his readers had ever read a line of what he is discussing, quite forgetting the fact that it is those who read certain books who also peruse comments on them.—*Translator.*

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THIRD PART.

ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

(1834.)

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ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

I HAVE done my best not to derive the mediæval tendency or taste of our Romanticists entirely from unobjectionable sources, and I have given them the best ground for defence in the Third Book of the contributions "To the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany," wherein I remarked that the mania for the Middle Age was perhaps a secret prepossession for old German pantheism, or the remains of that old religion living on in the popular beliefs of a later age. I have already discussed how these traditions still existed, of course in a distorted and abridged form, in magic and witchcraft. Yes, they live in the memory of the people, in their usages and language. The German baker stamps on every loaf which he bakes the old Druid's foot,[1] and our daily bread thus bears the sign of the German religion. What a significant contrast does this true bread offer to the dry sham bread with which spiritual culture would nourish us.

[1] Druiden, or Druidenfuss, the pentalphon or pentaple, in this shape :—

It is so called because the Druids were said to depict it on the

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No, the memories of old German beliefs are not extinct. It is said that there are yet living old men in Westphalia who know where the ancient images of the gods lie buried, on their deathbeds they communicate the secret to their youngest descendant, and then he bears the secret in his

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soles of their shoes, as the ancient Egyptians did the pictures of Hyksos, &c., on theirs. The pentaple is also said to represent the goat's face or evil principle when two points are upwards, and the good when this is reversed (L'Abbe Constant). But it is of Greek origin. Legend states that when Antiochus Soter was about to join battle with Galater, Alexander the Great appeared to him in a dream and bade him give to his soldiers as a rallying cry the word *υγιαινειν*, and to put it on his banner, because these Greek letters are found in the *pentalpha* or "five A's." It occurs on old coins, and was long borne by the regiment *Propugnater*, or Guards of Constantinople. J. Prætorius, *Blocksberges-Berichtung*, 1669, from whom Heine took the suggestion of the loaves, denies, however, that the word has anything to do with Druids, but comes from Truht, or Dryth, an old term for Lord applied to Christ. It appears to me that taking it in connection with Antiochus Soter, or Saviour, this is very probable. Among Christians in the Middle Age this character signified the five wounds of Christ. Its old German origin is much more than doubtful. If the Celtic Druids or old German wise-men (Heine is not here explicit) wore the character on their soles, it was probably done to express detestation of a popular Christian symbol. There is in the Musée Fol of Geneva a fine Etruscan vase representing Pallas Athene bearing a large shield, the centre of which is filled with this pentalpha. It was evidently in the most ancient Græco-Roman times an emblem of victory.—*Translator.*

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silent Saxon heart.[1] In Westphalia, the former Saxony, all is not dead which lies buried. When we wander there through the old oak groves we can hear the voices of the olden time, and the re-echoes of those deeply mysterious magic spells in which there gushes a greater fulness of life than in all the literature of the March of Brandenburg. A mysterious awe thrilled my soul when once wandering through these woods I came to the old Siegburg, and my guide said "Here once dwelt King Wittikind," and sighed deeply. He was a simple woodman bearing an axe. I believe that could it come to pass, this man would fight to-day for King Wittikind, and woe to the skull whereon that axe should fall!

That was a dark day for Saxony when Wittikind, its brave Duke, was conquered by Charlemagne near Engter. As he fled towards Ellerbruch, and men and women came wildly rushing in terror to join the retreat, one old woman could go no further. But as she would not fall into the hands of the enemy she was

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[1] For a full account of this, *vide* "Puck," 3 vols. 1852, by Dr. J. Bell. The same story is told of the Passamoquoddy Indians in Maine. An Indian who professed to have once seen one of these now vanished idols in his youth made me from memory a facsimile of it, which I still possess. —*Translator.*

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buried alive by the Saxons in a sand-hill by Bellmans Kamp, saying as they did so:—

"Krup under, krup under, de Welt is di gram,
Du kannst dem Gerappel nich mer folgen!"

"Creep under, creep under, the world is grim for thee!
The rush thou canst not follow."[1]

It is said that the old woman still lives. Truly, in Westphalia, all is not dead which lies buried.

The brothers Grimm tell this story in their *Deutsche Sagen* (German Tales), and I shall occasionally avail myself of the researches of these admirable scholars in the coming pages. Jacob Grimm alone has done more for philology than all your whole French academy since Richelieu. His German Grammar is a colossal work, a Gothic cathedral, in which all the German tribes raise their voices as in a giant chorus, every one in its own dialect. It may be that Jacob Grimm assigned his soul to the devil on condition that the latter should supply the materials and give his aid in this tremendous structure. And in very deed to bring together these massy blocks of learning, and to mortar and fix together these

[1] It is remarkable that these words always were, and may be still, sung by German gypsies in Romany, when burying an old woman. *Vide* Liebich, *Die Zigeuner*.

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hundred thousand citations, requires more than a man's life and more than mortal patience.[1]

Paracelsus is one of the chief sources of information for exploring old German popular traditions. His works are translated into Latin, not badly but incompletely. They are difficult to read in the original German, the style is abstruse, but here and there great thoughts come forth in great words.[2] He is a natural philosopher in our present acceptation of the word. His terminology is not to be always understood in its traditional sense. In his doctrine of elementary spirits he uses the names of Nymphs, Undines, Silvani, Salamanders, simply because these names are known to the

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[1] Instead of the three preceding sentences we have in the French version, "Jacques Grimm est sans égal dans son genre. Son érudition est colossale comme une montagne et son ésprit est frais comme la source qui en jaillit."

[2] Even the Latin is not so very intelligible. I possess a stout work of more than 300 pages, dated 1624, entitled *Lexicon Hermeticum*, or a dictionary of the peculiar Latin words used only by Paracelsus, of which words there are enough to form a language. It is remarkable that Heine, while writing on elementary spirits, makes so little use of Paracelsus. This writer, following Psellus, regarded not only all visible or sensible objects in nature as spirits reflected from types, but also all elements, forces, phases of action and qualities, everything having its intellectual life or immanent spirit. Paracelsus conjectured the existence of elements, laws, and conditions not perceptible to our senses. He gives us the impression of one who could have been a great artist or poet, in the more confined senses of the words.—*Translator.*

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public, not because they exactly explain that of which he speaks. Instead of seeking new words arbitrarily, he has preferred to use old ones, which suggested something similar. Hence he has been much misunderstood, many accusing him of mockery, others of unbelief. Some declare his idea was to give us a nursery tale out of jest as a system; others blamed him because he, departing from the Christian view, did not declare the elementary spirits to be devils. "For," as he says somewhere, "we have no reason to assume that these beings belong to the devil, nor do we know what the devil himself may be." He asserted that such spirits were as we are, real creations of God, but not like us of Adam's race, and that unto them God assigned as a dwelling the four elements. Their bodily structures are according to these elements. Therefore Paracelsus classifies the different orders of spirits according to the four elements, and here he gives us a determined system.

To reduce such popular beliefs to a system, as many are now attempting to do, is as unpracticable as if one would put the passing clouds into frames like pictures. At the utmost we can only assemble under certain rubrics or headings that which is similar. And this we will attempt as regards elementary spirits. We have already spoken of kobolds, or goblins, in the first book

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of the "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany." They are ghosts or spectres—a mixture of dead men and devils; they must be carefully distinguished from the true earth spirits. The latter dwell chiefly in the mountains, and are called Wichtelmænner, Gnomes, Metalarii, Little Folk, and Dwarfs.[1] The legend of these dwarfs is analogous with that of the giants, and indicates the existence of two different races, which, more or less at peace with one another, once occupied the country, but which have now disappeared.

Giants have left Germany for ever. But the dwarfs are still to be met now and then in the shafts of mines, where they, clad like little miners, dig out valuable metals and precious stones. From the beginning the dwarfs have possessed in abundance gold, silver, and diamonds, for they could creep about everywhere invisibly; no hole was too small for them to slip through, so that it did but lead to a vein of wealth. The giants,

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[1] Paracelsus also calls them *Gnomos, Pygmæos, aut Neuferinos.* Lavater, in *Libello de Spectris et Lemuris,* gives many synonyms for these spirits, among others that of *virunculos terreos.* Prætorius (*Anthropodemus Plutonicus,* 1666) devotes a chapter of a hundred pages to these *Bergmannrigen* or *Erd-Leuten,* as he terms them, to which Heine has been not a little indebted. The view as to the historical existence of the dwarfs has been thoroughly examined by David MacRitchie in a very interesting work (already mentioned by me) entitled the "Testimony of Tradition."—*Translator.*

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however, were always poor, and if any one had ever trusted them they would doubtless have left behind them giant-like and colossal debts. Nor would they ever be converted to Christianity. I infer this from an old Danish ballad, in which the giants meet at a wedding. The bride alone eats four tuns of *bouilli*, or thick soup, sixteen oxen, eighteen sides of pork, and with it all drinks seven tuns of beer. Indeed the bridegroom remarks, "I never saw a young bride with such an appetite." Among the guests was the little Mimmering whose diminutive size contrasted with that of the giants. And the song ends with the words, "Little Mimmering was among this heathen folk the only Christian child."[1]

There are several very charming traditions referring to the weddings of the *Kleine Folk*, or little people, as the dwarfs are called in Germany; as, for example, the following:—

"Once the little folk wished to celebrate a wedding in the Castle of Eilenberg in Saxony. During the night they entered by the keyhole and crannies of the windows, and skipped and bounded on the polished floor like pease thrown down on a threshing-ground. Thereupon the old Count who was sleeping under the canopy of his

[1] In the original Northern tale this bride was, however, Thor disguised as Freya. It is in the story of the recovery of the hammer as given in the older Edda.—*Translator.*

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bed of state in that very hall, awoke, and marvelled greatly, as well he might, at the sight of so many tiny people. Then one of them, who was splendidly attired, like unto a herald, approached the Count, and in courtly and befitting phrase invited him to take part in the festival. 'But,' he added, 'we pray of thee one thing, that thou alone shalt be present; no other person of thy house shall behold us, though by so little as a glance.' To which the Count replied in friendly manner, 'Since you have wakened me, I will be one of you.' Then they brought him a little lady for a partner, little torch-bearers ranged themselves around, and soft mysterious music began to sound. The Count had great trouble while dancing not to lose sight of his little partner, who escaped his view at every leap, yet who at last whirled him about so that he could hardly breathe. When all at once, in the midst of the wildest excitement of the dance, everything stopped, the music was silent, and the whole party ran as if for their lives to the door-cracks, mouse-holes, or wherever any exit was to be found.[1] But the bridal couple, the herald, and

[1] There is an amusing parallel to this passage to be found in an Irish tale. Pat O'Flanagan, the tailor, was dancing in mad joy with the devil, who was fiddling, while both took alternate sups from Satan's whiskey bottle. "Whin, och what a pity! all at wanst this foine parrety was broken up by the appairence of Judy, Pat's wife." In this tale the devil goes off with Mrs. O'Flanagan.—*Translator.*

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the dancers lifted their eyes to an opening in the ceiling above, and saw the face of the old Countess, who was secretly watching them. Then the elves who remained bowed to the Count, and the herald approaching thanked him for his hospitality. 'But,' he added, 'as our joy and our wedding have been disturbed because another human eye has seen us, there shall never be of all your race more than seven alive at one time.' Then all fled, and the Count found himself alone in the dark and silent hall. The prediction was fulfilled, even to this day, for when six knights von Eilenberg live, one always dies when a seventh is born." [1]

Much is said in praise of the skill of the dwarfs. They smithed the best swords, but only the giants could do battle with them. Were these giants really so very tall? Fear perhaps added yards to their height, as has often happened. Nicetas, a Byzantine who has recorded the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders, avows most seriously that one of those knights of the North who sent everybody flying before him actually appeared to him in that awful instant to be fifty feet high.[2]

[1] Like this is an old German legend of a Graf von Hoya who having in like manner hospitably entertained a party of elves, received from their herald who had begged for the kindness a sword, and a ring in which was set a red lion, which should grow pale whenever one of the Von Hoya race was about to die.—*Translator.*

[2] This passage is wanting in the French version. Heine is

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The dwellings of the dwarfs were in the mountains. The small holes often seen in rocks are still called *Zwerglöcher*, or dwarf-holes. I have seen many of them in the Harz, especially in the Bodenthal; and many stalactite formations, which are found in the mountain caverns, as well as singularly-shaped summits of rocks, which people call dwarf weddings. These are dwarfs who once when gaily returning from their little church, from a betrothal, or while merry at the bridal meal, were changed by a wicked sorcerer into stone. Tales of such transformations into stone are as much at home in the North as in the East, where the narrow-minded Mussulman believes that the statues and caryatides which he finds in the ruins of old Greek temples are petrified human beings. I saw not only in the Harz mountains but in Brittany many strangely-grouped stones, which the peasants call dwarf weddings. The stones near Loc Maria Ker are the houses of the *Torrigan* or *Kurile*, as the little folk are there called.[1]

Here I will tell another tale of such a wedding:—

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in error in stating that only giants could manage the magic swords made by dwarfs. The *Hervar Saga* is the history of such a sword, but there is no mention of any giant in it. These marvellous weapons occur in many sagas, but always in association with ordinary mortals.—*Translator.*

[1] So in Florence one or both of the colossal marble statues (or Bianconi) in the Piazza della Signoria are believed when

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There is in Bohemia, not far from Elnbogen, a famous grotto of the dwarfs in a wild but beautiful valley, through which the Eger winds gracefully and serpent-like to Carlsbad. They who dwell in towns and hamlets thereabout relate that in this place there lived in the olden time many dwarfs or hill-spirits who led a peaceful life, being so far from injuring any one that they often helped their neighbours when in need. They were governed by a mighty magician, who for some cause became enraged at them, and one day when they were all met at a wedding in their little church, petrified them all, or, to speak correctly, as they were spirits not to be destroyed, he inclosed them in forms of stone. These groups are called to this day *die verzauberte Zwergenhochzeit*— the enchanted marriage feast — and the little figures are still to be seen in all possible positions on the mountain-tops. One is shown in the middle of a rock; it is the image of a dwarf who, while the rest ran away to escape the enchantment, lingered too long in his home, and was turned to stone at the instant when he looked out of the window for aid.[1]

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the rays of the full moon fall on them to become animated and walk about. The word *Torrigan*, as given by Heine, should be *Korrigan*. The three preceding sentences are wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

[1] It is said that the dwarfs, vaguely anticipating these disasters, buried in the ground in many places all their pots

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The dwarfs wear little caps, by means of which they can make themselves invisible; these are called *Tarnkappen* or *Nebelkäppchen* (cloud-caps). Once a peasant while threshing accidentally knocked with his flail one of these caps from the head of a dwarf, who at once became visible and ran to hide himself in a crevice in the earth. One can by means of incantations bring these dwarfs to full view.[1]

There lived in Nuremberg a man named Paul Kreutz, who once practised a marvellous conjuration. He placed on the ground a new small table covered with a white cloth, on which were two cups of milk, two of honey, two small plates, and nine small knives. Then he took a black hen, and cut off its head over a pan, so that the blood dropped into it. Of this he threw some to the east and some to the west, and began to repeat his

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and pans, vases, lamps, and the like. These things which antiquaries now attribute to the Romans, old Germans or Celts, were seriously believed by learned men in the seventeenth century to have been made by the subterranean spirits or dwarfs, though others contended that they grew of themselves in the ground, being therein impressed by the Archæus or creative power. I believe that this must chiefly refer to Roman votive offerings representing objects in miniature.—*Translator.*

[1] It may interest the reader to learn one of these incantations. In the Romagna Toscana, where these cap dwarfs (*folletti colla beretta*) still abound, when they haunt a house or room, which is manifested by peculiar noises, prepare for them by putting a lighted lamp into an earthen pot, and cover this with another

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spell. Then he got as quickly as possible behind a great tree and saw two dwarfs come up out of the ground, who sat themselves at the table and began to eat from the enticing pan which he had placed there. Then he asked them questions, to which they replied; and when this had been repeated several times, they became so intimate with him as to visit him in his house as guests. But if he did not make the proper preparations, they either did not appear, or fled at once. Finally, their king came alone, clad in a scarlet cloak, beneath which he bore a book (of magic), which he placed on the table, and allowed his host to read therein as much as he pleased, and from this the man learned much wisdom and many strange secrets.

The dwarfs often showed themselves of their own accord to men, kept company with them, and were contented enough so that no harm was done them. But men, evilly inclined as ever, played

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pot. "Then, when you hear a noise, quickly uncover the light, and if you see a goblin, snatch away his red cap, and say :—

'I have ta'en thy cap away ;
And yet 'tis not a cap, I say,
But thy peace, which I'll not give
Unto thee while thou dost live,
Till thou tell'st me, as thou'rt bid,
Where a treasure now lies hid !'

"Then the spirit to redeem his cap will tell where a treasure is concealed." Which secret was taught me by a witch, both in Romagnola and Italian.

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them many a mischievous trick. In the *Volkssagen* of Wyss[1] we read as follows:—

"During the summer a troop of dwarfs often came down from the rocky places into the valley, and either helped the labourers in friendly fashion, or lay looking on at the people making hay. They liked to sit at their ease on the long thick branch of a certain maple tree. But once certain mischievous fellows sawed by night this branch through, so that it hardly held to the trunk. And the next morning, when the unsuspecting little creatures sat on the bough it broke, and they all fell to the ground, and were laughed at. This angered them, and they cried—

'Oh how high heaven is!
And how great is perfidy!
Here to-day but nevermore.'

"And from that day they left the land."

I doubt whether the dwarfs regard men as good spirits; it is certain that they would never infer our divine origin from our deeds. Beings of a different nature from ours can of course have no good opinion of us, and the devil thinks we are the vilest of all creatures. I once saw "Faust" acted in a barn in a village. The magician invokes the

[1] In the French version, "Ou raconte dans l'Halisthal." This should be *Haslithale*, an error for the name of the place.

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devil, and, relying on his own intrepidity, demands that the fiend shall appear in his most frightful form, under the traits of the most terrible of creatures. The devil obeys and appears as—a man!

No one knows exactly how it was that the dwarfs left us so suddenly.[1] There are, however, two other traditions which also ascribe their departure to our mocking and mischief. The first of these is as follows:—

"The dwarfs, who dwelt in caverns and crevices round about men's houses, were very kind, and at night often did work for people while they slept. And when the peasants went forth early in the morning, and were amazed to find everything done to their hand, the dwarfs, hidden in the bushes, burst out laughing at their surprise. Sometimes the country-folk were angry at finding their corn cut before it was quite ripe, but when immediately after hail and storm came, and they saw that but for the dwarfs they must have lost all, they were grateful enough. But at last men by their wanton jests lost the love and aid of the dwarfs, who fled, since which time they have never been seen. The cause was this. A shepherd had, up on the mountain, a magnificent cherry-tree.

[1] In the French version we here have "Les frères Grimm rapportent à ce sujet encore deux histoires."

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And as the fruit ripened, it happened thrice that it was picked and all laid out on the planks and hurdles on which the peasant was accustomed to dry his cherries. The villagers said, 'That could have been done by no one unless it was the honest dwarfs, who come by night in long cloaks, tripping along with covered feet, quiet as birds, and do the work of men for them. People have sometimes watched them silently, unseen, but no one disturbs them, and lets them come and go.'

"Hearing this the man who owned the cherry-tree became anxious, and would fain know why the dwarfs hid their feet with such care, and wanted to find out if their feet were not formed like those of men. So the next year when the summer came and the time when the dwarfs should gather and store the cherries, he took a sackful of ashes and strewed them on the hill. The next morning as day broke he hastened to the tree and found it picked empty, while all around in the ashes were the prints as of geese-feet. Then the boor laughed and made fun, and told every one how he had found that the dwarfs had feet like geese. But soon after this the dwarfs wasted and spoiled their houses, and fled afar into the hill, hating men and refusing to help them any more. But the boor who had betrayed them had a wasting sickness, and was weak of mind till he died."

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The other tradition, which is given in Otmar's *Volkssagen*, is of a much sadder and harsher character.

"Between Walkenried and Neuhof, in the county Hohenstein, the dwarfs once had two kingdoms. A peasant who lived there found that every night some persons came and stole from his field-crops, nor could he discover who did it. At last, by the advice of a wise woman, he went as night came on to his field of pease and began to beat about in the air, up and down, and all around, with a switch. Nor was it long before some dwarfs stood plainly before him, for he had knocked off their cloud-caps which made them invisible. The dwarfs fell in fear on their knees, and owned that it was their people who had stolen his pease, but that they had been driven to it by dire need. This news of the capture of the dwarfs stirred up all the people. The dwarf-folk sent deputies and offered ransom for their captive brothers, saying that they would now leave the land for ever. But the question of the Exodus stirred up fresh strife. For the peasants were not willing to let the dwarfs go away with all their hidden treasures, and the dwarfs declared that when they went they would not be seen by any one. At last it was agreed that the dwarfs should pass over a small bridge near Neuhof, and that every one as he went should throw into a

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cask to be placed there a part of his property for toll. But some prying people hid themselves under the bridge so as to at least listen to the dwarfs departing, and heard all night long overhead the tramp, tramp of the little men, which sounded like the stepping of so many sheep. But some stories say that every dwarf had to throw a gold coin into the cask, and that the next morning it was found quite full of very ancient money. Also that ere they went the king of the dwarfs himself, in his scarlet cloak, came before the people, begging them not to banish him and his subjects. Imploringly he raised his little hands to heaven, weeping the most moving tears, as once did Don Isaac Abarbanel before Ferdinand of Arragon."[1]

One should carefully distinguish the dwarfs or spirits of the earth from the elves or spirits of the air,[2] who are also more known in France, and who are so charmingly sung by English poets. If the elves were not already immortal by nature they would have become so through Shakespeare.

[1] These two sentences are omitted from the French version.

[2] French version, "Les elfes ou sylphes." This is an error of the author. Heine is supposed to be writing about *German* spirits, and the term *elf*, plural *elves*, was applied in Germany, as in England, to all kinds of small sprites or fairies. The older writers waste much wild philology in endeavouring to connect the word with *Alp*, a nightmare; *Alben*, child of a witch by her imp; *Ephialtes*, the nightmare; *Alba*, the dawn, also a spirit; *Alven*, witches; and one even conjectures that it had some affinity with *alpha* and the *pentalpha*, or charm against evil spirits.

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They will live eternally in the Midsummer Night's Dream of poesy.[1] And no more will Spencer's Faery Queen be forgotten, so long as the English tongue is understood.[2]

The belief in elves is, in my opinion, more of Celtic than of Scandinavian origin. Therefore there are more legends of elves in the Western North than towards the East. In Germany little is known of them, and what there is is all a re-echo of Breton tales, as, for instance, in Wieland's "Oberon." What people in Germany call *Elfen* or *Elben* are the uncanny creatures which witches bear, begotten by the devil. The real elf-tales

[1] It is very evident that Heine's French secretary or translator did not know that this refers to a play by Shakespeare. He gives it as "Ils vivent éternellement dans les songes des nuits d'été de la poésie."

[2] The poems of Herrick and Drayton would have been more appropriate here as regards goblins and elves. In the following sentence our author shows apparent ignorance of the Edda and of Scandinavian folk-lore, nor was he aware that elves or air-spirits, as well as dwarfs, are well known in Northern Italy. What Heine here understands by elves are the aerial *fata* or fays, which are not really Celtic but Latin. And I believe that the red-cap dwarf of the North is of Etruscan Latin origin, coming from the red-headed woodpecker, *Picus*, who is also a goblin, who reveals secret treasures. It is certain that the authentic written accounts of this goblin-deity and others of his kind are far older than anything known of Teutonic or Celtic mythology. There are two trifling variations from the text in the French version of this passage, that of "Elfen or Alben," &c., being omitted, and "Scotland and England" being added to "Ireland and Northern France."—*Translator.*

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are at home in Ireland and Northern France, from which they resound as far south as Provence, mingling with the fairy-faiths of the East. From this mixture sprang the beautiful *lais* of Count Lanval, whom the lovely fairy favoured, under condition that he would keep his happiness a secret. But when King Arthur, at a festival in Karduel, declared that his queen, Ginevra, was the most beautiful woman in the world, Lanval could no longer keep silence, and his good fortune was at an end so far as this world went. It was no better with Sir Gruëland (Gruelan), he could not hold his tongue; the beloved fairy vanished, and he rode far and wide on his horse Gedefer to find her. But in the fairy land, Avalon, the unfortunate knights find their ladyloves once more, and there Count Lanval and Gruelan may gossip about them to their heart's content.[1] Here, too, Ogier the Dane rests happily from his heroic deeds in the arms of his Morgana. Ye French know all these stories. Ye know Avalon, but the Persians know it too, and call it Djinnistan. It is the land of poetry.[2]

The forms and faces of elves, and their living and thriving, is also tolerably well known to

[1] These tales may be found in the original in the "Lays of the Trouveurs," by Saint Pelaye. I believe they were translated by Miss Castello.—*Translator.*

[2] *Djinnistan*, spirit-land.—*Translator.*

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you. Spenser's Faery Queen long since winged her way hither from England. Who does not know Titania? Whose brain is so thick that it does not ever and anon hear the merry ringing of her aerial train. But is it a sign of death if one sees the queen with his own eyes, and receives from her a friendly greeting? I would fain know this exactly, because—

"In the forest, in the moonlight,
Once I heard the elfin singing,
Heard their horns so softly pealing,
Heard their bells so gently ringing.

And their snow-white palfries carried
Golden stag-horns, and were leaping
Headlong, while like swans in autumn
Through the air the train came sweeping.

And their queen bowed to me, smiling,
Smiling as she rode before me;
Is't a sign that love awaits me?
Does it mean that death hangs o'er me?"

In the Danish popular songs there are two elfin legends which most accurately set forth the character of these elves.[1] One tells the tale of

[1] The extraordinary manner in which Heine confounds elves with sylphs and goblins is here made worse by the subject being treated in a very different manner in the German version from that of the French. In the former he gives the prose account, which I here translate; but in the French, instead of this, he publishes a very dry and indifferent prose version of

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a young fellow who lay on the elfin hill and slept. He dreamed that he stood leaning on his sword, while the elves whirled round him, and tried by their caresses to make him take part in their

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the ballads. The German editor rightly judged that a poetical form would be most acceptable, and so gives one, partly by Rosa Warrens. In this perplexity I have thought it best, instead of a third-hand version from another writer, to translate these ballads directly from the old Danish originals, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Professor D. Comparetti, in Florence, where I am now working. The first of these has been translated into English before, and occurs, I believe, in M. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." In the French version it is prefaced with these words. I follow Grundtveig's text :—

"Il n'y que deux traditions sur les elfes qui soient indigene dans le nord oriental, et comme elles sont des plus courtes et des mieux exprimées dans les chants danois, je veux les rapporter sons cette forme. Voici la premiére :

"I laid my head on the elfin height,
And sleep was stealing o'er me ;
There came to me two maidens bright,
Who talked as they stood before me :
Since the time I first beheld her.*

One of them softly patted my cheek,
While the other whispered, glancing :
'Arise, Sir Knight, I pray you speak,
Would you like to join our dancing ?'
Since the time I first beheld her.

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* The following is the first verse of the original Danish :—

"Ieg lagde mitt hoff uett thill elfue-hoy,
Minne öigne di finge enn dualle,
Der kom tho jomfruer aff birgit ad,
Sidenn ieg och hinde forst saa."

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dance. One of them strokes his cheek and says, "Dance with us, pretty youth, and we will sing thee the sweetest songs which thy heart can desire." Then there sounded a song of such

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'Awake, awake, my cavalier!
Come to our dance nor fear it;
Thou shall list to a song from my maidens dear,
It will charm thy soul to hear it.'
Since the time I first beheld her.

They raised their voices in a song,
I heard the air beginning;
The roaring river which rushed along
Stopped when it heard them singing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

The roaring river halted there,
For once on its way delaying;
The little fish in the brooklet clear
For joy were plashing and playing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

They leapt with their little tails in bounds,
The little fish a-springing;
The birds about with sweetest sounds
Joined in the elfin-singing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

And ever they sang to sweetest tunes,
'Oh, live with us, knight,' inviting:
'We will teach thee to cut the magic runes,
And to read all wondrous writing.'
Since the time when I first beheld her.

We'll teach thee to trap the beaver by night,
And to snare the wild bear o'er you;

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terrible power of love that the rushing stream whose waters had hitherto ever roared wildly suddenly stopped, the little fish leaped up and played in rapture with their tails. Another elf lady whispered, "Dance with us, beautiful boy, and we will teach thee Runic sayings by which thou canst take the bear and wild beaver, and

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The dragon who guards the gold so bright
Shall fly from the land before you.
Since the time I first beheld her.

They circled here, they circled there,
The elves in the moonlight glancing;
I leaned on my sword in the moonlight clear,
As I beheld their dancing.
Since the time I first beheld her.

'And listen now, young cavalier!
If longer thou'lt delay thee,
With this sword and knife which thou see'st here
This instant we will slay thee.'
Since the time I first beheld her.

And had not just then, by God's gracious will,
The cock crowed out so clever,
I must have gone in the elfin hill,
And dwelt with the elves for ever.
Since the time I first beheld her.

So now I sing to every knight,
Who will ride to court as warning,
Beware how ye pass by the elfin height,
Or sleep in its shade till morning.
Since the time I first beheld her."

—*Translator.*

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even the dragon who guards gold, his treasure shall be thine." Yet he resists all these temptations, till the ladies in anger threaten to drive cold death into his heart. They have already drawn their sharp knives, when by good luck the cock crows, and the dreamer awakes in a whole skin.

The other poem is less gaily sustained; the elves do not appear in it as in a dream but in reality, and their terribly fascinating nature is thereby set more distinctly before us. It is the song of Sir Oluf, who rides out of an evening to invite guests to his wedding. The refrain is—"But the dance goes so fast through the forest."[1] One can imagine that he hears an unearthly

[1] In the French version there is given, in place of this sentence, the following:

"La seconde chanson traite presque la même thème, seulement l'apparition des elfes n'a pas lieu cette fois en songe, mais bien en réalité, et le chevalier qui ne veut pas danser avec eux, emporte cette fois très réelment une blessure mortelle."

"Sir Olaf out and afar will ride,
Inviting guests to his wedding-tide.
But the dance goes so quickly through the forest.*

They were dancing by four and five on the land,
Erl-king's daughter stretched out her hand.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

* "Her Olaf hand rider saa vide,
Alt til sit bröllup at byde,
Men dandsen den goar saa let gennum lunden."

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melody, and here and there, in between, tittering and whispering, as of a self-willed girl. Then Sir Oluf sees, first four, then five—then more groups of maids, and the erl-king's daughter holds out to him her hand. She begs him most tenderly to join the ring and dance with her. But the

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'Welcome, Sir Oluf, let riding be,
And stop a while and dance with me.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'I never dare, and I never may,
For to-morrow is my wedding day.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Now listen, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
Two goat-skin boots I will give to thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Two goat-skin boots look well on the foot,
With a pair of golden spurs to boot.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And listen, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
A silken shirt I will give to thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'A silken shirt so white and fine,
Which my mother bleached in the moonshine.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'I never dare, I never may,
To-morrow must be my wedding-day.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And hear, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
A golden girdle I'll give to thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

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knight refuses, and says in excuse, "To-morrow is my wedding-day." Then the most enticing gifts are offered to him; but neither the goat-skin boots which will fit him so well, nor the golden spurs which can be so neatly buckled on them, nor the white silk shirt which the elfin

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'A golden girdle were dear to me,
And yet I dare not dance with thee.'
But the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And if thou never wilt dance with me,
Then pest and sickness shall follow thee.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

She gave him a blow with her hand on his heart,
He never had felt so great a smart.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

They helped him on his brown horse to ride,
'Go back to your castle, and back to your bride.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

And when he came to the castle door,
His mother awaiting stood before.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'My dearest son, what is thy tale?
Why are thy cheeks so white and pale?
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Well may my cheeks be pale and white,
I have been by the elfin dance to-night.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'And say, my son, so true and tried,
What shall I say to thy young bride?'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

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queen has herself bleached with moonshine, nor even the golden girdle which is so highly praised, can induce him to join the fairy ring of dancers. His constant excuse is, "I must be married to-morrow." Then of course the elves at last lose all patience, and give him such a blow on the

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'Oh, tell my bride that I'm in the wood,
Trying my hound and my horse so good.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

In early morn by break of day,
There came the bride with a grand array.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

They gave the mead and they gave the wine,
'Where is Sir Oluf the bridegroom mine?'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

'Sir Oluf rides in the forest bounds,
Trying his good grey horse and hounds.'
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

The bride she raised the bier-cloth red,
There lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

When again in heaven dawned the day,
They bore three dead from the tower away.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

Sir Oluf and his lady true,
His mother she died of sorrow too.
And the dance goes so quickly through the forest.

This last verse, from the Danish, is wanting in both the German and French versions.

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heart as he never felt before, and lifting the knight, who sinks to the ground, aid him to mount his horse, and say jeeringly, "So ride then home unto thy bride!" Ah! when he came again to his castle, his cheeks were very pale and his body very ill; and when the bride came with the morrow's dawn, with the wedding-train and song and clang, Sir Oluf was a silent man, for he lay dead under his red bier.

"But the dance goes so quickly through the forest."

Dancing is characteristic of aerial spirits; they are of too ethereal a nature to walk prosaically on earth, as we do. Yet, dainty as they are, their little feet leave traces on the turf where they have danced in nightly rings. These are the stamped circles which people call elfin-rings.[1]

In a part of Austria there is a legend which has a certain likeness to the foregoing, though it is of Slavic origin. It is that of the ghostly female dancers who are there known by the name

[1] This passage is wanting in the French version. Heine had evidently only heard or read of fairy-rings, since he describes them as *indented*. They are circles where the grass grows greener than elsewhere, and this is caused by the decay of a certain kind of mushroom, which has the strange property of casting its seed only to one side, all together. Hence they grow in circles, which every year enlarge.—*Translator*.

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of Willis.[1] The Willis are brides who died before being married. The poor young creatures cannot lie calmly in their graves; in their dead hearts and feet the old passion for dancing, which they could not gratify in their lives, still burns. So at midnight they rise, assemble in troops on the highways, and woe to the young man who meets them! He must dance with them, they surround him in unbridled madness, and he must dance with them without rest or repose till he falls dead. In their bridal dresses crowns of flowers, and ribbons flying from their heads, flashing rings on their fingers, the Willis dance in the moonshine, as do the elves. Their faces, though snow-white, are young and fair; they laugh so strangely sweet, they nod with such seductive secresy, so promisingly—these dead Bacchantæ are irresistible!

For when people saw beautiful brides die they could not believe that youth and bloom, in all their brilliancy, could pass abruptly into black nothingness, so that the faith arose easily enough

[1] As before remarked, the Vila is a spirit known all over Russia and other Slavonian lands. She is not, by any means, invariably a deceased bride, but a being corresponding to the fata, fay, or fairy of life-size, or to the peri of the East. For information on the Vilas, see the works of Dr. F. S. Krauss of Vienna, W. R. Ralston, and other folklorists *de eodem genere*. Heine's knowledge of the subject was probably limited to the ballet of *Les Willis* and the grand seduction scene in *Robert le Diable*.

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that the bride continued to seek after death the joys of which she had been deprived.

This recalls one of the most beautiful poems of Goethe, "The Bride of Corinth," which was long ago made known to the French public by Madame de Staël. The subject of this poem is primevally ancient, and is lost in the terrors of the old Thessalian tales. Ælian tells us of it, and Philostratus in the life of Apollonius of Tyana. It is the fatal marriage in which the bride is a Lamia.[1]

It is peculiar to popular legends that their most terrible catastrophes take place at weddings. The suddenly appearing terror on such an occasion contrasts the more strikingly with the gay surroundings, with the preparations for joy and merry music. So long as the lips have not yet touched the brim, the pleasant drink may yet be spilled. A gloomy wedding-guest may come un-

[1] Actually a spirit, whose object was to devour the bridegroom, though modern poets tell it otherwise. According to Philostratus (in *Vita Apollonii*), Menippus, a disciple of Demetrius the Cynic, going to Corinth from Cenchrea, met with a very beautiful and apparently rich girl of foreign birth (*quandam imaginam puellæ peregrinæ, speciosæ et divitis*), with whom (*se illi commiscuit*) he mixed himself up, and thought of marrying. She had a house which seemed to be magnificent. But Apollonius, looking about at all things, exclaimed that the bride was one of the Lamias, whom some call Larvas, others Lemures—"*esse ex numero Lamiarum quas aliqui Larvas, alii Lemures vocant.*"—*Translator.*

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bidden, and one whom no one dares bid hence. He whispers one word in her ear, and the bride grows pale. He makes a secret sign to the bridegroom, who follows him out into the stormy night, and is never seen again. Generally it is a former pledge of love with another. Therefore a cold white hand suddenly parts the bride and groom. As Herr Peter von Staufenberg sat at the bridal feast, he suddenly saw *a small white foot*, which came through the ceiling overhead. He recognised in it the foot of a nixie or undine with whom he had maintained the tenderest relation, and by this sign he well knew that he had, by his broken faith, lost his life. He sent to his confessor, asked for the sacraments, and prepared to die. Much is said and sung of this story in German lands.[1] It is also said that the injured nixie embraced her false knight invisibly, and strangled him with this caress. Women are

[1] The story of Peter von Staufenberg was indeed very popular. It appeared in book form in Strasburg, and is given by Kornmannus (*Mons Veneris*, cap. 28. *De Empusa liberi Baronis Petri à Staufenberg*), also in the *Anth. Plut.* of Prætorius. Heine is unusually modest in telling the story. The blunt old German informs us that "auff der Hochzeit sie ihm das Wahrzeichen gab, durch die Bühne auff seinem Tische bey ihrem *Schenkel*." The narrative is chiefly interesting as having suggested to La Motte Fouqué the plot of "Undine." Staufenberg, it is said, abandoned his nixie because he suspected she was of diabolical nature.—*Translator.*

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deeply moved by this sad tale, but our young free-thinkers laugh at it sarcastically, and will not believe that nixies are so naughty. But they will repent anon of their incredulity.

The nixies very much resemble the elves; both are seductively charming, and love dancing.[1] The elves dance on wild and waste moorlands, green meadows, openings in the forest, and most gladly under old oaks; the nixies, however, by ditches and streams, or sometimes on the water itself, the night before some mortal is to be drowned in that place. And they often come to the dances of men, and make merry with them, as if quite like us. The female nixies are known by the hem of their white garments always being wet. And they may also be recognised by the

[1] According to Paracelsus and others the affinity exists between mountain-dwarfs and water-spirits because they have one language in common. Wood-spirits never speak; those of fire very seldom, and their tongue is hard or rough.

There is a beautiful belief in La Romagna Toscana that a spirit (or spirits) named *Corredoia* is specially devoted to attending all dances, festivals and frolics, where she inspires life and merriment. She is the spirit of joy, and there is an incantation begging her to come into our life and make us cheerful. *Vide* my forthcoming work on Etruscan Roman relics in Tuscany. Several minor passages are here omitted in the French version.

There is a very rare and curious work entitled *Disputatio de Nymphis, nobis Wasser Nyxen*, a thesis publicly delivered by M. Johann Valentine Merbitz in Dresden in 1678. It is a complete compendium of the knowledge current as to nixies or water-spirits.—*Translator.*

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fineness of their veils and aristocratic refinement of their mysterious natures. The male nixie has green teeth, which resemble the spine of a fish, and one experiences a shudder when touching his very soft, ice-cold hand.[1] Woe to the girl who, without knowing him, takes him for partner in the dance. For then he will draw her down into his watery deep—of which there is told the following tale:—

There dwelt at Laibach, in the river which bears the same name, a water-sprite, who was called Nix or Watermann. He had often appeared by night to fishermen and boatmen, so that many could tell how he came forth and how he showed himself in human form. In the year 1547, on the first Sunday in July, all the people of the place assembled, according to their ancient custom, on the marketplace of Laibach by the fountain, which was pleasantly shaded by a lime-tree. They ate their meal to the sound of music, and after that began to dance. After a while there came a young man of fine figure and well dressed, who seemed to wish to join the dance. He greeted all very pleasantly and offered to many his hand, which was very soft and ice-cold, and caused a shudder in all who shook it. Then he asked a certain young

[1] Wanting in the French version.

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girl to dance. She was very pretty and well clad, a lively, forward creature named Ursula Schöfferin, who soon agreed perfectly with her new partner, and fell in with his wild tricks. And after they had danced together for a while passionately or madly, they waltzed away from the ring and ever away and adown, first from the lime-tree to Sittichenhof, and so to the edge of the Laibach, where, as was seen by many boatmen, the nixie leaped with her into the water, nor were either ever seen again. The lime-tree stood till 1638, when it was cut down on account of its age.[1]

The same legend exists in many variations. The most beautiful is that of a Danish ballad in the cycle of legends, which describe how Marsk Stig and all his house perished.[2]

[1] When I was a student at Heidelberg in 1847, the nix or water-sprite of the Neckar often appeared to people, and I was seriously told that it had been seen by Mme. Gervinus (unless my memory deceives me) one night on the shore in its usual form of a beautiful little horse. When the lady approached to pat him, the Neckar nix plunged into the stream and disappeared from sight. It is absolutely impossible that anything could be apparently better authenticated than was this story. Spiritualists, attention!—*Translator.*

[2] Instead of this and the following passage, the French version gives seventeen verses in prose from the Danish original, from which original I render it into English.

"And the water-spirit said to his mother:—

"'Give me advice, oh mother dear,
How to bring Marsk Stig's daughter here.'
And bad methinks is the riding.

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Marsk Stig, who had killed the king, had two fair daughters, the youngest of whom fell into the power of a water-spirit, even while in church. The nix appeared as a stately knight; his mother

She made him a horse of water clear,
The bridle and saddle of sand so fair.
And bad methinks is the riding.

She made him look like a Ritter gay,
To Marienkirchhof he went his way.
And so bad methinks is the riding.

He bound his horse to the church roof-tree,*
And thrice to the left round the church went he.
And so bad methinks is the riding.

Silent he entered the church so dim,
The saints all turned their backs to him.
And so bad methinks is the riding.

By the altar-shrine the priest quoth he,
'Who may that stately Ritter be?'
And so bad methinks is the riding.

Beneath her veil the maiden sighed,
'Heaven grant I may be that Ritter's bride!'
And bad methinks is the riding.

He stepped by benches one and two,
'O Marsk Stig's daughter, wilt thou be true?'
And bad methinks is the riding.

He stepped by benches four and five,
'Oh, follow me, maid, to where I live.'
And bad methinks is the riding.

He held out his hand, she grasped it free,
'I plight my troth, and will follow thee.'
And bad methinks is the riding.

* "Churchyard rail." R. A. Prior, Anc. Dan. Ballads, 1860.

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had made him a horse of clear water, and a saddle and bridle of the purest sand, and the careless maid gaily held out her hand to him. Did she keep her promised faith when down in the sea?

Forth from the church went the wedded pair,
Merrily dancing, free from care.
And bad methinks is the riding.

They danced together unto the flood,
Till no one at last beside them stood.
And bad methinks is the riding.

'O Marsk Stig's daughter, hold my rein,
Till I build thee a boat well worth the pain.'
And bad methinks is the riding.

And when they came to the snow-white sand
All of the boats came to the land.
And bad methinks is the riding.

And when they came out into the sound
She sank in the sea to the very ground.
And bad methinks is the riding.

Far into land, well over the tide,
It was heard when Marsk Stig's daughter cried.
So bad methinks is the riding.

Oh, maidens all, I counsel ye,
Go not to the dance so proud and free.
For bad methinks is the riding."

To which there is added in the French version: "Nous aussi, nous donnons à certaines jeunes filles le sage conseil de ne pas danser avec le premier venu. Mais les jeunes personnes craignent toujours de ne pas avoir assez de danseurs, et plutôt que de s'exposer au danger de faire tapisserie, elles se sejetteront volontiers, dans les bras de l'homme des eaux." In writing this passage Heine ventilates a private ballroom trouble to which he has already alluded.

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Truly I know not; but I do know another story of a water-man who carried a girl away from the firm land, and was by her most artfully betrayed. It is the tale of Rossmer the nix, who all unknowingly took his own wife in a chest on his back and brought her again to her mother. At which he afterwards shed bitter tears.

The water-maids also must often bitterly rue that they took pleasure in mingling with men. Of this, too, I know a narrative[1] which has been much sung by German poets. It sounds most pitifully in the following plain words, as told by the brothers Grimm in their sagas.

"In Epfenbach, near Sinzheim, within the memory of man, three very lovely girls dressed in white came every evening into the spinning-room of the village. They always sang new songs to new tunes, and told pretty tales and taught new games. There was something very strange in their rocks and reels, or distaffs, and no spinner could twist the thread so fine and well as they did. But when eleven o'clock struck they packed up their spinning gear and left, nor would they, to please anybody, stop an instant later. No one knew whence they came nor where they went; they were only called the Maids from the Lake, or the Sisters from the Lake.

[1] French version, "Une histoire qui m'a rempli d'une singulière pitie."

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"The youths of the village fell in love with them, most of all the son of the schoolmaster. He could never tire of their company, and nothing gave him such grief as that they went away every evening so early. It came into his head to put the village clock back one hour, and so it came to pass that what with talk and jests no one noted the change of time. So that when it struck eleven it was really twelve, and the three girls rose, packed up their distaffs as usual, and went their way.

"The next morning people passing by the lake heard a wailing, and saw three bloody places on the water. After that the sisters were never seen again. The son of the schoolmaster was seized with a wasting illness, and died soon after."[1]

There is something mysteriously attractive in all that nixies do. Under the quiet water there may lie hidden so much that is sweet or terrible! The fishes, who may know somewhat thereof, are ever mute; or do they keep silence because they are cunning? Do they fear some bitter punishment should they reveal the secrets of

[1] In a Bavarian version of this tale, the girls go and come from an old sunken castle near Gartenhofen. A clock is not mentioned in it, nor the schoolmaster's son. "The young men detained the girls by wooing them; then the latter, before re-entering the water, said: 'Should blood come, then we will have been punished; if not, we are forgiven.' But blood came" (*Bayerische Sagen und Brauche*, von Friedrich Panzer, München, 1848). This is evidently the original tale.—*Translator.*

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their silent watery home? Such a realm, with its voluptuous hidden marvels and occult horrors, reminds us of Venice. Was Venice itself once such a kingdom, which by chance rose from the depths of the Adriatic sea up to the world above, with marble palaces and its dolphined-eyed courtesans, glass-bead and coral factories, states-inquisitors, systems of secret drowning, and laughing masquerades? Should Venice ever chance to sink again into the lagunes all its history will seem like a water-fairy tale, and the nurse will tell the children of the great water-people who once ruled over the solid land, and were at last torn to pieces by a two-headed eagle.

The mysterious is characteristic of the nixies, just as aerial dreaminess is of the elves. In the earlier legends they do not greatly differ, nor till later times were they separated.[1] From the names alone we can learn little. In Scandinavia all spirits are called *elfen*, *alf*, and they are divided into *alfen*, white and black. The last are really kobolds. The name *nix* is applied in Denmark to the domestic goblins, who are there, as I have said before, called *nissen*.

And then there are abnormities, such as nixies,

[1] This would be a great mistake according to Merbitz, who distinctly divides nixies from Bergmännlein, Schrötlein, or elves, and traces them back to classic times. The Sirenes were almost certainly the original Lurlei-type.—*Translator*.

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who are only human to the hips, and terminate in fish-tails; or who are wondrously beautiful women, but only to the waist, and end below in many a scaly fold, as serpents, and of this kind was your Melusina, the beloved of Count Raymond of Poitiers. Happy man whose sweetheart was only half serpent?

It often happens that nixies, when they form amorous alliances with men, not only exact secrecy and silence, but also request that no inquiries may be made as to their origin, home, or relations. Nor do they tell their real names, but are known among men, as one may say, by a *nom de guerre*.[1] The husband of the Princess of Cleves called himself Helias. Was he a nix or an elf? The swan which drew him to the shore reminds me of the legend of the Swan Maidens. The history of Helias is told in our popular tales as follows:—

In the year 711 lived Beatrix, the only daughter of the Duke of Cleves. Her father was dead, and she ruled over Cleves, and many lands beside. One day the young chatelaine sat in her castle of Nymwegen; the weather was fair, the sky was clear, and she looked down at the Rhine. There she saw a strange sight. A white swan swam down the stream, and bore on his

[1] The winged sprites of air are known, more probably, by a *nom de plume*.

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neck a golden chain, to one end of which was fastened a boat, which he drew. And in the boat sat a handsome man, who held a gold sword, and he had a precious ring on his finger. He stepped ashore and talked long with the lady, telling her that he would guard her land well, and drive away her foes. The young man pleased her so well that she fell in love with and wedded him. But he said to her, "Never ask me aught of my family or origin, since on the day when thou shalt do that I must leave thee, and thou wilt never see me more." And he told her thereto that he was called Helias. He was tall as a giant. They had many children. After several years, once in the night, as Helias lay by her side, the Princess said, not thinking of the warning: "My lord, wilt thou not tell our children whence thou didst come?" And with that word he arose, and entering the swan-boat, sailed away and was never seen more. The lady died of grief and rue therefor that same year. But he left to his three children his three treasures—the sword, the horn, and the ring. His descendants still live, and on the castle of Cleves still stands a high tower, on whose summit there is a swan. And it is called the Swan-tower in memory of this event.[1]

[1] This is, of course, the tale of the Knight of the Swan, now so well known by Wagner's opera. It appears to be of Scandi-

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How often, as I passed adown the Rhine and came to the Swan-tower of Cleves, did I think of the mysterious knight who so sadly, strongly held to his incognito, and whom a mere question as to his family or race could drive from the arms of love!

But it is really too tormenting when women ask too many questions. Use your lips for kissing, not for questioning, oh ye beauties.[1] Silence is the most serious and absolute condition of happiness. When a man babbles the proofs of his private happiness, or a woman inquires too inquisitively into its secrets, then good luck is sure to leave them both.

Elves and nixies can use magic arts and change themselves into what form they will, but are often themselves enchanted many a time by stronger spirits and great sorcerers into all kinds of strange and horrid shapes. But they are redeemed by love, as in the tale of Zemire and Azor.[2] The

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navian origin. In Thorsten's Saga a king leaves to his three children a ring, a horn, and a sword, all endowed with magical qualities. Helinandus Vincentius, who is quoted by Wierus (*De Prest. Demoniis*, l. 2, caps. 4, 6) as the original source of the story (Heine gives it from a chap-book), tells it briefly without any supernatural details. He says that the image in the tower was in ancient tapestry.—*Translator.*

[1] The remainder of this passage is omitted in the French version.

[2] French version, "Comme dans la Belle et la Bête"—that is, Beauty and the Beast.

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toad-like monster must be thrice kissed, and then he is changed to a beautiful prince. So soon as you overcome your dislike for the ugly, or get so far as to love it, it is changed to something beautiful. No magic can resist love. Love is the strongest of sorceries, no other magic prevails against it. There is only one power against which it is itself powerless. What is that? It is not fire, it is not water, nor air, nor earth, with all its metals. It is Time.

The strangest stories as to elementary spirits are to be found in good old Johannes Prætorius, whose *Anthropodemus Plutonicus, das ist Eine Neue Weltbeschreitung von Allerley Wunderbaren Menschen* (that is, a new world-description of all kinds of strange men) appeared at Magdeburg in 1666. The year is of itself remarkable; it was that on which it had been predicted the Day of Judgment would take place.[1] The contents of the book is

[1] The work on its first title-page, on which are twenty-two pictures of marvellous men, is dated 1666; but on the second, facing it, the true date or that of 1668. It was written expressly to suit the first date. It contains 1292 pages. The French version here gives the following addition: "Le livre fait le même effet qu'une boutique de curiosités sur le quai Malaquais ou sur le quai Voltaire. Reliques de toutes les religions disparues, utensiles de pays fabuleux; entremêlés de crucifix et de madones éteintes: vrai bric-a-brac." And yet Heine with all his admirable description falls far short of giving an accurate idea of this mass of learning, wit, stupidity, naïveté, and everything else, all run roaring mad together in a chaos of erudition

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a wilderness of nonsense, superstitions pitch-forked together, melancolicky and monkey-noted extravagances,[1] and learned citations, "weeds (or cabbage) and turnips." The subjects treated of are arranged according to the initials of their names, which are also chosen in a most arbitrary manner. And the subdivisions are charming, as, for instance, when the writer treats of ghosts, and speaks, firstly, of real spectres; secondly, of imaginary ones, or of cheats who pass themselves off for such. But he is full of learning, and in this book, as in his other works, traditions are preserved

[1] "Maulhängkolischen und affenteuer-lichen Historien." Heine here seems to be trying to rival Prætorius in elegance of style.—*Translator.*

which for extent and variety surpasses all comprehension and belief. I have gone through the work very thoroughly twice, and it was the hardest reading I ever had in my life. I am satisfied that Heine only skimmed it, as he omits so much which he would have been sure to repeat. In the very beginning, on the third page, we are confronted with an Alphabet of Nightmares, which is indeed vividly characteristic of the whole work. Yet withal there is a kind of rude genius in it, reminding one of an insane Jean Paul Richter allied to a melancholy-comic Burton, who knew no difference, in a literary or critical point of view, between an almanac or an old woman's silliest story, and Plato or the Sohar. And here and there in it are touches of a shrewd irony like that of a seventeenth century Carlyle, sketches which recall Washington Irving, and sometimes such an outburst as this, "The Lord help me! what a mass of fine things posterity will dig up out of these writings of mine! What amazement they will cause, because *inventis facile licet addere.* What astonish-

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which are partly really important for the study of old German religious antiquities, and partly as mere curiosities. I am convinced that none of you know that there are bishops in the sea. I doubt very much whether the *Gazette de France* knows it. And yet it would be very important for many people to know that Christianity has its followers even in the ocean, and certainly in great number. Perhaps most of the dwellers in the sea are Christians, at least as good Christians as the French. I would willingly suppress this fact so as not to give cause of rejoicing to the Catholic party in France, but as I am discussing nixies or water-men, conscientious German thoroughness requires that I speak of sea-bishops. Of whom Prætorius narrates the following :—

"We read in the Chronicles of Holland that

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ment they will awaken, and how much more will many a man think of our Lord Jesus Christ than he ever did before! God give His grace to the printing thereof, and good affection of men thereunto! *Divinum aspira, ô Numen, amorem!*" Which prophecy has been in a degree fulfilled. Prætorius also wrote a trifle of a thousand pages on Palmistry, a Dream-book, for which he says he read carefully three hundred authors, and his rare and curious *Blockes-Berge*, to which latter work Heine was also greatly indebted for hints which appear in the *Harzreise*. As Heine repeats ideas, so Prætorius repeats the same story, sometimes three or four times, and indulges literally in the fancy of always writing down whatever comes into his head, no matter how remote it may be from the subject in hand.—*Translator.*

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Cornelius of Amsterdam wrote to a physician named Gerbert from Rome, that in the year 1531, in the North Sea near Elpach, there was caught a merman who looked like a bishop of the Romish Church. He was sent to the King of Poland. But as he would eat nothing which was offered to him, he died on the third day. He never spoke, and only heaved deep sighs."

A page further on Prætorius gives another example :—

"In the year 1433 there was found in the Baltic Sea towards Poland a merman who was quite like a bishop. He had a bishop's mitre on his head, his crosier in his hand, and wore the alb. He allowed himself to be touched, especially by the local bishop, to whom he showed honour, but without speaking. The king would fain have kept him in a tower, which he with signs opposed, and begged the bishop to let him go again into his element, which was also done, and he was accompanied by two bishops to the sea, at which he manifested great joy. As soon as he came into the water he made the sign of a cross, and diving under was never seen again. Which may be read in *Flandr. Chronic. in Hist. Ecclesiast. Spondani*, as well as in the *Memorabilius Wolfii.*"[1]

[1] This second tale is not one page further on but ten, the first occurring on p. 490 and the other on p. 501. Prætorius gives several more stories of sea-bishops. The origin of these

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I have given the stories word for word, and also my authorities, so that no one may suppose that I invented them. Truly, I should take good care not to make or find any more bishops, if I could help it.[1] I have enough of them as it is, of those who are visible. Indeed I would be glad if many of those among us would visit their colleagues in the ocean, and rejoice Christianity in its depths with their presence. Unbelief has not as yet spread in the watery abysses; no works of Voltaire are there printed for five sous; there the sea-bishops swim peacefully among shoals of believers.

Yesterday I was conversing with several Englishmen about the Anglo-Episcopal Church, and advised them to turn all their land-bishops into bishops of the sea.

To complete the legends of nixies and elves, I must still speak of the already-mentioned swan-

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legends is very apparent. There are several kinds of flat-fish which have on one side a face absurdly like that of a man. The two jaws above bear a close resemblance to a mitre. When these are dried and painted, or gilt, with skill, they would puzzle any one who did not know what they are, so very much do they resemble bishops. Fishermen at Hastings and other places often sell these fish of small size dried as curiosities for a penny or twopence each. I have several of them. If my memory does not deceive me, Rondeletius, and two or three others, give illustrations which confirm this.

[1] In the French version there is, instead of bishops, *prêtres*. The third sentence following is wanting in the latter.

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maidens. Tradition is here very obscure, and interwoven with an all-too-mysterious darkness.[1] Are they spirits of water or of air? Are they enchantresses? Many a time they come flying like swans adown from the airy heights, and lay aside, like garments, their white feathery coverings. Then they become fair maids, who bathe in the silent water. Should they be surprised by some too inquisitive youth, they spring quickly from their bath, wrap themselves in the feather garment, and fly, as swans, far away on high. Our excellent Musäeus tells us in his *Volksmährchen* (Popular Tales) the beautiful story of a young knight who succeeded in stealing one of these feather robes. As the maidens ran and wrapped themselves up and flew afar, one remained behind, because she sought in vain for her dress. She cannot escape, she weeps sadly, she is wondrously lovely, and the crafty knight marries her. They live happily together for seven years. But one day the wife, rummaging through chests and trunks, finds her old feather garment, puts it on in haste, and flies away.

Such feather garments are often mentioned in Old Danish songs, but darkly, and in the strangest manner. Here we have traces of the oldest sorcery. Here are distant sounds of Northern heathenism

[1] This remarkable sentence is omitted in the French.

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which re-echo marvellously in our memories. I cannot refrain from giving an old ballad, in which not only the swan robe is mentioned, but also the night-raven, who is an accompaniment to the swan-maidens. This song is as thrilling, as terrible, as gloomy as a Scandinavian night; and yet there glows in it a love which, in wild sweetness and burning depth, has no equal.[1] In giving this monstrous love poem, I must first remark that I have, in so doing, only made changes in the metre, or that I have here and there clipped away a bit from the outer portion of the garment. The refrain of every verse is, "And so he flies over the sea."[2]

"The king sat by the fair young queen,
They sat at the board together;
They spoke of crossing the broad salt sea,
They spoke of the wind and weather.

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[1] The end of this sentence and the one which follows are wanting in the French version.

[2] In the French version this passage ends as follows: "C'est une chanson de magie, et son charme agit toujours. Ecoutez! Ecoutez!" In this translation I have followed, not the Danish original, but the version of Heine. Of all the immense collection of Old Danish ballads to be found in Grundtveig, or the *Kemper Viser*, this is the trashiest. R. A. Prior observes the flat modern character of its original introduction ("Ancient Danish Ballads," 1860). It is quite in the Monk Lewis, "Alonzo the Bravo," style of manufacture. Still there was in the original a certain vigorous archaic expression conveyed by short masculine rhymes, which Heine has thoroughly elimi-

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They sailed across the broad salt sea,
The king and the queen on the morrow;
And because the queen did not remain,
Was a cause of many a sorrow.

When all at once the ship stood still
In the waves without a motion;
A wild night-raven came flying by,
Who would sink it in the ocean.

'Is any one hidden beneath the waves,
Who holds the ship's keel downward?
I will give him both silver and gold
To let us go sailing onward.

If thou art the one, night-raven wild,
And if thou wantest treasure,
I will give thee in silver and gold
Fifteen good pounds full measure.'

'Silver and gold I do not want,
I ask for something better;
What thou beneath thy girdle hast
I ask for, to the letter.'

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nated, by converting them into jingling and feeble feminines. As may be seen by the original of the first verse:—

"Konningen och vor unge dronningh,
Thy sider offuer bede bordt,
Thy blef thennom at thalle
Altt om then salthe fiordt,
Saa fly uer hanndt offuer rynnen."

But as Heine has rewritten the ballad after his own fashion, I have unwillingly translated from his version instead of the original, which is in the measure of Sir Patrick Spens. This first verse is omitted by Heine. Night-raven is also a name for the nightmare.—*Translator.*

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'What I under my girdle bear,
That is well worth the giving;
That is my bunch of little keys,
Take them, and leave me living!'

She threw the keys far into the sea,
Her promise was not broken;
The wild night-raven went flying away,
He kept to the word she had spoken.

And when the queen returned to her home,
And on the strand was roving,
She felt that German, the hero gay,
Beneath her belt was moving.

And when five months had passed away,
The queen, to her chamber going,
Gave birth therein to a beautiful boy,
And yet her tears were flowing.

He was born all in the night,
And christened on the morrow;
They called him German, the hero gay,
To keep him from pain and sorrow.

The boy grew up, in horse and arms
All other knights excelling;
But whenever his mother saw her son,
With grief her heart was swelling.

'O mother dear, when I pass by,
In waking or in sleeping,
Why art thou still so sorrowful,
Why art thou always weeping?'

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'Why I thus weep may well cause fear,
Although thou art no craven;
Know, German gay, ere thou wert born,
I promised thee to the raven.'

'O mother, dearest mother mine,
Away with all your sorrow;
We must meet our fate, come it soon or late,
For that no care I'll borrow.'

It was on a Thursday, in autumn-time,
Just as the day was breaking;
Through the open window came croaking sounds,
The queen from slumber waking.

The ugly raven came flying in:
'My queen, unless you rue it,
Give me your child—his time has come;
You promised long since to do it.'

But the mother swore by God above,
And all the saints in heaven,
She knew of neither daughter nor son,
Which to her on earth was given.

The horrible raven flew wildly away,
And angrily cried, while flying:
'I will find German, the hero gay,
He is mine, despite your lying.'

When German was in his fifteenth year,
And began to think of wooing,
He sent to the King of England,
For the hand of his daughter suing.

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The king thought well of German the gay,
And promised him his daughter;
But he said, 'How can I get to my bride?
All round the island is water.'

And then German, the hero gay,
His scarlet mantle wearing,
All clad in scarlet, entered the hall,
Before his mother appearing.

'O mother, and oh mother dear,
Grant that for which I'm sighing;
Lend me your feather garment white,
I would over the sea go flying.'

'My feather garb in the corner hangs,
I never thought I should lend it;
The feathers are falling, I meant this spring
To take it some day and mend it.

The wings upon it are really too large,
The clouds they press them downwards;
And I ween that thou wilt return no more,
If once thou fliest onwards.'

He clad himself in the feather dress,
Far over the ocean flitting;
He met the wild night-raven at last,
On a cliff in the ocean sitting.

Well, over the water he winged his way,
And when in the strand a-flying,
There he heard a terrible sound,
A horrible croaking and crying.

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'Welcome, German, thou hero gay!
Now thou art braver and taller;
When first thy mother promised thee,
Thou wert tenderer and smaller.'

'Oh let me fly to see my bride,
And my word of honour I set thee,
That done, I will return again,
To the spot where I first met thee.'

'Then I will mark thee, that ever more
I may know thee under heaven;
And this sign shall ever remember thee
Of the word which thou hast given.'

Then he plucked out German's right eye,
Drank half his blood, and went flying;
The hero came unto his bride,
With love and weakness dying.

He sat himself in the ladies' hall,
As pale as a white swan feather;
The gossiping maidens who sat there,
Grew silent altogether.

They ceased their laughter and their joy,
Ever more silent growing;
The proud young Princess Adelutz
Threw down her needle and sewing.

They ceased their laughter, like merry birds
In rising stormy weather;
The proud young Princess Adelutz
Clasped quickly her hands together.

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'Welcome, German, thou hero gay,
Why are thy garments so bloody,
And why are thy cheeks so deadly pale,
Which were before so ruddy?'

'Farewell, proud Lady Adelutz!
'Twixt us there can be no mating;
The raven who took my eye and my blood,
Even now for my body is waiting.'

With a gold comb she combed his hair,
'And must thou go to-morrow!'
And so, with every hair she combed,
Her tears ran down in sorrow.

With every lock which the lady combed,
Her tears ran down in sorrow,
And cursed his mother, through whose fault
Such trouble they all must borrow.

The proud young maiden Adelutz,
Her love in her white arms keeping,
Said, 'May thy evil mother be cursed,
Who brought us to this weeping!'

'Oh listen, proud Lady Adelutz,
And do not curse my mother,
'Twas not her fault, 'twas all our fate,
And his fate no man can smother.'

He clad himself in his feather garb,
On a good west wind relying;
She clad herself in a dress like his,
And after her love went flying.

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He flew on high, he flew adown,
But wherever he did find him,
The lady, in her white swan robe,
Was following close behind him.

'Return, return, proud Adelutz!
Homewards you should be flying;
Your hall-door was left open, know,
And your keys on the ground are lying.'

'My door may be wide open still,
My keys on the ground be lying;
Where'er thou art is my only home,
In living or in dying.'

He flew so high, he flew so low,
The darkling vapour crossed him;
The heavy cloud around them came,
And in the fog she lost him.

She cut into pieces the sea-birds all
Whom she met, her vengeance wreaking;
But the wild black raven she could not find,
Despite of all her seeking.

The proud young Princess Adelutz,
Down to the strand went flying;
And there she found her love's right hand
Close by the water lying.

Then all enraged she sailed away,
With vengeance to repay him;
She sought the raven east and west,
And she alone would slay him.

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With her shears she slew the sea-birds all,
Above the clouds or under;
And when she met the raven at last,
With a blow she cleft him asunder.

She cut and hacked him till she herself
Of weary sorrow perished;
So she died for German, the hero gay,
Whose life she so dearly cherished."

Very significant in this ballad is the mention of the feather garment as well as of the flying itself. In the old heathen times there were queens and noble dames of whom it was said that they could thus soar, and this magic art, which was then honourable, was in later Christian times represented as an abomination of witchcraft. The vulgar belief in the airy flights of witches is a travesty of old German belief, and is not at all due to Christianity, as has been inferred, or that it came from the passage in the Bible where Satan carried our Saviour through the air.[1] That text, it is true, might be used to confirm the popular faith, since it proved that the devil was really capable of flying away with men.

Many believe the swan-maidens of whom I

[1] If the belief in witches flying on broomsticks was derived from exclusively *German* tradition, whence did the Italians get it? The truth is that the Italian witch-flying, on broom or goat, is of Etrusco-Latin origin, or rather that both the German and Latin beliefs and myths came from a common Aryan source. All of this last passage is wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

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have spoken were the Valkyries of the Scandinavians. Of these latter there are also many traces in the popular tales. They are female beings who sweep through the air on white wings, generally the evening before a battle, the result of which they had secretly predetermined. And they also met heroes in lonely forest paths, foretelling to them their victory or defeat. We read in Prætorius:—

"It happened once that King Hother of Denmark and Sweden, when separated too far from his men in a fog, met with such women who knew him, greeted him by name, and conversed with him. And when he asked them who they were, they replied that they were the ones in whose hands was placed the victory over enemies in battle. They were ever there, even though unseen; the one to whom they gave pre-eminence conquered, and the enemy could do him no harm. When they had told him this they, with their house and temple, suddenly disappeared, and the king found himself alone in a wide field under the open heaven."

The essential part of this story reminds us of the witches whom Shakespeare brings before us in "Macbeth," and who, in the old legend, of which the poet has availed himself almost circumstantially, appear to be described as far nobler than mere witches.[1]

[1] This is a great mistake. Shakespeare had probably never heard of Hother or Valkyries. He gave the story as it was

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According to this tale there also appeared to the hero, Hother, in the forest, just before the battle, three mysterious maidens, who foretold him his fate and disappeared, leaving no trace behind. They were Valkyries, or the Norna—the Fates of the North.[1] We are reminded of these by the three spinning women who are known to us in an old nursery tale. One has a flat foot, another a broad thumb, and the third a hanging lip. By these they are always known, wherever they may appear, either as old or young. I give the most agreeable version of this tale from the book of Grimm.

"There was a lazy maid who would not spin, let her mother say what she would; and at last the mother, in anger and impatience, beat her, whereat she began to cry aloud. Just then the

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generally told in his time, drawn from such writers as Boethius, Cardanus, and Grosius, the latter of whom (*Magica seu Mirabilium Historiarum de Spectris*, &c., 1597) narrates it as specially illustrating diabolical sorcery, declaring that it was a *fatidica mulier*, or fortune-telling woman, who predicted to Macbeth his destiny. Cardanus took the story from Hector Boethius, who only says that Machabeus (Macbeth) "met with three *women* of unusual aspect."

[1] Heine has in this story of Hother followed Prætorius, who tells the tale in a very confused manner, jumbling two legends together. The original may be found in Olaus Magnus, lib. 3, cap. 10. The hero won his victory, not by the will of the Norna, or fates, but by playing the harp, and singing so charmingly as to enchant the nymphs who prepared the food by tasting which warriors became invincible.

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queen was passing by the door, and hearing the noise, entered, and asked the mother why she beat the girl so that her cries were even heard in the street? Then the mother, being in shame lest the laziness of her daughter should be made known, answered, 'I cannot keep her from spinning. She would fain spin on for ever, and I am poor, and cannot get her flax enough.' Then the queen replied, 'I love of all things to hear spinning, and am never so glad as when the wheels hum. Give me your girl; she shall go to my castle, where I have flax enough for her to spin as long as she pleases.'

"The mother was pleased from her heart, and the queen left with the maid. When they came to the castle they went into three rooms filled up to the roof with the finest flax. 'Spin this,' said the queen, 'and when you shall have finished the task you may marry my son; though you be poor, yet I care naught therefor, unceasing industry is dower enough for me.' The girl was frightened to the heart, for she could not have spun up all that flax in three hundred years, though she should work from morn till eve.

"When she was alone she began to weep, and so sat for three days without moving her hands. On the third day came the queen, and when she saw that there had been no spinning done, she was astonished; but the girl excused herself by

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saying that she had grieved so much at going away from home that she could not work. The queen was satisfied, but said, 'To-morrow you must begin to spin.'

"When the girl was again alone, she knew not what to do, and in her grief gazed out of the window. Then she saw three women coming; the first had a great flat foot, the second an under lip which hung down on her chin, and the third a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She bewailed her trouble, and they offered to help her, saying, 'If you will ask us to your wedding, and not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and give us seats at the table, then we will spin all the flax speedily.' 'With all my heart,' she answered; 'come in and begin the work at once.' Then the three strange women entered and made a place for themselves in the first room, and began spinning. One pulled the thread and trod the wheel, another wetted it, the third turned it and struck with her finger on the table, and as often as she tapped there fell a skein of yarn, spun as finely as could be, on the ground.

"The girl hid the three spinners from the queen, who, seeing how rapidly the yarn was spun, praised her very much. And when the first room was finished, the next was begun, and so on till all the flax was spun. Then the three spinners went

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their way, saying to the girl, 'Remember what thou hast promised; it will be lucky for thee.'

"When the maid showed the queen the empty rooms and the great pile of yarn, the latter prepared the wedding, and the bridegroom, not a little proud that he had such a clever and industrious wife, praised her mightily. And she said, 'I have three cousins, and I would not forget them in my prosperity, for they were very kind to me; pray let me invite them to the wedding, and give them places at the table.' The queen and her son said, 'Certainly, by all means.' And when the feast began the three maidens came in magnificently dressed, and the girl said, 'Welcome, my dear cousins!' 'Ah,' said the bridegroom, 'how did you come by such horrible friends?' And going to the one with the great foot he asked, "What was it made your foot so broad?" and she answered, 'Spinning the flax. The wheel I trod." Then he went to the second and asked, "Why does your lip hang down to your chin?" and she replied, "From licking the flax whenever I spin." Then he inquired of the third, "What makes you have such a great broad thumb?" and she said, "Turning the thread to make the thrum." Then the prince was alarmed and said, 'If that is what comes of spinning, my wife shall never spin again.' And so she was free from the vile flax-spinning."

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And the *moral?* Every Frenchman to whom I ever told this story always asked me for one. My friends, that is just the difference between you and us. We only in real life require a moral, never in the fictions of poetry. You may learn from this story how one may get other people to do your spinning and yet become a princess. It is noble in a nurse to teach children betimes that there is something more real than labour—which is *luck.* One often hears of children born with a luck-skin, or caul, with whom everything succeeds in life. The belief in luck or fortune as an innate, or accidentally granted gift, is of heathen origin, and contrasts agreeably with the Christian theory, according to which suffering and abstinence are to be regarded as the first favours of heaven.

The problem, the aim, of heathenism was to achieve fortune.[1] The Greek hero called it the golden fleece, and the German the Nibelungen-hoard. The task of Christianity, on the contrary, was renunciation, and its heroes endured the pangs of martyrdom; they took up their cross of their own free will, and their most glorious victory led but to the grave.

One will of course remember that the fleece and the Nibelungen-hoard brought great woe

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[1] *Gluck*, fortune, luck, or happiness. The French version gives it as *bonheur.*

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unto their winners. But the error of these heroes was to mistake gold for good fortune or happiness. Yet in the main they were right. Man should strive for happiness in this world—sweet happiness, and not the cross. For that let him wait till he is borne to be buried, and then he will have one set above his grave.[1]

And here I cannot refrain from telling a tale, the scene of which brings the valley of the Rhine in all its beauty before one. In it also appear three women, of whom I cannot decide whether they are elementary spirits or enchantresses, that is, enchantresses of the old heathen stamp, who differ so decidedly from the later witch-sisterhood. I do not recollect the story very well. If I am not mistaken it is told in detail in Schreiber's *Rheinische Sagen* (Rhine Legends). It is the legend of the *Wisperthal* (Whisper-vale,) which takes its name from the whispering voices which there meet the ear, reminding one of a certain mysterious "*Hist—st—st,*" which may be heard of evenings in certain side-streets in cities.

"Once upon a time three gay young fellows wandered through the valley, wondering greatly what could cause the constant '*Hist—hist!*' The oldest and cleverest of them, who was a sword-cutler, at last cried out, 'Those are the voices

[1] There are trivial variations, of this and the next sentence, in the French version.

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of women who are so ugly that they are ashamed to show themselves!'

"He had hardly spoken these crafty and challenging words, when all at once there suddenly stood before them three wonderfully beautiful maids, who courteously invited him and his companions to enter their castle, rest from their journey, and otherwise refresh themselves. This castle, which was hard by, they had not before remarked, possibly because it was not built like others, but hewed in the rock, so that only some narrow Gothic windows and a broad gateway were externally visible. When they had entered they were not a little amazed at the splendour which met their eyes on every side. The three young ladies, who seemed to be its sole inhabitants, gave them an exquisite meal, at which the cup was passed by them many times. The youths, whose hearts grew warmer with the wine, had never before seen such beauties, and betrothed themselves soon to them with burning kisses. On the third day the ladies said, 'If you would always live with us, you dear fellows, then you must first go into the woods and hear what the birds say. When you shall have lurked, listened, and learned what the sparrow, magpie, and owl say, then come back into our arms.'

"The three companions went into the wood, and after they had made their way through brambles

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and brush, thorns and bush, and stumbled over many a ragged root, they came to a tree on which a sparrow sat chirping the following saying:—

'There were once three fools of a piece,
Who travelled Plum-pudding land through,
There came ready roasted geese
And before their mouths they flew.
And one, like a lusty bawler,
Cried out, "In this land of the South
It's a pity the geese are not smaller,
So they might just fly into our mouth!"'

"'Yes, indeed!' cried the sword-smith. 'That is well put. When people are fools, even if roast geese fly just before their mouths it does them no good. Their mouths are too small, and the geese are too large, and they do not know how to help themselves.'[1]

"So the three went further into the wood, and after they had made their way through brambles and brush, thorns and bush, and stumbled over many a ragged root, they came to a tree on which a magpie jumped here and there, who chattered these words:—

"'My mother was a magpie, and so was my grandmother; my great-grandma was a magpie,

[1] There is a German proverb, "In Schlaraffen Land (the land of Cocaigne or of Idlers), where the roasted geese, or pigeons, fly to one's mouth." It is illustrated with a picture in the works of Claudius.—*Translator.*

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my great-great-grandmother another; so was her mamma before her—every one had a bill, and if she had not died she'd have been living still.'

"'Yes, yes,' said the sword-cutler, 'that I can understand. That is the common history of the world. That is the final compendium (*Inbegriff*) of all our researches, and mankind will never learn much more.'

"After the three companions had gone further through brambles and brush, been scratched by many thorns and stumbled over many a ragged root, they came to a tree whereon sat an owl, who kept muttering and murmuring:—

"He who talks with a woman by a woman will be cheated, he who talks with two, by two will be defeated, and he who talks with women three by three women betrayed will be."

"'Holla, there!' cried the sword-cutler. 'You ugly pitiful bird, with your ugly pitiful wisdom, such as one can buy from every humpbacked beggar for a farthing! That is old and rotten rumour. You would speak better of women if you were good-looking and gay like us, or if you knew our brides, who are as fair as the sun and true as gold!'

"Then they returned, and after they had gone on, whistling and carolling, they found themselves before the rock-castle, and with un-

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restrained joyousness[1] they sang the knavish song:—

'Bolt in and bolt out,
Sweetheart, what art thou about?
Art thou waking, art thou sleeping,
Art thou laughing, art thou weeping?'

"While the three young fellows stood frolicking before the castle door, three small windows over it were opened, and from every window looked out a long-nosed, blear-eyed old woman. They nodded their grey heads as if delighted, and opened their toothless mouths and shrieked: 'There are our dear betrothed ones! Wait, dears, we will soon open the door and welcome you with kisses, and you shall enjoy the happiness of life in the arms of love.'

"The young fellows, startled to death, did not wait for the opening of the door, or the embraces of their brides, or enjoyment of life, but started anew on their travels at once, running head over heels, and made such good time that they arrived that day in the town Lorch. And as they sat in the evening in the public-house they drank many pints of wine before they recovered from their fright. And the sword-cutler swore, high

[1] "Mit ausgelassner Fröhlichkeit." Not an expression characteristic of a *Volksmährchen* or peasant's tale.

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and dear, that the owl was the wisest bird in the world, and was justly regarded as an emblem of wisdom."[1]

I have classed this narrative with that of the three spinners. According to certain learned Hellenists the latter are the three Fates; but our patriotic antiquarians, who are but little affected towards classic studies, claim these three for the Scandinavian mythology, declaring they are the three Norna. These two hypotheses may be applied to the three women of the *Wisperthal*. It is difficult to determine the real nature of the Scandinavian Norna.[2] They may be considered as one and the same with the Valkyrie of whom

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[1] Heine might have very well spared himself or his readers any conjectures as to the ancient meaning of this story, which is most evidently a modern *pièce de manufacture*, both as regards its spirit, or meaning, and form. In popular tales the hero does not make philosophic remarks as to the average results of writing universal history, nor sing "roguish songs" "with unrestrained joyousness." Such stories are always the tales of the *fortune* of one or more persons, and not abstract satires on society and universal history, as this is. I think it not improbable that Heine rewrote the tale from something much better and simpler.

[2] Heine does not seem to have been acquainted with the new Edda, in which the nature of the different Norna is clearly set forth. The sagas were not poems but prose legends, chiefly historical. The bewildering confusion of which he complains as existing in Scandinavian mythology was more in his own mind, as the result of extremely slender knowledge of it, than in the subject itself.—*Translator.*

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I have spoken. The sagas of the Icelandic poets tell us the strangest things of the Valkyrie. At one time they ride in the air over the din of battle, whose result they determine; anon they are amazons, called shield-maidens, who fight for their lovers; and yet again they appear in the forms of the swan-maidens, of whom I have given a few features. There prevails in these traditions a bewildering confusion which is as cloudy as the sky of the North. One of these Valkyrie was the strong Sigrun, and in the saga which speaks of her we find a touching episode which recalls Bürger's Leonore. But the latter is flat and tame compared to the heroine of the Scandinavian poem. I will here give an extract from this saga.

"King Sigmund, the son of Volsung, had married Borghild of Brelund, and they called their son Helgi, after Helgi the son of Sorward. Sigmund and the men of his race called themselves Volsungs. Hunding was the king of a wealthy land, called from him Hundland. He was a great warrior, and the father of many sons, who went forth to battle. King Hunding and King Sigmund were enemies, and they mutually slew one another's friends. Granmar was the name of a mighty king, who dwelt on a height called Swarinshöh. He had many sons, one of whom was Hodbrodd, the other Gudmund, and

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the third Starkader. Hodbrodd was in the council of the kings, and was betrothed to Sigrun, the daughter of Högni. But when she heard this she flew on horseback with the Valkyries, and swept over land and sea to find Helgi. Helgi was then in Logofjall. He had fought with Hunding's sons, and having slain Alf, Eiolf, Haghard, and Herward, being weary, was resting under the Eagle's Cliff. There Sigrun found him, threw her arms round his neck, embraced (kissed) him under her helmet, and said: 'My father has betrothed me to the evil son of Granmar, but I have called him as brave as a cat's son. In a few nights the prince will come, unless thou dost allure him to the field of battle, and wilt bear away the king's daughter.' Then the hero was seized with love for the maiden, but Sigrun had passionately loved the son of Sigmund before she had ever seen him. The daughter of Högni followed her heart in saying that she wished for Helgi's love. 'But,' continued Sigrun, 'I see, oh prince, beforehand, the anger of the friends of all our family, because I have wrecked the dearest hope of my father.' Helgi replied, 'Trouble not thyself as to the wrath of Högni, or for that of thy family. Thou shalt dwell with me, maiden; thou art, as I see, of noble race.'

"Helgi assembled many warriors, embarked them, and sailed for Frekastein. While at sea they

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were surprised by a terrible storm, which put them in death-peril, lightning flashed round the heaven, and their ship was struck. There came nine Valkyries riding through the air, and among them they recognised Sigrun; then the storm died out, and they reached the shore in safety. The sons of Granmar camped upon a hill as the ship came to land. Gudmund threw himself on his horse, and rode seawards to learn who was coming. Then the Volsung hoisted their sails, and Gudmund asked, 'Who is the king who rules this fleet, and leads this mighty host into our land?' The son of Sigmund answered haughtily and with a challenge, and Gudmund returned with the defiance. Then the sons of Granmar assembled an army, in which were many kings, as well as Högni, the father of Sigrun, and his sons Bragi and Dag. And they had a great battle, in which all the sons of Granmar and all their generals fell, all save Dag, the son of Högni, who made peace and swore faith to the Volsung. Sigrun went over the battlefield, and found Hodbrodd, who lay dying. She said, 'Never, O King Hodbrodd, will Sigrun of Sevafiœll rest in thy arms, for thy life is lost. Soon will the claws of wolves tear the flesh of the sons of Granmar.' Then she went to Helgi and was full of joy. The young victor said to her, 'O Alvitr, all-knowing one (one of the names given to the Valkyries), all, alas!

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has not gone as thou wouldst have it, but the Norna direct our destiny. Bragi and Högni fell this morning by Frekastein, and I slew them. And Starkadr fell by Styrkleif, and near Hlebjorg the sons of Hrollaug. One of them was the fiercest hero I ever saw; when his head was hewn off, his body still fought. Well nigh all thy race lies on the battle plain; thou hast in this battle nothing gained; it was fated to thee to attain thy wish only through battle.' Then Sigrun wept, and Helgi said, 'Comfort thyself, Sigrun; thou wert our Hilde' (a goddess of war who excited men to battle). 'Kings cannot escape their fate.' She replied, 'Oh that I could reanimate the dead, yet also rest, my love, still in thine arms.'

"Helgi wedded Sigrun, and she bore him sons. Helgi did not live long. Dag, the son of Högni, made great sacrifice to Odin, and implored his aid. Then Odin lent him his lance. Dag found his brother-in-law in the place called Fiöturland, and pierced him with the spear of Odin. So fell Helgi; but Dag rode forth at once to Sevafjäll, and brought to Sigrun the news of the death of her loved hero. 'My sister, I must announce dire news, and make thy tears flow; a king this morning fell in Fjöturland, a king bravest of all on earth, one whose head rose above those of the bravest warriors.' Sigrun cried aloud, 'May thy

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heart be pierced by all the oaths which thou didst swear to Helgi by the shining flood of Leiptr (the river of the lower world), and by the Ice-cliff which its waves wash. May never ship sail well on which thou art, however favourable the wind may be! May never any war-horse carry thee, although thou art pursued by deadliest foes! And may the sword thou bearest lose its edge, unless indeed it whistles round thine own head. Oh, to see Helgi's death avenged on thee, I would thou couldst be changed into a wolf, and in the forest live without a joy or hope, and even always wanting food, save when among men's corpses thou dost leap.' Dag replied, 'Thou art mad, my sister, and it is madder still to curse thy brother. Odin was the cause of all this discord, he has thrown the runes of enmity between the nearest kin. Thy brother offers thee the red (golden) ring of reconciliation; he offers thee all the land from Wlandilswe and Wigdali. Take it, oh woman adorned with armlets, take for thee and for thy son the half of the realm as atonement for thy suffering.'

"Sigrun answered, 'Never shall I rule happily in Sevafjäll, nor be glad by night or by day, unless the splendour of my hero shines at the door of his tomb, or unless the war-horse of my king, Wigblör with the golden reins, bounds under him, or I can grasp and hold him in my arms. Before

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Helgi all his enemies and their allies fled, fled like frighted mountain kids before the wolf. Helgi rose above all other heroes like a noble ash above blackberry bushes, or as the stag wetted with dew surpasses all other animals raising his shining horns to heaven.'

"A hill tomb was raised over Helgi, and when he came to Valhalla, Odin offered to divide with him the rule of all the world. And Helgi said, seeing Hunding, 'Thou, Hunding, shalt daily as thou goest to bed get ready for every man his foot-bath, light the fire, tie up the dogs, care for the horses, and feed the pigs.'

"A maid of Sigrun's went one evening by Helgi's grave, and lo! she saw the hero with a great following of warriors ride toward the mount. The maid said, 'Are these delusions of my eyes, or has the end of the world come? Dead men come riding, ye drive your war-horses with spurs. Are heroes allowed to return to earth?' Helgi replied, 'These are no mere phantoms which thou seest, neither is the end of the world nigh, and though thou seest us drive our war-horses with spurs, for return is permitted unto heroes.'

"The maid hastened home and said to Sigrun, 'Go to the hill, Sigrun of Sevafjäll, if you would find the prince of the peoples. The tomb is open, Helgi is come, his wounds bleed, he

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incites thee to allay and heal them.' Sigrun hurried to the hill, entered to Helgi, and said, 'How am I glad to see thee—glad as the starving vultures of Odin when they smell corpses, or when, wet with dew, they see the aurora rise. First, I will embrace thee, dead king, ere thou layest aside thy bloody shirt of mail. O Helgi, thy hair is white with frost, thou art all over covered with the dew of the dead (blood), and thy hands are cold as ice. How can I, O king, allay the pain of thy wounds?' Helgi replied, "Thou alone, Sigrun of Sevafjäll, art cause that Helgi is wetted with the dew of disaster, for every evening ere thou goest to sleep, O queen, adorned with jewels and gold, thou sheddest for a long time bitter tears. And every tear falls bleeding on my breast, my icy breast, smitten with anguish. But we will drink again from the cup of joy, though we have lost all joy and every blessing, so that no one shall sing a song of mourning, though he may see gaping wounds on my breast. Women are now with us in the hidden place, daughters of kings, with us the dead!'

"Sigrun prepared a bed in the hill. 'Here is a bed of rest and free from care which I have made for thee, O Helgi, Volsung's son. I will sleep in thy arms, O king, as I did when thou wert alive.' Helgi answered, 'Now I declare that

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there is nothing incredible, be it late or early, in Sevafjäll, since thou, proud daughter of Högni of royal race, liest in my dead arms—thou who art still among the living! But now it is time that I again wander on the road of light, and my pale war-horse must again tread his airy path, for the morning-red begins to shine, for I must ride westwards on the rainbow bridge (Windhjalmbrucke), before Salgofnir (the cock) awakens the conquerors.'

"So Helgi and his men rode forth on their war-steeds, and the women returned home. The next day Sigrun bade her maid, towards evening, keep watch by the hill. When the sun had set, and Sigrun came to the tomb, she said, 'By this time the son of Sigmund should have come from the hall of Odin, if he means to come. But I am losing hope to see him, for the eagles are beginning to roost on the ash-tree boughs, and all the world is hastening to the realm of dreams.' The maid replied, 'Be not so madly bold, oh daughter of the Skioldungr, as to go alone into the dwelling of the spirits; by night the dead are mightier than by day.' Sigrun did not live long in suffering and grief."

Here the legend ends, but the narrator adds to this the remark—

"It was believed in old times that men were born again on earth, but we regard it as an old

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wives' tale. It is said of Helgi and Sigrun that they lived a second time. He was then called Helgi, the hero of Haddjuga, and Sigrun, Kara, the daughter of Halfdan, and she was a Valkyrie."

I add to this the beginning of another Scandinavian saga, called the Vœlundr saga, because there appears in it a clear proof of the identity of the Valkyrie with the three spinners and the swan-maidens, of which I have spoken. In which we are told that—

"Nidhudr was the name of a king in Swithiod (Sweden). He was father of three sons and a daughter, Baudvildur. And he had in Finland three brothers, sons of the king in that country, the eldest of whom was Slagfidr, the second Egil, and the third Vœlundr. They went to herd their flocks and came to Ulfdalir (Wolf's dale), where they built them huts. There was a lake called Ulffjar (the Wolf's lake), where they built them huts. And on its margin very early one morning the king's sons found sitting three women who spun flax, and had their swan dresses lying near them on the ground. They were Valkyries, and two of them were daughters of King Landwer. They were named, one was called Hladgur Svanhvit (Hladgur the snow-white); the second, Hervoer Alvitr (Herva the All-knowing); and the third, Aulrun, the daughter of Kiar of Walland. The three brothers took them

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home. Egil had Aulrun; Slagfidr, Svanhvit; and Vœlundr, Alvitr for wife. Seven winters (years) they dwelt together, but in the eighth the women flew away to take part in battles, and did not return. Egil went forth to seek Aulrun, and Slagfidr also sought his Svanhvit, but Vœlundr remained in Ulfdalir. He was, according to ancient sagas, a skilful artist. He set the costliest pearls in pure gold, and strung all his rings on a string of soft bark. So he awaited the return of his noble spouse. When Nidhudr, the King of Sweden, learned that Vœlundr was alone in Ulfdalir, he went by night with his men. Their armour was well fitted, and their shields shone in the moonshine. Having arrived at the home of Vœlundr, they surprised the king's son as he slept, bound and pinioned him, and Nidhudr bore him away."[1]

I have in these pages only superficially treated a subject which might furnish volumes of interesting material, that is, the manner in which Christianity attempted to either destroy the Old German religion or to absorb it, and how traces of it remain in popular beliefs. How the war of destruction was conducted is well known. When the Christian priests could not drive out the

[1] Vœlundr is the prototype of Velint, and the English Wayland Smith.

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heathen priests by means of miracles, the sword of secular power came obligingly to their aid. The greatest number of conversions were brought about by Christian princesses marrying heathen chiefs, and there are centuries in which the Church chronicles are only records of weddings. When the people, accustomed to their earlier worship of nature, retained a reverence for certain places, then it was attempted to either turn this piety into the channel of the new belief, or to render it repulsive as an inspiration of the devil. By the fountains or springs which heathenism worshipped the Christian priest built a crafty little church, and he himself blessed the water, and made what he could out of its healing power. There are to this day many of the blessed old wells or springs of ancient time, to which the multitude make pilgrimage, and in full belief drink from them health. The holy oaks which resisted the pious axes were slandered, it was said the devils haunted them, and the witches there practised their diabolical debauchery. Yet despite this the oak remained the favourite tree of the German race. It is to this very day the symbol of German nationality itself; it is the greatest and strongest tree of the forest; its roots penetrate into the very depths of the earth; its summit waves proudly like a green banner in the air; the elves of poetry dwell in its trunk; the mistletoe of holy wisdom

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grows on its branches, only its fruit is small and not fit for human food.[1]

Among the old German laws, especially in those of the Alemanni, are many prohibiting the worship of streams, trees, and rocks, in the heretical faith that there was divinity dwelling in them. Charlemagne expressly prohibited in his capitularies offerings to stones, trees, or rivers, nor should consecrated candles be lighted by them.[2]

These three—stones, trees and streams—appear as the principal motives of the old German cultus, and to this corresponds the faith in beings which inhabit them—that is to say, dwarfs in rocks, elves in trees, and nixies in water. To systematise this method is much more practical than that of Paracelsus, according to the elements, which adopts a fourth class for fire, that is, the salamander. But the people, always without a system, never knew anything of all this, and I am convinced that the faith in fire-spirits is due entirely to Paracelsus himself.[3] There is among

[1] A mistake. Eatable or palatable acorns are not uncommon in England, and they are common in Italy. In Rome they are prepared by steeping the kernel in lime-water. The earliest Italian race was said to have subsisted on them.—*Translator.*

[2] The conclusion of this sentence is wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

[3] This is all much more than doubtful. Friedrich (*Symbolik der Natur*), who cites a cloud of witnesses in proof, declares that a belief in a spirit of fire who dwelt in the *Ofen* was widely

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the people only the story of one animal which can live in fire, and is called salamander. All boys are zealous naturalists, and when I was a little fellow I applied myself seriously to seek whether a salamander could really live in fire. And one day when one of my schoolfellows caught one, I was in keen haste to throw it into the oven fire, where it first spirted or threw out a whitish slime, hissed less and less, and finally gave up the ghost. This creature looks like a lizard but is saffron yellow, with some black spots, and the

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spread in Germany. This spirit was worshipped to a very late period, all kinds of food being thrown into the fire as offerings. There are tales, proverbs, prayers, and games still extant which establish this. Children when sickly or suffering are held up to the fire with invocation to it. Had Heine read his Grimm more attentively (*Deutsche Mythologie*, 2nd ed., p. 595, &c.), or Daumer, *Geheimnisse des Christlichen Alterthums*, he could not have made this strange assertion. The *Erzdrach* of Tyrol is, according to Panzer, "a powerful god of fire, water, and air." There is also the three-legged *fire-hound* of the Wild Hunt, which is certainly a spirit. As regards all belief in a faith in fire-spirits having originated with Paracelsus himself, we know that Psellus and other magi had a system quite like that of the former. "They divide spirits into those of *fire*, air, water, earth, and these further into those of caverns, darkness, forests, mountains, fields, houses, the jovial, the saturnian, &c." It never seems to have occurred to Heine that *every* detail of the Paracelsian pneumatology was widely spread among the *people* from whom it was derived, and had existed long before among the Neo-Platonists. The Norse folklore, which Heine treats as German, abounds in spirits of fire, as does the folklore of every country in Europe.—*Translator.*

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white liquid which it omits, and with which it perhaps often extinguishes the fire, may have caused the belief that it can live in fire.[1]

The fiery men who wander round by night are not elementary spirits but ghosts of men departed, dead usurers, pitiless public officials, and malefactors who have removed landmarks. The *Irrwische* (*ignis fatuus*, will o' the wisp) are also no spirits. It is not exactly known what they are;[2] they lead astray wanderers in moorlands

[1] Heine did not know what a fire-salamander was. That is a lizard-like creature, which is supposed to live always in fire. Benvenuto Cellini declares that he saw one when he was a small boy, and got from his father a good whipping to make him remember it. One to keep him from lying would not have been misapplied. The origin of the superstition was that the lizard, from living in sunshine on hot rocks and sand, was among the Greeks a symbol of heat (Ovid, "Metamorphoses," v. 447).

[2] Heine's great authority, Prætorius, says: "The evil spirits which are called *Feuerwisch* (*ignis fatuus*) lead men astray," and also declares that some people believe they are souls of unbaptized children. In the *Wunderbuchlein*, a collection of old popular beliefs, they are called *Feuermanner* or *Firemen*, and are described as spirits going to those who pray, and flying from those who curse. They are regarded as wild and wandering spirits in Germany and many other countries of Europe, probably in all. The English called them not only Will o' the Wisp, and Jack o' Lantern, but also Friar Rush. The reader will recall the man who

> "Through bog and bush
> Was lantern-led by Friar Rush."

English gypsies think they are mischievous goblins, and call them *mullo-doods*, *i.e.*, dead or ghost lights.

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and morasses. The English call them "Will with a wisp" and also "Jack with a lantern." As I have said, a complete class of fire-spirits such as Paracelsus describes is unknown to the people.[1] It only speaks of one fiery spirit, and that is no other than Lucifer Satan, the devil. In old ballads he appears by the name of the fire-king, and when he enters or makes exit in the theatre the necessary flames are never wanting. And since he is the only spirit of fire, and must make up the want of a whole class of such spirits, we will describe him more accurately.

In fact, if the devil were no spirit of fire, how could he endure it in hell? He is a being of

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[1] This passage is wanting in the French version. In its place we have the following:—

"Quant à de véritables esprits de feu, c'est à-dire qui y puissent vivre, il n'y en a peut-être que deux, qui sont Dieu et le Diable.

"Comme dans notre pays de France, en sait peu de chose surces deux antagonistes, on qu'on n'en a que des souvenirs obscurs, vous seriez peut-être curieux d'apprendre ce qu'en disent les croyances populaires de l'Allemagne.

"Que Dieu soit un esprit de feu c'est que soutiennent déjà les anciens philosophes, par exemple Porphyre, selon qui notre âme n'est qu'une émanation de l'âme ignée de Dieu. Les anciens mages ont adoré le feu comme la Divinité même. Moïse vit Jéhovah en buisson ardent. . . . S'il n'était pas esprit de feu comment eût-il feu s'y maintenir. La plus importante autorité est celle de la petite fille à qui la mère de Dieu avait permis de se promener dans le ciel. Après que la petite fille eut vu douze appartements dans chacun desquels était établi un apôtre, elle arriva enfin à une petite chambre, ou la mère de Dieu lui

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so cold a nature that out of fire he is not comfortable. All the poor women who have been in close touch with the devil complain of this bitter coldness. Very remarkable in their agreement as to this particular are the confessions of all the witches of every country.[1] These ladies who confessed to having had carnal connection with the devil, even during torture, always speak of the coldness of his embraces, and of the icy freezing gush of his diabolical raptures. He generally appeared to them in the garb of a courtier with a red feather on his head.

But if cold as a lover, the devil cannot be called ugly, for he can take what form he will.

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avait bien défendu d'entrer. Mais elle ne peut résister à sa curiosité, ouvre la porte, et que voit-elle? la très Sainte Trinité au milieu d'un bon feu rouge flamboyant?

"Il faut que le diable soit un esprit de feu; autrement comment pouvrait-il durer dans l'enfer. Mais pendant que le bon Dieu supporte le feu parceque lui-même est un esprit igné, le diable l'endure fort bien parce qu'il est d'une nature si froide qu'il ne sent a son aise que dans le feu."

[1] The French version here adds, "et principalement dans les ouvrages du criminaliste Carpzow." A sufficiently satisfactory reason for this strange belief appears in Michelet's *Sorcière*, of which there is a hint in the following words from the Italian translation, "*Il lavabo* acatato altresi dalle purificazioni pagane. Una fredda purificazione per instelire" (*i.e.*, to render sterile). Cf. Michelet, *La Strega*, vol. ii. lib. 2, p. 5. Carpzow wrote a book entitled *Practica Nova Rerum Criminalium* (ed. Boehmer, 3 vols. folio, 1758), in which he declared that even to deny the accusation of witchcraft deserved death (*Vide* Horst, *Dæmonomagie*, 1818).

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He has often assumed feminine seductiveness to keep some pious monk from penitence or entice him to sensual pleasure. To others whom he would terrify he came with his hellish crew in forms of beasts. He loves to appear most beastly when he has guzzled and swilled notably. Once there was in Saxony a gentleman who had invited his friends to a feast, but when the hour had come, and the meal was ready, the guests were wanting, for one and all had sent excuses. Then in his rage he cried, "If no man will come, so let the devil and all hell eat with me!" And saying this he left the house to get rid of his ill temper.

"And then there began to ride into the court-yard, few or many, numbers of giant-like black cavaliers, who bade the servant seek his master and say to him that his invited guests had come at last. The man after long seeking found his lord, and they both returned, but neither then dared enter the house. For they then heard roars and yells as of mad drinking, and the screaming and singing grew louder and more horrible, and finally they beheld swarms of devils as if drunk in the forms of bears, cats, goats, wolves, and foxes coming to the open windows, holding in their paws full goblets or steaming plates, grinning and greeting with shining snouts, and laughing teeth to those below."

That the devil presides at witch-meetings in

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the form of a he-goat is generally known. I shall speak anon of the *rôle* which he plays in this form when I come to speak of witches and magic. In the remarkable book in which the deeply learned Georgius Godelmannus gives a truthful and logically reasoned report of this,[1] I find that the devil often appears as a monk. He tells this tale:—

"When I was studying law in the famous University of Wittenberg, as I well recall, I heard several times there from my teachers that there came once a monk who knocked hard at Luther's door, and when the servant opening asked him what he wanted, the monk inquired if Luther was at home? Which when Luther heard he had him brought in, because it was long since he had seen a monk. And when the visitor entered he said that he would fain speak with Luther as to certain papistical errors, and submitted to him a few syllogisms and school problems, which the latter solved easily enough. Then he brought out another much more difficult, when Luther somewhat impatiently said, "Thou givest me much to do at a time when I have other things to attend to," and rising showed him in the Bible the solution of his question. And while conversing, he observed that the hands of the monk were like

[1] Goedelmannus de Magis, Venificis et Lamiis.—*Translator.*

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birds' claws, and said, "*Bist du nicht Der?*" "Art thou not he? Then hear the judgment which was passed on thee!" And so saying he showed him the text in Genesis in the first book of Moses, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." The devil being vanquished by this sentence, fled in a rage and growling, but first threw the ink and writing things behind, leaving a stink which smelt for many days."[1]

In the foregoing story we may note a marked characteristic of the devil which previously showed itself, and which he has maintained till to-day. This is his constant seeking to dispute; or his sophistry and fine-spun syllogisms. In logic Satan always was at home, as he convinced Pope Sylvester, the famous Gerbert, eight hundred years ago to his sorrow. This learned man had made a solemn pact with Satan at the University of Cordova, where he was studying, and by infernal aid learned algebra, geometry, astronomy, all the lore of plants, and many useful arts—among others that of becoming Pope. But in Jerusalem his life should end—therefore he took good care to keep from it. And it came to pass that one

[1] From this sentence everything which follows is omitted in the French version to the paragraph beginning with the words, "Many declare that the devil always appears in the form of an animal."

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day as he read mass in a certain chapel in Rome there came unto him the devil, to carry him away, and as the Pope protested against this, the devil demonstrated to him that as the chapel in which he that instant stood was called Jerusalem, that all conditions of the bond had been fulfilled, and that he must pack up forthwith for hell. And so the devil carried off the Pope, merrily whispering meantime in his ear:

"Tu non pensavi qu'io loico fossi!"[1]—
"Thou didst not think that I was a logician."

The devil understands logic, he is master in metaphysics, and with his subtleties and interpretations outwits all his bondmen. If they do not examine the contract carefully, they find in it to their horror that the devil instead of years has written months or days, when all at once he takes them by the neck and proves that time is up. In one of the older puppet-plays which sets forth the compact with Satan, the shameful life and pitiful ending of Doctor Faustus, there is a similar trick. Faust, who has desired the gratification of all earthly desires, has for this signed away his soul, and pledged himself to go to hell when he should have committed three murders. He had killed two men, and hopes that his compact will expire

[1] Dante, *Inferno*, c. 28.

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before he shall have committed a third. But the evil one proves that the compact itself as a death-blow to his soul was a third murder, and with this accursed logic hales him to hell.[1] The degree to which Goethe has availed himself of this characteristic of sophistry may be judged of by every one. Nothing is so amusing as the reading the contracts with the devil which have been preserved since the days of the witch-trials, and in which the one contracting protects himself against all chicanery by many clauses, every stipulation being paraphrased in the most scrupulous manner.[2]

The devil is a logician. He is not only the representative of earthly supremacy of sensual delights, he is also an exponent of human reason, simply because this vindicates all the rights of matter; and in this he is the antithesis of Christ,

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[1] "That signature was thy most damning sin."

[2] Horst (*Dæmonomagie*, 1818), a writer of great intelligence and deeply learned, gives a curious specimen of one of these elaborate contracts. He also observes that there is some incomprehensible mystery in it all which awaits solution. With whom were these contracts really made? Who was it that personified the devil so often, and to what purpose? That confessions were suggested to witches and wrung from them by torture, or that designing men seduced young girls or plundered wealthy persons, does not at all explain to an impartial judge a vast number of these compacts. I suspect that in many instances the witch-finders themselves were the disguised Satan.—*Translator.*

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who sets forth not only the Spirit, ascetic abnegation of sense, and heavenly salvation, but also faith. The devil does not believe, he does not rely blindly on foreign authority, he will rather rely on independent thought, he uses reason! This is of course something terrible, and the Roman Catholic Church has correctly condemned independent individual thought (*Selbstdenken*) as devilish, and declared that the devil as the representative of reason is the Father of Lies.

Nothing can be accurately asserted as to the devil's form. Some declare, as I have said, that he has none, and can show himself in any shape. This is probable. I find in the *Dæmonomagie* of Horst that he can even turn himself into a salad. A nun who was honourable enough, but who did not strictly observe all the rules of her order, and did not make the sign of the cross as often as she should, once ate a salad. And as soon as this was done she experienced sensations which were new to her, and not at all in accordance with her profession. She began to feel strangely of evenings when she sat in the light of the moon, and the flowers gave out their perfume, and the nightingales sang so softly and sighingly. Soon after she became acquainted with a delightful young man. And after they had become intimate he said to her, "Do you know who I am?" "No," replied the nun, startled. "I am the devil," he answered.

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"Dost thou not remember that salad? That salad was I."

Many declare that the devil always appears in the form of an animal, and that it is a mere illusion when we see him in any other. The devil has of course something cynical in him, and no one has so well illustrated this as our poet Wolfgang Goethe. Another German, who is as great in defects as in merits, yet who must still be ranked among poets of the first class, I mean Grabbe,[1] has portrayed the devil admirably in this respect, not forgetting the coldness of his nature. In one of the dramas of this genial author the devil comes to earth because his grandmother is scrubbing (*schruppt*) in hell. This is a fashion among us of cleaning rooms, by means of which a stone floor is covered with hot water and rubbed with a coarse cloth, whence results an unpleasant squeaky sound and lukewarm vapour which renders it impossible for a reasonable man to remain in the house; for which reason Satan must fly from his well-heated hell into the upper world, and here, though it is a hot day in July, the poor devil is almost frozen to death, and is only rescued by medical aid.

We have seen that the devil has a mother, many declare he has in reality only a grandmother. She too comes to the world above

[1] French version, M. Crabbe.

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whence may have come the saying, "Where the devil himself can do nothing he sends an old woman." But she is usually in hell, attending to the cooking, or sits in her red arm-chair, and when the devil, weary with his day's work done, comes home, he swallows in greedy haste what she has ready, then lays his head in her lap and falls asleep. At which time the old dame hums a song, which begins with these words:—

"In Thume in Thum,
Many roses bloom,
Roses red as blood."

Some say that when the poor child cannot sleep the good old dame lulls him to slumber by reading the *Berlin Evangelical Church Gazette.*

The housekeeper to the devil in hell, where he lives with his mother, forms the completest contrast with that of Christ in heaven. The latter also lives as a bachelor with His holy mother, the Queen of Heaven, and the angels are His familiars as devils are familiars to the other. The devil and his servants are all black, Christ and His angels are white. In the popular songs of the North, the White Christ is always mentioned. We usually call the devil Old Sooty, or the Prince of Darkness. To these two personalities the people have added two other figures, as immortal and as indestructible—Death and the Wandering

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Jew. The Middle Age has bequeathed to modern art these four types as colossal personifications of the Good, the Bad, of Destruction, and of Man. No one has so thoroughly grasped the spirit of the Wandering Jew, the mournful symbol of mankind, as Edgar Quinet, one of the greatest poets of France. We Germans, who lately translated his "Ahasuerus," were not a little astonished to find such a sublime conception in a Frenchman.

It may be that it is the mission of the French to set forth with the utmost accuracy the symbols of the Middle Age. They have long since left it, therefore they regard it with equanimity, and are able to appreciate its beauties with philosophic or artistic impartiality. We Germans, however, are still deep in the Middle Ages, we are still fighting its failing or falling representatives, therefore we cannot behold it with too great prepossession. We must, on the contrary, rather excite a partisan hatred, so that our spirit of destruction shall not be checked.

Ye French may admire and love chivalry. All that remains to you of it is charming chronicles and iron armour. You risk nothing by gratifying your imagination and satisfying your curiosity with it. But with us Germans the chronicle of the Middle Age is not yet closed, the last leaves are still wet with the blood of our relations and friends, and the brilliant armour protects the still

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living bodies of our executioners. Nothing hinders ye, O Frenchmen, from admiring old Gothic forms. For you the great cathedrals such as Notre Dame de Paris are naught save monuments of architecture and romanticism, for us they are the frightful fortresses of our foes. For you Satan and his hellish comrades are only poetical images, by us there are rascals and fools who labour unweariedly to re-establish philosophically the belief in a devil and an infernal witch-madness. That such a thing should take place in Munich is on the cards, but that in enlightened Wurtemberg one should attempt a vindication of the old witch-trials, and that a distinguished author, Justinus Kerner, should there have attempted to revive the belief in possession by spirits, is as disquieting as disgusting.[1]

Oh, ye black villains, and ye feeble-minded folk

[1] In reference to Kerner's *Seherinn von Prevorst.* Heine's outbursts of disgust at Kerner are very amusing, since both he and the worthy Suabian were equally delighted or "possessed" with elementary spirits, ghosts, goblins, gods in exile, and all the rest of the mediæval mythology, the only difference being that Kerner, as a very devout Christian, believed in it and tried to devote it to a moral purpose, while Heine amused himself with it. But it amounted in reality to quite the same in both cases, each according to his nature, it being a matter of seriously absorbing interest to both. Heine plays with superstition like a monkey with a mirror, but he is deeply fascinated with it all the same. Kerner looked into the mirror to see spirits.—*Translator.*

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of all colours—go on, perfect your work, heat the brain of the people with old superstitions, drive it on to the road of fanaticism! Ye yourselves will be some day its sacrifice, ye will not escape that which befell the unskilled enchanter who could not control the fiends which he had raised, and was by them torn to pieces.

Should the spirit of Revolution not succeed in arousing the German race by means of reason, it may be reserved for Folly to complete the great work. When the blood shall, boiling, once mount to its head, when it feels its heart beating anew, the people will not listen to the sing-song of Bavarian sham-saints, or the mystical gabble of Suabian sillies—its ear will only hear the great voice of *the man*.

Who is this man?

It is the man whom the German people await, the man who will finally give them prosperity and life, the one for whom it has so long yearned in its dreams. Why dost thou delay, thou whom the old men have foretold with such burning desire, thou whom the youth so impatiently await, thou who bearest as sceptre the magic wand of freedom, and the crown of the Kaiser without a cross!

But this is not the place for adjuration or exorcism, the more because it leads me from my theme. My business is to speak of simple tales, of that which is sung and told around the German

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stoves. And here I perceive that I have spoken but scantily of the spirits which dwell in mountains, or that I have said nothing of the Kyffhäuser, in which the Emperor Friedrich dwells. He is not, indeed, an elementary spirit, and it is of such only that I should treat. But the legend is too enchanting and charming. As often as I recall it my soul thrills with holy yearning and secret hope. There is most certainly something more than a mere fairy tale in the belief that the Emperor Frederick, the old Barbarossa, is not dead, but that he, when the priests beset him too sorely, took refuge with all his retainers in a mountain called the Kyffhäuser, which lies in Thuringia, not far from Nordhausen, where he will remain until he shall appear again in the world to make the German people happy. I have often passed it, and one beautiful winter night I there remained more than an hour, and cried all the time, "Come, Barbarossa, come!" and my heart burned like fire in my breast, and tears trickled down over my cheeks. But he did not come, the beloved Emperor Friedrich, and I could only embrace the rock in which he dwells.[1]

[1] It is worth noting that neither Justinus Kerner, nor his friends Jung-Stilling or Eschenmayer, ever suffered from spiritual possession or superstitious mania to such an extent as to cry aloud for an hour to a ghost at midnight, while weeping bitterly and hugging rocks.—*Translator.*

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A young shepherd who dwelt near was more fortunate. He pastured his sheep on the Kyffhäuser, and began to play on the bagpipe, and as he believed he had deserved a reward he cried aloud, "Kaiser Friedrich, I have played this little serenade."[1] It is said that the Emperor then came from the hill, and appearing to the herd, said, "God greet thee, youth! In whose honour hast thou played?" "In honour of the Kaiser Friedrich."

"Since that is so, then come with me,
By him rewarded thou shalt be."

"I dare not leave my sheep," was his reply. "Come with me; to thy sheep no harm will come."

The shepherd followed the Emperor, who led him by the hand to an opening in the hill. They came to an iron door, which opened, and they entered a great and magnificent hall, in which were many gentlemen and brave servants, who received them with great honour. Then the Emperor showed himself very kind, to the boy asking him what reward he would have. The shepherd replied "None at all." Then the Emperor said, "Go, and take as a reward one of the feet of my golden drinking-cup." The boy

[1] *Ständchen*, from *Stand*, a little song sung while standing.

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did as he was told, and was about to depart, but the Emperor showed him many marvellous weapons, armour, swords and rifles, and bade him tell people that he would with these weapons conquer the Holy Sepulchre.

The shepherd probably did not understand him. Barbarossa has quite other conquests than that of the Holy Sepulchre on his mind. Or was it that the shepherd, fearing lest he might be imprisoned for a demagogue, departed a little from the way of truth? It is not a tomb, the cold bed of a death that ancient Barbarossa will win, but a glorious home for the living, a warm realm of light and joy where he can gaily rule, the magic wand of freedom in his hand, and the Kaiser crown without a cross on his head.

As for the shepherd, so the story goes, he came safe and merrily forth from the mountain, and the next morning took the foot of the drinking-cup to a goldsmith, who, finding that it was of purest gold, gave him for it three hundred ducats.

And it is told of a peasant in the village of Reblingen that he saw the Emperor in Kyffhäuser and received from him a pleasant present. I know one thing, and that is, if my luck should ever lead me into this mountain, I would not ask the Emperor for gold cans or any such precious porringers, but if he chose to give me anything, I would ask him for his book *De Tribus Impos-*

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toribus.[1] I have sought for it in vain in the libraries, and I think its author, old Barbarossa, has certainly a copy in Kyffhäuser.

Many declare that the Emperor sits in his mountain by a stone table and sleeps, or makes plans by which to recover his kingdom. He always rocks his head to and fro, and blinks with his eyes. His beard flows down to the ground. He often stretches forth his hands as if in a dream, and seems as if he would grasp his sword and shield. It is said that when he shall return to earth again he will hang this shield on a dead tree, and that it will at once begin to bud and bloom, and then a happy time for Germany will begin. As for his sword, it will be borne before him by a peasant in a coarse frock, and with it all those people will be beheaded who are stupid enough to think themselves to be of better blood than a boor. But the old tellers of the tale add that no one knows exactly when and how all this will come to pass.

And it is further told that once when a shepherd was led by a dwarf into the Kyffhäuser, the Emperor rose and asked him if the ravens were still flying round the mountain. And when

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[1] A fabulous work, the three impostors being Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, of which one may read in D'Israeli and elsewhere. Spurious works by this title have more than once appeared.

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the shepherd answered "Yes," the Emperor cried, "Then I must sleep another hundred years!"

Certainly, and more's the pity, the ravens are still flying round the mountain—those ravens whom we know so well, and whose pious croaking is so familiar to our ears. But old age has weakened them, and there are good marksmen who know right well how to bring them down. Should the Emperor ever return to earth he will find in his way more than one raven with an arrow through its heart. And the old lord will smile and say that the marksman who hit it carried a good bow.[1]

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[1] The raven or crow transfixed by an arrow is the crest of the coat-of-arms of the name Leland, or of my own. I sincerely trust that *Bussli*, the first who bore it, did not acquire the right to do so by shooting a clergyman. In the *first* French version, Heine omits the last two paragraphs, and in their place pays the following graceful compliment to himself.

"I know one of these archers who now lives in Paris, and who knows how, even from that distance, to hit the crows which fly about the Kyffhäuser. When the Emperor returns to earth he will surely find on his way more than one raven slain by this archer's arrows. And the old Herr will say smiling that "that man carried a good bow."—*Translator.*

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II.

DOCTOR FAUST.

A Ballet-Poem.

WITH

CURIOUS INFORMATION AS TO DEVILS, WITCHES, AND THE ART OF POETRY.

1847.

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INTRODUCTION.

MR. LUMLEY, director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, requested me to write a ballet, and in accordance with his wish I composed the following poem. I called it *Doctor Faust ein Tanzpoem* ("Dr. Faust a Ballet-poem"). However, it was not brought on the stage, partly because during "the season" for which it was announced the unexampled success of the so-called Swedish Nightingale[1] made any other exhibition superfluous, and partly because the *maître de ballet* (stage-manager), hindering and delaying, inspired by the *esprit de corps de ballet*, interposed with every manifestation of ill-will. This stage-manager of the ballet regarded it as a dangerous innovation that a poet should compose the libretto of a ballet, because such works had hitherto been contributed by the dancing monkeys of his kind, in collaboration with some miserable literary hack. Poor Faust! poor wizard! In this manner must

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[1] Jenny Lind.

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thou renounce the honour of exhibiting thy black art before the great Victoria of England! Will it succeed any better for thee in thy native land? Should, contrary to all my expectation, any German stage display its good taste by producing my work, I beg the very praiseworthy management not to neglect on such occasion to send to the author the money due him to the care of the publishers, Hoffmann & Campe in Hamburg —that is, to me or to my legal heirs. I consider it a not superfluous remark that I, to secure my right of property in this ballet in France, have already published a French version of it, and sent the number of copies required by law to the proper places.[1]

When I had the pleasure of giving my manuscript to Mr. Lumley, and we discussed over a fragrant cup of tea the spirit of the legend of "Faust" and my treatment of it, the spirituel *impresario* requested me to note down the principal details of our conversation, in order that he might subsequently enrich with it the libretto which he proposed to distribute to the audience on the night when the ballet should be produced. In accordance with this friendly request, I wrote the letter to Lumley which I give, somewhat

[1] All of the preceding passage is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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abbreviated, at the end of this little work, since it may be of some interest to the German reader of these transitory pages.[1]

As regards the historical Faust, I have in this letter to Lumley said but little regarding the mythical character. Therefore I cannot refrain from here giving briefly, as regards the origin and development of this legend, a fable of Faust, the result of my investigations.[2]

It is not really the legend of Theophilus, seneschal of the Bishop of Adama in Sicily, but an old Anglo-Saxon dramatic form of it, which must be considered as the foundation of "Faust." In the still extant Platt Deutsch or Low German poem of Theophilus, there are old Saxon or Anglo-Saxon forms of speech, like petrified words or fossil phrases, which show that this poem is only an imitation of an older original, which was lost in the course of time. This Anglo-Saxon poem must still have existed not long before the invasion of England by the Norman French, since it was apparently imitated, and almost literally

[1] "Heine was so brilliant a conversationalist that no one could listen to him without wishing that he could preserve a written record of every word. He sparkled like a fountain, and among all the wits of Paris he was the wittiest." These were the words spoken to me by Ole Bull, who had often met Heine.

[2] All of these two passages, with the exception of the few introductory lines, is omitted in the French version.

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imitated, by the Troubadour Rutebœuf,[1] and was brought out in France as a *Mystère* on the stage. For those to whom the collection of Mommerque in which this mystery is printed is not accessible, I would say that the learned Mangin spoke in detail regarding it some seven years ago in the *Journal des Savants*. This mystery of the Troubadour Rutebœuf was used by the English poet Marlowe, when he wrote his "Faust." He had also the analogous legend of the German sorcerer Faust, according to the old "Faust" book, of which there was already an English translation, and put it into dramatic form, suggested by the French *Mystère*, which was also known in England. The work of Theophilus and the old *Volksbuch*, a popular story of Faust, were therefore the two sources from which the drama of Marlowe sprang. Its hero is, however, not a reckless rebel against heaven, who, led astray by a sorcerer, assigns his soul to the devil to gain earthly prosperity, but is finally saved by the grace of the mother of God, who brings the compact out of hell, as in Theophilus. The hero of the play is here a sorcerer himself, in whom, as in the "Faust" book, all the legends of earlier magicians are united, and whose masterpieces he produces before eminent person-

[1] For Troubadour read Trouveur. The Troubadours wrote in *Provençal.—Translator.*

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ages. This is done on Protestant ground, where the mother of God cannot appear, for which reason Faust is carried away by the devil without grace or pity.

The puppet-show theatre, which flourished in London in Shakespeare's time, and which at once seized on every piece which succeeded in the great establishments, must certainly have given a "Faust" according to Marlowe's pattern, either parodying it more or less seriously, adapting it to local requisitions, or, as often happened, taking it from the author himself, who worked it up to suit their public. This "Faust" of puppets came over from England to the Continent, travelled through the Netherlands, visited our country in its fairs, and, translated into coarse German jawing, and bull-horned with German Jack-pudding ingredients,[1] delighted the lower strata of German society. But however unlike the versions became in the course of time, especially from improvised

[1] "Und in derb deutscher Maulart übersetzt und mit deutschen Hanswurstiaden verballhornt." A charming sentence to translate! *Maulart*, mouth or jaw-fashion of speech. *Verballhornt*, literally improved in a stupid, useless manner. Hans Ballhorn was a schoolmaster or printer, who republished a primer as "revised and with additions" by him. There was in the book, on the last page, a picture of a cock, and the sole improvement of the work consisted in this, that Ballhorn had an egg depicted lying by the cock. Hence the saying, or word, *Verballhornen* or *Ballhornen*, to make worse by attempting to improve. The reader may find the whole story delightfully told (with the

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additions, the play remained substantially the same, and it was such a puppet-play which Wolfgang Goethe saw in a side-show at Strasburg which supplied our great poet with the form and material of his master-work. In the first fragment, or partial edition, of Goethe's "Faust," this is most perceptible, this has not the introduction taken from "Sakúntala," and the prologue imitated from Job; it does not as yet vary from the simple form of the puppet-play, and there is no essential motive in it which indicates any knowledge of the older original books of Spiess and Widman.

That is the genesis of the legend of "Faust," from the poem of Theophilus to that of Goethe, who raised it to its present popularity. Abraham begat Isaac, Isaac begat Jacob, but Jacob begat Judah, in whose hands the sceptre will eternally remain. In literature every son has a father, whom he certainly does not always know, or whom he would even fain deny.

HEINRICH HEINE.

(Written in Paris, October 1, 1851.)

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picture) in the *Jobsiade*. It seems to have escaped all the German commentators of this story that the cock with an egg by him was probably taken from an early book of wonders, or of miraculous natural history. When a cock laid an egg the latter was believed to hatch out a basilisk. Ballhorn did not even invent his improvement.—*Translator*.

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DOCTOR FAUST.

A Ballet-Poem.

Thou hast evoked me from the grave,
  All by thy magic will;
Brought me to life by passion's glow,
  And that glow thou canst not still.

Oh, press thy mouth unto my mouth,
  Divine is human breath;
I drink thy very soul from thee,
  Insatiable in death.

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ACT FIRST.

A STUDY, large and arched, in Gothic style. On the walls are shelves of books, here and there astrological and alchemistic implements (celestial and terrestrial globes, schemes of the planets, retorts and strangely-shaped glass vessels), anatomical preparations (skeletons of men and animals), and similar requisites of necromancy.

Midnight strikes. Doctor Faust sits reflecting in a high arm-chair by a table, on which are piled books and philosophical instruments. His dress is that of a German scholar of the sixteenth century. He rises at last and totters with unsteady steps to a book-case, where a great folio is fastened with a chain. He unlocks it and bears with difficulty the book (*Höllenzwang*, or the so-called "Hell-compulsion") to his table. In his demeanour and whole personality there is apparent a blending of helplessness and courage, of awkward schoolmasterly manners and arrogant professional pride. After lighting several candles and drawing magic circles on the ground with a sword, he opens the great book, and his demeanour indicates the

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mysterious awe of invocation. The study grows darker, there is thunder and lightning, and from the ground, which opens with a crackling, crashing sound, there rises a flaming red tiger. Faust does not manifest the least fear; he advances to the fiery beast with contempt, and seems to command it to depart at once. It sinks into the earth.

Faust begins anew his incantations, it again thunders and lightens terribly, and out of the opening earth darts a monstrous serpent, which, winding and twisting in the most terribly threatening manner, hisses out fire and flames. The Doctor also treats it with contempt; he shrugs his shoulders, laughs and mocks it because the spirit of hell cannot appear in a far more terrible form, so that at last the snake creeps back into the earth. Faust renews his incantations with greater zeal. Then the darkness disappears, the room is suddenly lit with countless candles, instead of thunder there is heard the most exquisite dancing-music, and out from the opening earth, as if from a basket of flowers, leaps a female ballet-dancer, dressed in the usual gauze and tricot costume, who capers about with the most frivolous pirouettes.

Faust seems to be at first astonished or somewhat displeased that the invoked devil Mephistopheles does not assume a more awful form than that of a ballet-dancer; but at last he seems to

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be pleased with this smiling, graceful apparition, and pays her a majestic compliment. Mephistopheles, or rather Mephistophela, as we are now to call the womanised devil, returns the compliment in parody, and dances round him in the usual coquettish fashion. She holds in her hand a magic wand, and all she touches with it in the room becomes changed in the most amusing manner without losing shape: thus the dark planetary forms light up from within; from the jars containing malformed creatures or abortions the most beautiful birds peep or fly; owls bear brilliant girandoles in their bills; from the walls come forth the most magnificent golden objects—Venetian mirrors, antique bas-reliefs, works of art; all chaotic and unearthly, yet gleaming magnificently—a tremendous arabesque. The beautiful demon seems to glide into friendly relation with Faust, yet he will not sign the parchment—the terrible compact—which she offers him. He requires that she shall call up the other powers of hell, and these princes of darkness appear accordingly. They are monsters in grotesquely horrible forms of beasts, fabulous blendings of what is scurrilous, or comic and frightful, most of them wearing crowns, and bearing sceptres in their claws. Faust is presented to them by Mephistophela, a ceremony in which the strictest court etiquette is observed. Waddling along with

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much attempt at formality, their majesties begin a clumsy dance; but as Mephistophela touches them with her wand, their ugly masks and garb fall off, and they are all changed into dainty ballet-dancers, who flutter about in gauze and tricot, with garlands of flowers. Faust amuses himself with this metamorphosis, yet does not seem to find among the pretty dancing devils one who quite pleases him. Mephistophela observing this again wields her wand, and in a large mirror, which appears by magic art upon the wall, there appears the form of a wonderfully beautiful woman in court dress, and with a ducal crown on her head. As soon as Faust beholds her he is carried away with admiration and rapture, and approaches the lovely form with every manifestation of desire and tenderness. But the lady in the looking-glass, who now acts as if living, repels him with the haughtiest turning up of her nose. He kneels before her, but she only redoubles her signs of contempt.

The poor Doctor turns his head with suppliant look towards Mephistophela, who only replies by roguishly shrugging her shoulders. Then she waves her magic wand. There rises from the ground, unto his hips, a hideous monkey, who at a sign from Mephistophela (who angrily shakes her head) disappears in an instant, and is succeeded by a beautiful graceful youth, a ballet-dancer, who

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executes the most commonplace *entrechats.* The dancer approaches the lady in the looking-glass, and while he with the most commonplace impertinence makes love to her, she smiles again to him in the most charmed and charming manner, stretches out her arms to him, and exhausts herself in tenderest manifestations. At this sight Faust is in rage and despair, but Mephistophela takes pity on him, and touches with her wand the handsome youth. He lets fall his fine garments, appears as the hideous ape, and sinks into the ground. Mephistophela again offers the parchment to Faust, who, without ado or delay, opens a vein in his arm, and with his blood signs the contract by which for earthly enjoyment he resigns all heavenly happiness. He casts away his serious and honourable doctor's dress, and puts on the sinful, gaily-coloured tinselled finery which the dancer has left lying on the ground. In this dressing, which he effects clumsily and comically, he is aided by the infernal *corps de ballet.*

Mephistophela now gives Faust a lesson in dancing, and shows him all the handy, or rather footy, tricks of the trade or game.[1] The awkwardness and stiffness of the sage, who attempts to

[1] "Zeigt ihm all Handgriffe oder vielmehr Fussgriffe des Metiers." The word *footy* in common American exactly conveys the idea of petty trifling, or clumsy tricks or devices. Another of Heine's "inimitable and untranslatable graces."—*Translator.*

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perform the dainty and graceful *pas* of his teacher, form the most amusing effects and contrasts. The diabolical chorus of dancing-girls will also give their aid, and every one attempts to show how this or that is to be done. One throws the poor Doctor into the arms of another, who waltzes round with him; he is pulled and hauled here and there, but by the power of love and of the magic wand, with which his rebellious limbs are constantly being touched, the pupil in choregraphy at last attains perfect dexterity. Then he dances a *pas de deux* with Mephistophela, and to the delight of all his devilish damsel fellow-artists, he flies about with her in the most marvellous figures. Having attained to this virtuosity he ventures to dance before the lovely lady of the looking-glass, who now responds to his pantomimic love-making with correspondingly passionate gestures. Faust thereon continues to dance with ever-increasing delirium, but Mephistophela tears him away from the mirror-form, who, touched by the magic wand, at once disappears, and the high-class dancing of the old-fashioned French classic school is resumed.

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ACT SECOND.

A LARGE space before a castle which is seen to the right. On the sloping terrace the Duke and his Duchess sit in high stately chairs, surrounded by their courtiers, knights, and ladies. The Duke is a stiff and formal elderly gentleman, his wife a young, voluptuous, and splendid beauty, the facsimile of the lady of the looking-glass in the first act. It is seen that she wears a *gold shoe* on her left foot.

The scene is splendidly decorated for a court festival. A pastoral play is acted in the most old-fashioned rococo style, shallow gracefulness and gallant innocence. This sweetly pretty Arcadian jigging is suddenly interrupted by the grand entrance of Faust and Mephistophela, who, in her dress as dancer, and with her troupe of diabolical ballerine makes triumphal appearance amid joyous trumpet peals. Faust and Mephistophela incline in bounding reverences before the ducal pair, but the former, as well as the Duchess, the more closely they regard one the other, are stirred as with delightful memories, and regard one another with

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mutually tender looks. The Duke seems to accept with peculiarly gracious acquiescence the courtesies of Mephistophela. In an impetuous *pas de deux* which the latter dances with Faust, both keep an eye on the ducal pair, and when the diabolical dancing-girls come and take their place, Mephistophela flirts with the Duke and Faust with the Duchess, the extreme passion of the latter being parodied by the ironic modesty with which Mephistophela repels the angular and starched gallantries of the Duke.

The Duke finally turns toward Faust and asks him to give a specimen of his magic art. He wishes to see King David as the latter danced before the Ark of the Covenant. In obedience to this august command, Faust takes the magic wand from Mephistophela, waves it in invocation, and the group called for appear. First comes the Ark drawn by Levites; King David dances before it with the delight of a buffoon, and oddly dressed, like a king of cards; while behind the holy ark, with spears in their hands, see-sawing about, hop the king's life-guards, dressed like Polish Jews, in long flapping black silk caftans, and with tall fur caps on their nodding heads, with pointed beards. After these caricatures have made the round of the stage, they sink into the earth amid stormy applause.[1]

[1] Probably not from the audience. One can imagine how such a travesty of Scripture would have been received by Her

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Faust and Mephistophela again leap forth in a brilliant *pas de deux*, in which one looks at the Duchess and the other at the Duke with such amorous piquancy that the illustrious pair can no longer resist, and, leaving their seats, join the dance. This is followed by a dramatic quadrille in which Faust attempts more earnestly than ever to entrap the Duchess. He has discovered a *Teufelsmal*, or the sign of a witch, on her neck, and as this reveals that she is a sorceress, he appoints a rendezvous with her at the next Sabbat. She is alarmed and denies it, but Faust points at her golden shoe, which is a sure sign that she is the *Domina* or chief mistress of Satan. With a bashful air she grants the rendezvous. The Duke and Mephistophela renew their affected love-scene, and the demon dancers take the place of the quartette, which gradually disappears behind them.

At the renewed request of the Duke to give another specimen of his magic art, Faust grasps the wand, and touches with it the whirling dancers. They change in an instant into the monsters of the first scene, and, instead of gracefully circling,

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Majesty, the public, and press in London, in 1851. Even Micah, the daughter of Saul, was scandalised at this dance, and despised David in her heart for such "dancing and playing," which was perhaps in Heine's mind. According to Rabbi David Kimchi, this dance of King David was called *Chagag*, and it was performed to the accompaniment of the 41st Psalm.

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go tumbling and stumbling among and on one another in the clumsiest manner, and amidst sputtering fires sink into the earth. Roaring applause, for which Faust and Mephistophela bow in thanks to the nobility and honourable public.

After each of these exhibitions of magic the gaiety increases, the four chief personages rush again to the dancing-place, and in the quadrille, which is renewed, passion becomes bolder and bolder. Faust kneels before the Duchess, who, in not less compromising action, admits her love; the Duke, having pulled away by force the laughing Mephistophela, kneels before her like a lustful faun. But as he by chance turns round and sees his wife and Faust in such a compromising attitude, he jumps up in a rage, draws his sword, and will stab the insolent conjurer. Faust grasps his magic wand and taps the Duke on the head, from which spring two immense stag's horns, by the ends of which the Duchess holds him back. A general tumult among the courtiers, who attack Faust and Mephistophela. But as Faust waves his wand there is a warlike peal of trumpets, and from the back advances a procession of fully armoured knights. While the courtiers turn as if to defend themselves, Faust and Mephistophela fly through the air on two black steeds. At the same instant the knights vanish like a phantasmagoria.

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ACT THIRD.

NOCTURNAL meeting-place of the witch Sabbat. A broad plain on the summit of a mountain. Trees on either side, on whose branches hang strangely formed lamps, which illuminate the scene. In the midst is a stone pedestal or block, like an altar, on which stands a black goat with a black human face, and a burning candle between the horns. In the background rise, one above the other, the tops of mountains, as in an amphitheatre, on whose colossal steps sit as spectators the notabilities of the Under-world—that is, those princes of hell whom we have seen in the previous acts, and who now appear giant-like. On the trees right and left sit musicians with faces like birds, holding eccentric stringed and wind instruments. The scene is animated with groups of dancers, whose dresses recall the most different lands and ages, so that the whole assembly seems like a masked ball, the more so because many are really masked and mummed. But however baroque, bizarre, and startling many

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of these forms may be, they should not conflict with a sense of beauty, and the ugly impressions of caricatured creatures is softened or extinguished by fairy-like splendour and positive horror.[1] Before the goat's altar a man and woman walk up and down, each bearing a black candle; they bow before the back-side of the goat, kneel down, and pay it the homage of a kiss. Meanwhile new guests come riding through the air on brooms, pitchforks, great spoons, or on wolves and cats. These arrivals find their lovers or sweethearts awaiting them. After a most joyful welcome they mix with the dancing groups. Also her Highness the Duchess comes flying on an immense bat; she is as devoid of clothing as is possible, and wears on her left foot the golden shoe. She appears to seek with impatience for some one. Finally she beholds the desired one, or Faust, who comes with Mephistophela on a black horse to the festival. He wears splendid knightly clothing, and his companion is modestly clad in the tight-fitting Amazone of a noble German lady.

[1] A nice, easy little direction for an average property-man, or even manager, to work up. The kiss described in the next sentence would indeed have caused a sensation in Her Majesty's Theatre. It will occur to the reader that there were other things besides the rivalry of Jenny Lind, or the jealousy of the *maître de ballet*, which prevented the production of Faust!—*Translator.*

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Faust and the Duchess rush into each other's arms, and their attachment shows itself in the most impassioned dancing. Mephistophela has meantime also found her expected sweetheart—a dry and slender gentleman in a black Spanish cloak, and with a blood-red cock's feather. But while Faust and the Duchess dance through all the steps of a progressive, passionate, wild love, the *duo* of Mephistophela and her partner is, as contrast, only the vulgar sensual expression of gallantry, or of the desire which makes sport of itself. All the four at last take black candles and pay homage to the goat in the manner already described, and end with a grand round, in which the whole assembly whirl about the altar. What is peculiar in the dance is this, that the performers turn their backs on one another, and do not see one another's faces, which are turned away.[1]

Faust and the Duchess escaping from the round dance, having attained the acme of passionate love, disappear behind the trees to the right hand. The round dance ends. New guests come before

[1] "At the Sabbat the devils danced with the most beautiful witches, in the form of a he-goat. They generally dance in a round, back to back." Some writers rather simply declare this was done that the dancers, not seeing one another's faces, might not incur mutual recognition in ordinary life. De Lancre, *Tractat. de Magia*, cited in "Gypsy Sorcery," by C. G. Leland, chap. x. p. 159. The witches had three kinds of dances, one of which was probably the polka.—*Translator.*

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the altar and renew the adoration of the he-goat; among them are crowned heads, even the high dignitaries of the Church in their pontifical gear.

Meanwhile many monks and nuns appear in the front ground, whose extravagant polka-leaps delight the demons on the hills around, who applaud with their long stretched-out claws. Faust and the Duchess reappear, but all his expression is changed, and he turns with disgust from the woman who, with her hair flowing, pursues him with her voluptuous caresses. He shows her in most unmistakable manner that he feels satiety and aversion. In vain she throws herself imploringly before him, he repels her with disgust. At this instant three negroes, clad in tabards of gold on which black goats are embroidered, come forward, ordering the Duchess to appear at once before her lord and master Satan, and the lady resisting is dragged away by force. In the background the goat is then seen to descend from his pedestal and, after making several very singular signs of courtesy, dances with her a minuet, in slow and ceremonious step. The countenance of the goat expresses the misery of a fallen angel and the profound ennui of a blasé prince, that of the Duchess desperate despair. The dance at an end the goat resumes his place on the pedestal, and the ladies who have been looking on approach the Duchess with courtesies and reverences,

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and then take her away. Faust meanwhile stands in the foreground, and while looking at the minuet Mephistophela appears by his side. Faust points at the Duchess with disgust and dislike, and seems to relate something horrible.[1] He specially manifests his aversion for all the grotesque absurdities which he sees around, and all this Gothic rubbish, which only amounts to a stupid and despicable burlesque of ecclesiastical asceticism, and which is as disagreeable to him as the latter. He feels an infinite yearning for the purely beautiful, for Greek harmony, for the unselfish and noble forms of the Homeric world of spring. Mephistophela understands him, and touching the ground with her magic staff the image of Helen of Sparta rises and at once disappears. This it was which the learned Doctor, with his heart yearning for the antique, had always desired. He manifests the greatest inspiration, and at a sign from Mephistophela the magical steeds again appear, on which both fly away.

At this instant the Duchess comes on the scene, sees Mephistophela and her lover disappearing, and falls fainting in despair to the ground. Eccentric monsters then raise and carry her round about as if in triumph, with laughter and coarse tricks.

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[1] Suggested by "the red mouse" which sprung from her mouth.

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A renewal of the infernal round dance, which is interrupted all at once by the shrill ringing of a handbell and a choral of an organ, which is a wild sacrilegious parody of church-music. All press up to the altar, where the goat flames up crackling and burns away. After the curtain has fallen the grotesque and horrible sounds of the Satan's mass are still heard.[1]

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[1] Heine omits the important part of the ceremony, the gathering of the ashes of the goat. According to Bodinus, (*Dæmonomagia*, lib. 2, cap. 4), the devil, as a goat, or rather as a black satyr, after dancing and singing with all the witches holding burning candles in their hands—"und in den Hindern geküsst haben"—suddenly burnt himself up in a flame, and the witches gathered up his ashes, wherewith to destroy the cattle or flocks of people, or cause other evil. And then came a loud and terrible cry from the devil of, *Revenge yourselves or ye shall die!* And when this was done every one found himself by the help of the devil at home again.—*Translator.*

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ACT FOURTH.

AN island in the Archipelago. To the left a view of the sea, of a pure emerald hue, contrasting charmingly with the turquoise blue of the sky, whose sunny daylight shines over an ideal landscape. Vegetation and Greek architecture as beautiful as once were dreamed by the poet of the Odyssey. Pines, laurel-bushes in whose shadows white statues repose, great marble vases with fabulous plants, trees wound with garlands of flowers, crystal waterfalls. To the right side a temple to Venus Aphrodite—whose statue gleams from among the pillars—all animated with a race of men in the prime of beauty, youths in white festival garments; girls in lightly-girded dresses of nymphs, their heads crowned with roses or myrtle. Some amuse themselves in groups, others are engaged in religious ceremonies about the temple of the goddess. Everything breathes Greek joyousness, the ambrosial peace of the gods and classic repose. Nothing recalls the cloudy past, the mystical thrills of rapture and of agony, the supernatural ecstasy of a spirit which

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emancipates itself from the body. Here all is real, plastic happiness, without retrospective melancholy or any foreboding empty yearning. The Queen of this island is Helena of Sparta, the most beautiful woman in poetry, and she dances as the leader of the ladies of her court before the temple of Venus. The dance and the attitudes are in keeping with the surroundings, all in measure chaste and solemn.

All at once Faust and Mephistophela break into this world, flying on their black steeds through the air. They seem to be suddenly freed from the gloomy pressure of a nightmare, from a horrible illness or a sad lunacy, and both are revived, and refresh themselves by this sight of the primevally beautiful and the truly noble. The Queen and her train dance hospitably toward them, offer them food and drink in richly embossed plate, and invite them to dwell in their peaceful, fortunate island. Faust and his companion accept the invitation by a joyous dance, and all forming a festive procession seek the temple of Venus, where Faust and Mephistophela exchange their romantic mediæval garb for superb yet simple Greek dresses. Returning with Helen to the front scene, they execute a mythologic dance of three.

Faust and Helena at last seat themselves on a throne at the right hand, while Mephistophela,

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seizing a thyrsus and a tambourine, leaps about as a bacchante in wild attitudes. The maidens of Helena, seized with inspiration, tear the roses and myrtles from their heads, wind vine leaves into their loosened locks, and with flowing hair and swinging thyrses dance excitedly as Bacchantæ. Then the young men, arming themselves with shield and spear, take the place of the damsels, and dance in mock battle one of those warlike pantomimes which are so genially described by early authors.

Into this heroic pastoral there may be introduced an antique humorous byplay—that is, a swarm of Cupids riding on swans, who also begin with bows and spears a battle-dance. But this beautiful scene is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess, who comes sweeping through the air on her enormous bat, and advances like a fury before the throne on which Faust and Helena are seated. The frightened Cupids leap hastily on their swans and fly away. The enraged Duchess appears to reproach Faust like a fury, and threatens Helena. Mephistophela, who regards the whole scene with malicious delight, begins anew the Bacchantic dance, in which the maids of the Queen also join, so that this joyous chorus contrasts mockingly with the rage of the Duchess. The latter can at last no longer contain her rage, she whirls the magic wand, and seems

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to accompany the action with the most terrible invocations. Then the heaven grows dark, there is thunder and lightning, the sea rises roaring and storming, and there is on the whole island a terrible change in persons and things. All seems struck by death. The trees stand leafless and barren, the temple falls into a ruin, the statues lie broken on the ground. Queen Helena sits as a dried-up corpse, almost a skeleton, in a white shroud by Faust's side; the dancing maidens are also only bony spectres, wrapped in white garments which, hanging over the head, only reach to their withered hips. These are the Lamias who are thus represented, and in this form they continue their gay dancing in the round as if nothing had taken place, nor do they appear to have observed any change. Then Faust, furious at seeing all his happiness wrecked by the revenge of a jealous sorceress, darts from the throne with drawn sword, and plunges it into the breast of the Duchess.

Mephistophela has meantime brought the two magic steeds. She anxiously urges Faust to mount one, and they ride away through the air. The sea continues to rise, it gradually covers men and monuments, only the dancing Lamias[1] seem to

[1] These are called in the German version *Lamiæ*, but in the French *Lemures*, which are a very different class of beings, as Heine should have known. The Lamia was a serpent spirit which often appeared as a beautiful woman, seeking to seduce, or even

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take no notice of it, and they continue to dance to the merry sound of tambourines, till the waves reach their heads, and the whole island sinks. Far above the storm-lashed sea, high in the air, Faust and Mephistophela are seen careering away on their black steeds.

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devour, young men. She was the incarnation of the witch in a deceptive and attractive form. The Lemures were ghosts, spectres, or nightly haunting shades in grotesque shapes, and had in them a great deal of the repulsive bugbear, which forms no part of the smiling, deceptive Lamia. As an illustration of the latter, we have the story told of Apollonius and his pupil, so beautifully poetised by Keats. Of the Lemures there is another narrated by Cardanus (*De Subtilitate*), how a poor man was followed by a spectre, which threw him down, rolled him over, and frightened him so that he—*octo diebus periit*—died in eight days. In the Romagna Toscana, *Lemuri* are to this day *i spiriti dei campo santi*, "graveyard spirits," or ghosts. Wierus, in his work *De Lamiis*, treats them (the Lamiæ) as witches. Neither Lamia nor Lemures occur as "bony spectres;" the latter are, however, frequently preternaturally long and thin. (*Vide* Gerhard's *Abbildungen*, Berlin, 1868, and similar works.)—*Translator.*

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ACT FIFTH.

A GREAT open space before a cathedral, whose Gothic door is seen in the background. On either side neatly trimmed lime trees, under which sit, eating and drinking, citizen folk dressed in the Netherlands style of the sixteenth century. Not far off, men with cross-bows, who in turn shoot at a bird on a pole. All about are amusements, as at a fair—booths, musicians, puppet-shows, jack-puddings, leaping, and merry groups. In the middle a turfed place, where the better class are dancing.

The bird is at last shot down, and the victor, who is a great beer brewer, has his triumphal procession as archer-king, with an immense crown on his head, on which are many bells. On his back and before him are sheet-gold shields, with which he walks about proudly ringing and rattling. Before him march drummers and fifers, with a standard-bearer, a bandy-legged dwarf, who acts comically with an immense flag. The archer-procession follows gravely behind.

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Before the fat burgomaster and his not less corpulent spouse, who sit with their daughter under the lime-tree, the flag is waved, and all passing bow in salutation. The burgomaster and wife return the compliment, and their daughter, a beautiful girl with blonde hair of the Flemish type, offers the cup of honour to the king of the cross-bow men.

Trumpet peals are heard, and the wise and learned Doctor Faust, in the scarlet and gold embroidered costume of a mountebank, appears on a high car adorned with foliage. Mephistophela, who goes before the vehicle leading the horses, is also dressed in a "loud," highly-coloured costume, as for one who cries in the market-place, extravagantly set off with ribbons and feathers. She bears a great trumpet, on which she sounds flourishes now and then, while she dances an attractive *réclame* to the mob.[1] The people crowd round the waggon where the itinerant wonderful doctor sells all kinds of draughts and mixtures. Some bring him large flasks of water to examine. He draws the teeth of others. He works visible cures on crippled invalids, who leave him sound and well, dancing for joy. At last he leaves the car, which is driven away, and distributes his

[1] *Réclame*, an advertisement, catch or gag, editorial puff, or anything to attract and draw attention to an object.—*Translator.*

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phials containing a fluid, a few drops of which cure every ill, and excite in the taker an irresistible desire to dance. The king of the marksmen having tasted it, experiences its magic power; he seizes Mephistophela, and hops with her a *pas de deux*. The drink has the same effect on the old burgomaster and his wife, and both hobble in an antiquated dance.

While all the public whirls in a mad waltz Faust has approached the burgomaster's daughter, and, enchanted by her unaffected naturalness, modesty, and beauty, declared his love, and with melancholy, and almost modest gestures, pointing to the church, begs for her hand. He renews his request to her parents, who sit gasping for breath on a bench. They are contented with the proposal, and the naïve beauty at last yields a modest assent. She is with Faust crowned with flowers, and they dance, as bride and bridegroom, a sober *bourgeois* nuptial round. The Doctor has found at last in a modest, sweet, and quiet life the domestic felicity which contents the soul. The doubt and extravagant and visionary raptures of suffering of a proud soul are forgotten, and he beams with inner happiness like the gilded cock on a church-spire.

The bridal train is formed in becoming style, and it is on the way to church, when Mephis-

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tophela suddenly steps in the way, and with mocking laughter and gestures tears Faust from his idyllic sentiments, and seems to command him to instantly depart with her. Faust, in a rage, refuses, and the bystanders are startled at the scene. But far greater terror overcomes them when suddenly, at the invocation of Mephistophela, a midnight darkness and a terrible storm covers all. They fly in terror to the church near by, where a bell begins to toll, and the organ to peal—a sound suggesting religion and piety, which contrasts with the flashing and thundering infernal horrors of the stage. Faust, who would fain fly with the rest into the church for refuge, is kept back by a great black hand rising from the earth, while Mephistophela with bitter mockery draws from her bodice the parchment which Faust once signed with his blood, showing him that the time of the contract has expired, and that he now belongs, body and soul, to hell. He uses every argument in vain, and in vain has recourse to wailing and prayers for mercy—the female fiend dances round him with every grimace of scorn and mockery. The ground opens, and there come forth the horrible princes of hell, the crowned and sceptred monsters. In a round of rejoicing they also mock Faust, till Mephistophela, who has transformed herself into a horrible serpent, winds

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about and strangles him. The whole group sinks amid roaring flames into the earth, while the peal of the church-bells and the loud-ringing sound of the organ from the church, call pious Christian souls to prayer.

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COMMENTS ON FAUST.

TO

LUMLEY, ESQ^RE.

Director of the Theatre of Her Majesty the Queen.[1]

DEAR SIR,—I experienced a hesitation or fear which is readily intelligible when I reflected that I had chosen for my ballet a subject which our great Wolfgang Goethe had already employed in his masterpiece. And if it was dangerous even with equal means of representation to strive with such a poet, how much more terribly perilous must the undertaking be when one provokes the combat with unequal weapons. In truth, Wolfgang Goethe had, to express his thoughts, the whole arsenal of the arts of speech; he was master of all the coffers of the treasury of the German language, which is so rich in minted

[1] This is the original dedication by Heine himself in English.

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thought-words of deep meaning, and ancient native sounds of the world of feeling, or magic formulas which, long vanished from life, still ring as echoes in the rhymes of Goethe's poems, and thrill so marvellously in our imagination. And how scant and poor are the means with which I, poor as I am, can express what I think and feel. I can work only with a slender libretto in which I must indicate as concisely as possible how male and female dancers are to act and make signs, and how I think the music and *mise en scène* should be arranged. Yet despite this I have dared to poetise a Doctor Faust in the form of a ballet, rivalling the great Wolfgang Goethe, who had before me taken all the freshness from the subject, and who to execute it could devote to it a long blooming life, like that of the gods, while to me, the afflicted invalid, only four weeks were allowed by you, my honoured friend, in which to finish my work.[1]

I could not go beyond the bounds prescribed, but within them I have done what a man with good heart and will may,[2] and I have at least aimed at one excellence of which Goethe certainly cannot boast. What we entirely miss in his Faust-poem is fidelity to the original legend, a pious

[1] The concluding lines of this sentence are omitted from the French version.

[2] "Was ein braver mann zu leisten vermag."

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respect for its inner soul, a reverence which the sceptic of the eighteenth century (and such Goethe was to the end of his life) could neither feel nor understand.[1] In this respect he was guilty of a certain arbitrary or original treatment, which was culpable from an æsthetic point, and which finally revenged itself on the poet. Yes, the faults of the poem came from this offence, since, in

[1] These passages for naïveté, vanity, and error, are probably without a parallel in modern literature. Heine reproaches Goethe for departing from the original tradition, to which the answer is, "What was the *original* tradition?" Is it that which preceded the authentic John Faust, or the collection of tales from many sources which gathered about his name after his death? And does not Heine, by converting Mephistopheles into a girl, and the whole tale into a French ballet, and in adding a hundred minor original modern details, depart by commission and omission utterly from the spirit of the old traditions in his work? In all this our author reminds me of a very apropos incident. An artist had won a prize of £200 at a competition for a picture of Faust in his studio. As he had represented Faust as a very aged and decrepid man, I objected to it that it was not in accordance with the original text (meaning that of Goethe), in which the hero is set forth as being of vigorous middle age. To which the artist protested that he had very carefully followed the original. Whereupon a lady who was present went into the adjoining library, and bringing thence "Faust" in two full-sized bound volumes, asked the painter to point out his authority; to which he, aghast, replied, "Why, I did not know that 'Faust' was so big a book as *that!*" Investigation revealed the fact that he had never heard of Goethe, and that the only "Faust" known to him was the libretto of the opera by that name. Heine's "original text" and its adaptation to the stage is very suggestive of this picture.—*Translator.*

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departing from the reverent symmetry according to which the legend lived in German popular familiarity with it, he could not execute the work according to the newly-conceived plan based on incredulity; it was, in fact, never finished, unless we consider that lame or crippled second part of "Faust" which appeared forty years later as the completion of the whole poem. In this second part Goethe frees Faust the necromancer from the fangs of the devil; he does not send him to hell, but permits him to enter heaven in triumph, accompanied by dancing angels and Catholic cupids, and the terrible compact with Satan, which caused such hair-on-end horror to our ancestors, ends like a frivolous farce—I had almost said like a ballet.[1]

My ballet contains what is most important in the old legends of Doctor Faustus, and in combining their principal motives to a dramatic whole, I adhered conscientiously to the existing traditions as I found them in the popular chap-books, as they are sold in our market-places, and in puppet-shows as I saw them played in my youth.

[1] Heine here advances the *one* great point in which he considers that his ballet excels the poem by Goethe, *i.e.*, that Goethe departs from the tradition by the salvation of Faust's soul. And yet Heine himself has told us a few pages back, in the introduction, that in the old Saxon-Norman "original legend" Faust is finally saved by the grace of the Mother of God. In fact it was Goethe, and not Heine, who was true to the *original* legend.—*Translator.*

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The *Volksbücher*, or popular works referred to, are not by any means in accordance. Most of them have been patched together, as the compiler pleased, from two much older and greater works on Faust, which, with the so-called *Höllenzwang*, are to be regarded as the chief sources of the legends. These works are in this relation too important to be passed over without special mention. The oldest of them was published in Frankfort in 1587 by Johann Spiess, who appears to have not only printed, but also to have written it, although in a dedication to his patrons he says that he received the MS. from a friend, a native of Speier. This old Frankfort Faust-book is far more poetic, profound, and with a deeper significance of symbolism than the second work on the same subject, written by George Rudolph Widman, and published in 1599, in Hamburg. The latter, however, became far more popular, perhaps because it is diluted with sermon-like remarks and grave erudition. By it the better book was crowded out of sight and sunk into oblivion. The third source of the Faust legend is to be found in the so-called *Höllenzwang*—"hell-compulsions"[1]—which are written partly in Latin, partly in German, and which are attributed to Doctor Faust himself. They differ very oddly one from the other, and

[1] French version, *Clef des Enfers*.

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circulate under different titles. The most famous of them is the *Meergeist*, the Spirit of the Sea—the very name of which was whispered with trembling. The manuscript was long kept in a convent with chain and key. But by some bold indiscretion it was published by Holbek in the Kohlsteg in Amsterdam in 1692.

The popular works which were drawn from these sources also contributed to another remarkable book on Doctor Faust's servant, Christopher Wagner, who was also skilled in magic, and whose adventures and jests were frequently attributed to his celebrated master. Its author, who published his work in 1594, declared it was from a Spanish original, and called himself Tholeth Schotus. If it was really from the Spanish, which I doubt, there is here an indication by which the remarkable resemblance of the legend of "Faust" to that of "Don Juan" may be explained.

But did a Faust really ever exist? As with many other workers of miracles, he has been declared to be a mere myth; in fact, it went even worse with him, for the unfortunate Poles have claimed him for a fellow-countryman, declaring that he is known to them to this day under the name of Twardowski. It is true that, according to the most recent researches as to Faust, he studied magic at the University of Cracow, where

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it was publicly taught as one of the liberal arts, and that the Poles were then great conjurers, which they certainly are not to-day. But our Doctor Faust is of such a fundamentally honest nature, so yearning for the true inwardness of all things, and so learned, even in sensuality itself, that he must be either a fable or a German. But there is no reason to doubt of his existence; the most creditable authorities attest it: for example, Johannes Wierus, who wrote the celebrated book on witchcraft; then Philip Melancthon, the brother-in-arms of Luther, as well as the Abbot Tritheim, who was also addicted to mysteries, and who, by the way, perhaps decried Faust out of professional jealousy, and so represented him as a juggler of the market-place and fair. According to the witness of Wierus and Melancthon, Faust was born at Kündlingen, a little town in Suabia, and I may here remark that the above-mentioned principal authorities differed as to his birthplace. According to the older Frankfurt version, he was born as a peasant's son at Rod, near Weimar. In the Hamburg version by Widman, we are, however, told that "Faust was born in the County Anhalt, and his parents dwelt in the Mark of Soltwedel; they were pious peasants."

In a memoir of the admirable and honourable tapeworm doctor, Calmonius, with which I am now occupied, I have an opportunity to fully prove

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that the real historical Faust is no other than that Sabellicus whom the Abbot Tritheim sketched as a mountebank and arch-rogue, who had abandoned God and the world. The circumstance that he named himself Faustus junior on a visiting-card which he sent to Tritheim, induced the error that there was an elder magician who bore this name. But the word junior here means that Faust had a father or elder brother still living, who was so-called, which is a matter of no importance to us. Quite different would it be should I give our Calmonius of to-day such a title, since I should then connect him with an elder Calmonius, who lived in the middle of the last century, and who was by the way a great braggart and liar; as, for instance, when he boasted that he enjoyed the intimate friendship of Friedrich the Great, and often related how the King with all his army marched past his house, and stopping before the window, called aloud to him "*Adies*, Calmonius; I am going to the Seven Years' War, and I hope to see you again all well!"[1]

It is a widely-spread popular error that our magician is the same Faust who discovered the art of printing,[2] and it is expressive and deeply

[1] All of this preceding passage is omitted in the French version.

[2] Heine had not discovered this when he wrote that passage n Germany, in which he identifies Faust the magician with Faust the printer in the most innocent manner.—*Translator.*

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significant. The multitude identified the two, because they surmised that the intellectual direction which the black-artist represented had found in printing its most terrible means of extension, and a union was thereby effected between the two. That intellectual direction is, however, Thought itself in opposition to the blind *credo* of the Middle Age; to belief in all authorities of heaven and earth; to a belief in recompense there for abstinence here, as the Church teaches the charcoal-burner who kneels before it. Faust begins to think; his godless reason rises against the holy faith of his fathers; he will no longer grope in darkness and idle about in want. He longs for knowledge, worldly power, earthly joys. He will know, have power and pleasure, and —to employ the symbolic language of the Middle Age—he falls off from God, renounces his heavenly happiness, and worships Satan and his earthly glory. This revolt and its doctrine were so mightily and magically aided by the art of printing, that in the course of time it inspired not only highly advanced and cultured minds, but whole masses of the people. Perhaps the legend of "Faust" exerts a mysterious charm on our contemporaries, because they here see so naïvely and comprehensively set forth the battle which we ourselves now fight, the modern strife between religion and science, between authority

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and reason, between faith and thought, between humble renunciation or submission to sorrow and daring luxury—a fight to the death, the end whereof will perhaps be that the devil will take us all, as he did the poor Doctor born of the Barony of Anhalt, or of Kundlingen in Suabia.

Yes, our black-artist in the legend oft appears as one with the first printer.[1] This is specially the case in the puppet-plays, where we always find Faust in Mainz, while the popular chap-books invariably indicate Wittenberg as his abode. And it is very remarkable that Wittenberg, the home of Faust, was also the birthplace and laboratory of Protestantism.

The puppet-plays which I have mentioned were never printed, and it was only very recently that one of my friends published the manuscript text of such a work.[2] This friend is Karl Simrock,

[1] It is generally believed that the term "printer's devil" is derived from the story of Faust, this person being the general attendant or Mephistopheles of the "typos." The terms "chapel," "monk," "friar," and "hell," all date from the fifteenth century.—*Translator.*

[2] This was written in 1847. Heine does not seem to have been aware that August Zoller in his *Bilder aus Schwaben* had long previously published a description with most of the text of a puppet-show of Faust, which the author witnessed as given by a troupe of wandering gypsies. A translation of it may be found in my work on Gypsy Sorcery (pp. 247, 248), London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1891. Zoller's book was published at Stuttgart in 1834.—*Translator.*

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who attended with me, at the University of Bonn, the lectures of Schlegel on German archæology and metres, and also measured out[1] with me many a good pint of Rhine wine, and so to a degree perfected himself in the auxiliary studies which subsequently aided him when publishing the old puppet-play. He restored the missing passages with tact and genius, selecting from such variations as were available, while the treatment of comic characters shows that he had made deep study of the German Jack-puddings or clowns—probably in the lecture of August Wilhelm Schlegel in Bonn. How admirable is the beginning of the play where Faust sits alone in his study among his books and repeats this soliloquy :—

"And I have brought it now so far in learning,
That everybody laughs when me discerning ;
All books I have read over again and over,
And yet the stone of Wisdom I can by no means discover.
Jurisprudence and Medicine are of no use to me,
There is no healing now—unless in Sorcery.

[1] *Ausstechen*, to prick, mark, or cut out a pattern. Also a play on *Auszechen*, to empty by drinking. Karl Simrock subsequently became known by his translation of the *Nibelungenlied*, his Rhine legends in ballad form, and many other valuable works. As both Heine and Simrock were passionately devoted to the same studies, the mutual influence exerted by the two friends was doubtless very great.—*Translator*.

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The study of Theology did not avail a whit,
Who'll pay me for the nights which I wasted over it?
In this my only coat the rents are gaping wide,
And from my creditors I know not where to hide.
The hidden depths of hell perhaps may help me more,
That I the hidden depths of Nature may explore;
But to call up its spirits by citation
I must in magic get some further information."

The scene which follows contains several highly poetic and deeply moving motives, which would be well worthy of far greater tragic poems, and have indeed been taken from such. These are, firstly, the "Faust" of Marlowe, a genial masterpiece, which the puppet-plays imitate not only as regards plot but also in form. Marlowe's "Faust" may have served for model to other English poets of his time as regards treatment of material, and passages from such pieces have in fact passed into the puppet-plays. Such English Faust-comedies were probably at a later period translated into German and acted by the so-called English comedians,[1] who also performed the best Shake-

[1] "Von den so-gennanten englischen Komödianten." This is given in the French version simply as "par les trompes ambulantes." It involves a great error. These "so-called" English actors were really of English birth, and they went over to Germany in what were certainly astonishingly great numbers, as Dr. Bell, who made much research on the subject in German records, shows in his "Puck." Dr. Bell conjectures that Shakespeare was for a long time in Germany, acting in such

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spearean works on German stages. Only the names of the plays of these English companies have been kept; the dramas themselves, which were never printed, have now perished, unless they possibly are preserved by some minor theatre, or in strolling companies of the lowest class. I myself remember to have seen the life of Faust twice played by such art-vagabonds, and not as worked up by modern poets, but probably from fragments of old and long-perished plays.[1] The first of these I saw twenty-five years ago, in a corner theatre on the so-called Hamburger Berge, between Hamburg and Altona. I remember that the devils who were summoned were all deeply disguised in grey sheets or shrouds. To Faust's question, "Are ye men or women?" they replied,

a troupe, and he cites many passages from his plays to prove it, some of which are very ingenious, while many are unfortunately so far-fetched that his arguments have not received the attention which they perhaps deserve. It is possible that a scrutiny of German town-archives may bring to light more information in the form of licenses issued to such English players, and possibly the names of many of them.—*Translator.*

[1] Heine might easily in 1834 or in 1844, or even much later, had he frequented fairs in Germany or visited Philadelphia, have seen "Faust" in the old form, not twice, but scores of times, and it occasionally occurs even at the present day as a "side-show." Another play of the same school was "Old Hontz (Hans) and his Comical Family." The first time I ever heard of Dr. Faustus was when a fellow-schoolmate who had seen it at some small show in Philadelphia narrated to me the plot.—*Translator.*

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"We are of no sex." Faust asked further, what they really looked like under their grey coverings, and they answered, "We have no form which we can call our own, but we will take according to thy will whatever shape you ask us to assume, for we shall ever seem like thine own thought." After the contract had been concluded, which assured him the knowledge and enjoyment of all things, he asked for information as to heaven and hell, which being given, he remarks that it seems to be too cool in heaven and too hot in hell, and that the most tolerable climate must be that of our own good earth. He wins the fairest women of this same good earth by the power of his magic ring, which confers on him the most blooming form of youth, beauty, and winsomeness, also the most magnificent knightly array. After many years of debauchery he has an intrigue with a Signora Lucretia, the most famous courtesan of Venice, but treacherously abandons her and sails for Athens, where the daughter of the Duke falls in love with, and will marry him. Lucretia in desperation seeks counsel of the infernal powers to be revenged on the faithless lover, and the devil confides to her that all the glory of Faust will vanish with the ring which he wears on his forefinger. Signora Lucretia travels in pilgrim garb to Athens, and arrives at court just as Faust, in bridal garb, holds out

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his hand to the beautiful Duchess to lead her to the altar. But the disguised pilgrim, the woman seeking vengeance, suddenly pulls the ring from his finger, when all at once the youthful features of Faust change to a wrinkled and aged face with toothless mouth; instead of a wealth of golden curls, a few silver hairs cling to his poor skull; his shining purple splendour of apparel falls like dry leaves from his bent and tottering form, which is now covered only with vile rags. But the disenchanted enchanter is not aware that he has changed, or rather that his body and clothes now reveal the real ruin which he had been twenty years before, and which has gone on while devilish glamour hid the sight from men; he does not understand why the court-minions draw back from him in disgust, or why the Duchess cries: "Take the old beggar from my sight!" Then the disguised Lucretia vindictively holds a mirror before him, and he sees in it with shame his true form, and is cast out of doors by insolent menials like a mangy dog.

The other Faust-drama I saw during a horse-market in a village in Hanover. A small theatre had been carpentered up, and though the play was acted by broad daylight, still the evocation-scene was sufficiently terrible. The demon who appeared did not call himself Mephistopheles but Astaroth, a name which is probably identical with

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that of Astarte, although the latter in the secret lore of the Magians was regarded as the spouse of Astaroth. This Astarte is in those writings represented with two horns on the head, which form a half-moon, as she was really once worshipped in Phœnicia as a moon-goddess, and was consequently regarded by the Jews, like all the deities of their neighbours, as a devil.[1] King Solomon the Wise, however, prayed to her in secret, and Byron has celebrated her in his "Faust," which he called "Manfred." In the puppet-play published by Simrock, the book by which Faust is led astray is called *Clavis Astarti de Magica.*

In the play of which I speak, Faust prefaces his invocation with the complaint that he is so poor that he must always go on foot, that not even a cow-girl will give him a kiss, and that he would give himself to the devil for a horse and a fair princess. The devil when called appears at first in forms of different animals—of a swine, an ox, an ape; but Faust rejects him every time

[1] I think it is mentioned in "The Mysteries of the Cabiri," by G. Stanley Faber, that it was recognised in Syria that the morning star had its phases like those of the moon. Astarte is in fact the goddess of the Morning Star, an identity curiously found in the name in many languages, or Venus. All the early Assyrian, as well as Etruscan deities were in pairs, male and female. It is needless to say that the goddess Astarte is not celebrated in Manfred, though the mysterious love of the hero bears that name.—*Translator.*

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with the remark, "You must appear in a more frightful form to frighten me!" Then the devil comes as a roaring lion—*quærens quem devorat*—but he is not terrible enough for the intrepid magician, and must retreat with his tail between his legs behind the scenes, whence he comes forth again as a giant serpent. "You are neither hideous nor horrible enough yet!" exclaims Faust. The devil again put to shame must pack off as before, and we see him reappear as a magnificently handsome man, wrapped in a scarlet cloak. When Faust expresses his astonishment at this, Red Cloak replies that, "There is nothing more terrible or cruel than man; there grunt and bellow, bleat and hiss in him the natures of all other beasts. He is as nasty as a pig, as brutal as a bull, as wrathful as a lion, as venomous as a serpent—he is a combination of all animality."

The extraordinary agreement of this old comedy tirade with one of the chief doctrines of the new philosophy of nature, especially as developed by Oken, struck me forcibly. After the diabolical compact is signed Astaroth proposes to Faust several beautiful women whom he commends—for instance, Judith. "I do not want a she-executioner," replies the hero. "Cleopatra, then," suggested the spirit. "No more than the other," answers Faust. "She is too extravagant, too dissipated; she ruined Mark Antony—why,

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she drinks pearls." "Well, then," remarks the mischievous fiend, "what do you say to the beautiful Helen of Greece?" adding ironically, "You can talk Greek to her."

The learned doctor is enraptured at the proposal, and then requires that the devil shall bestow on him bodily beauty and magnificent garments that he may successfully rival Paris, also a horse on which to ride at once to Troy. Consent being obtained, he departs with the spirit, both reappearing directly, mounted on high horses. They cast away their cloaks, and we see them in gorgeous spangled finery, as English jockeys, perform the most astonishing equestrian tricks, to the amazement of the assembled grooms who stood round with their red Hanoverian faces, and in rapture slapped their yellow leather breeches, so that there was such applause as I never heard before at any dramatic performance. Astaroth, who was a slender, very handsome girl, with the largest infernal black eyes, really rode most charmingly. Faust also was a smart young fellow in his gay jockey dress, and rode far better than all the German doctors whom I have ever seen. He galloped with Astaroth round the ring, at the further part of which we saw the city of Troy, with fair Helena looking from the battlements.

The appearance of Helen in the legend of "Faust" is of inexpressible significance. She characterises

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the time in which it appeared, and reveals its deepest sentiment. That ever blooming ideal of grace and beauty, fair Helena of Greece, who one fine morning makes her appearance in Wittenberg as Mrs. Doctor Faust, is that Greece and Hellenism itself which suddenly rose in the heart of Germany as if summoned by magic spell. The magic book, however, which contained the most powerful of those incantations was called Homer, the true and great *Höllenzwang*—Key or Compulsion of Hell—which allured and seduced Faust and so many of his contemporaries. Faust, whether the historical or literal, was one of those humanists who disseminated with zeal and enthusiasm in Germany Greek culture, learning and art. The capital of that propaganda was Rome, where the most distinguished prelates adhered to the cultus of the ancient gods, and where the Pope himself, like his predecessor Constantine, capped the office of a Pontifex Maximus of heathenism with the dignity of chief of the Christian Church. It was the so-called time of the resurrection, or, better expressed, of the re-birth of the ancient view of all things, or, as it is most correctly called, of the Renaissance. It was easier for it to flourish and rule in Italy than in Germany, where it was opposed by the contemporary appearance of the new translation of the Bible, and the new birth of the Jewish spirit, which we may call the

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Evangelical Renaissance, which attacked it with such iconoclastic fanaticism. Strange that the two great books of humanity, which had, a thousand years before, waged such fierce battle, and then rested during all the Middle Age as if weary of war—I mean Homer and the Bible—in the beginning of the sixteenth century again enter the lists. As I have already declared that the revolt of the realistic sensual lust and love of life against the spiritual old Catholic asceticism is the leading idea of the legend of "Faust," I will here remark in relation to it how that sensual realistic joy of life itself rose in the souls of thinkers suddenly as they became familiar with the monuments and records of Greek art and learning, and as they read the original works of Plato and Aristotle. And in both of these, as tradition expressly asserts, Faust had so deeply buried himself that he once declared that if those works should ever be lost he could restore them from his memory, as Ezra did of yore the Old Testament. How deeply Faust had penetrated into Homer appears by the legend that he once showed the students, who attended his lectures on the poet, all the heroes of the Trojan war in person. In the same manner he, at another time, to entertain his guests, called up the beautiful Helen, whom he subsequently obtained for himself of the devil, and whom he possessed even unto his

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unhappy end, as the older Faust-book informs us. The book of Widmann merely mentions these incidents as follows:—

"I will not keep from the Christian reader the fact that I found in this place certain stories of Dr. Johann Faust which I for very important Christian reasons would not describe, as, for instance, that the devil always kept him from marriage, and so drove him into his infernal and disgusting net of harlotry, giving him for concubine Helena from hell, who first had by him a horrible monster, and after that a son named Justus."

The two passages in the older work on Faust referring to the beautiful Helen are as follows:—

"On Whitsunday the above-mentioned students came unexpectedly again to supper in the house of Doctor Faustus, bringing with them their food and drink, and were agreeable guests. When the wine went round, conversation turned on beautiful women, and one said that there was no beauty whom he desired to see more than Helen of Græcia, through whom the fair town of Troy had perished, and that she must have been beautiful indeed, because she had been so often abducted, and caused such great disturbance. 'Since you are so desirous,' said Faust, 'of seeing the lovely form of Queen Helen, wife of Menelaus, or the daughter of Tyndarus and Leda, sister of Castor and Pollux, she who was reputed

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to be the most beautiful in Græcia, I will bring her before you in form and figure as she was in life, as I also did to the Emperor Charles V., at his desire, the representation of the Emperor Alexander the Great and his spouse.' Thereupon Dr. Faustus forbade any one to speak or to rise from the table, or to venture to salute or embrace, and with this he left the room.[1] When he returned, Queen Helena followed him on foot, so wondrous fair, that the students knew not whether they were themselves, so bewildered and burning with passion were they. This Helena appeared in a splendid dark purple dress; her hair hung down beautiful and glorious as gold, and so long that it came unto the knee; with coal-black eyes, a charming countenance with a small round head, her lips red as cherries with a dainty little mouth, a neck like that of a white swan, cheeks like roses, an extremely beautiful and shining face, with a tall and slender person. *In summa*, there was no fault to find in her, and she looked on all with such bold and coquettish glances, that the students were fired with love for her; yet as they

[1] It may be conjectured from this direction that Doctor Faustus actually exhibited the form of Helen by means of a magic-lantern. The well-known passages in the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" almost prove that this instrument was used for such a purpose. But he may have exhibited some living woman with stage accompaniments and "colour."—*Translator.*

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regarded her as a spirit, their passion passed away, as did Helena herself with Doctor Faust from the room. When the students had seen this, they begged Doctor Faust that he would do them the favour to let them see her again the next day, that they might bring an artist, who should take her portrait. But this Doctor Faust refused, saying that he could not evoke this spirit when he would; yet did he promise them her picture, which they might have copied, which indeed was done, and painters spread it far and wide, for it was a truly magnificent picture of a woman. But who made the original for Faust no one ever knew. As for the students, when they went to rest none of them could sleep for thinking of the figure and form which they had so distinctly seen. From which we may see that the devil often inflames and bewilders men by means of love, so that they fall into lasciviousness, from which they cannot afterwards be drawn."

And we read further on in the old book:—

"And now it came to pass that wretched Faust, to give full sweep unto his carnal lusts, thinking one midnight when he chanced to wake of Helena of Greece, whom he had shown unto the students upon Whitsunday, demanded of his spirit in the morn to bring her to him for a concubine, which was done, and this Helena was even the same form which had been called up for the students.

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And when Doctor Faustus saw her, she did so captivate his heart that he began at once to fornicate with her, and kept her for his bedfellow, and loved her so that he could not bear to be out of her sight. And in the last year she was with child by him, and bare him a son, at which Faustus rejoiced greatly, and called the babe Justus Faustus. This child revealed to his father many future things which should come to pass in all countries. But when Doctor Faustus afterwards lost his life, both mother and child vanished."

As most of the chap-books on Faust have been drawn from the work of Widmann, there is but scanty mention in them of the beautiful Helen, and its deep significance could therefore be easily passed over. Even Goethe at first missed it when he specially relied (in writing the first part of "Faust") on these popular works, and did not avail himself specially of the puppet-plays. Not till four decades later, when he composed the second part of "Faust," did he bring Helen into his work; but then, indeed, he treated her *con amore*. It is the best, or rather the only good thing in the said second part, or in this allegoric and labyrinthine wilderness, in which, however, on a sublime pedestal, a wondrously perfect Greek marble statue rises before us, its white eyes gazing on us so heathenishly divine and fascinating in its loveliness that we are well nigh moved to sad-

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ness.[1] It is the most precious statue which ever left the atelier of Goethe, and it is difficult to believe that it was cut by the hand of an aged man. It is, however, much more of a work of calm and deliberate execution than the result of inspired imagination, which latter seldom burst forth in great strength by Goethe any more than in his masters and elective affinities—I might almost say by his fellow-countrymen—the Greeks, for these themselves had more harmonious sense of form than excessive fulness of creation, more gift in giving shape than in imagination; yes, I will plainly utter the heresy—more art than poetry.

You will, dearest friend, readily understand from the foregoing indications why I have given an entire act in my ballet to the beautiful Helen. The island to which I transferred her is, however, not one of my own discovery; the Greeks found it out long ago, and according to the declaration of ancient authors, especially of Pausanius and Pliny, it was in the Euxine Sea, near the mouth of the Danube, and bore the name of Achillea, from the temple of Achilles, which was on it. It was said that the valiant Pelides himself, risen

[1] In the French version, "Labyrinthe obscur qui s'eclaircissant soudain, decouvre à nos yeux sur un piédestal de bas-reliefs mythologiques ce sublime marbre grec, cette statue divinement païenne dont l'aspect subit inonde l'âme de joie et de lumière."

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from the grave, there wandered about in company with the other celebrities of the Trojan war, among whom was the ever-blooming Helen of Sparta.[1] Heroism and beauty must indeed perish prematurely, to the joy of the vulgar mob and of mediocrity; but great poets raise them from the tomb, and bring them rescued to some isle of bliss, where flowers and hearts fade nevermore.

I have growled somewhat, it may be, over the second part of Goethe's "Faust," but I can in very truth not find words sufficient to set forth all my admiration of the art and poetry with which fair Helen is set forth in them. Here Goethe remained true to the spirit of the legend, which is, unfortunately, as I have already remarked, seldom the case with him, a stricture which I cannot repeat too often.[2] As regards this, the

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[1] Vide *Doctor Faust: Die bezauberte Insel.* By K. Enkel, Oldenburg, 1879.—*Translator.*

[2] The stricture which cannot be repeated too often as regards Heine's excessively high estimate of his own work on "Faust," and his depreciation of that of Goethe, is that he virtually declares that it is, as it were, a stern moral duty for every one setting forth the story to strictly follow the same as described in popular legends as contained in chap-books, or as given in small plays or puppet-shows, in which latter from the beginning every player has improvised or varied the text at his own fancy. The truth is, that every dramatist of "Faust" has shaped and coloured it according to the age in which he lived, as did Heine himself unconsciously, for his "Faust" is essentially a modern French ballet, which as regards dignity is not even equal to *La*

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devil has the most cause to complain of Goethe. His Mephistopheles has not the least inner relationship with the true "Mephostopheles," as the old chap-books call him. And here my opinion is strengthened that Goethe did not know the latter when he wrote the first part of "Faust." If he had, he would not have made him appear so hoggishly humorous, or in such a cynically scurrilous mask. For Mephistopheles is no common infernal blackguard;[1] he is "a subtle spirit," as

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Sylphide. Thus Shakespeare treated such legends just as he pleased, in direct violation of the law laid down by Heine; and it is an amusing proof of the brilliant inconsistency of our genial author, that he lauds Shakespeare to the skies in the *Mädchen und Frauen* for his freedom from these old tyrannies of the "Classic" school. Heine claims for "Faust" the treatment due to a really historical character, while the latter was really a very ancient type common to many countries. Vide *Der Faust der Morgenlander, oder Wanderungen*, Ben Hafis, Leipzig, 1797; also *Meister Twardowski* (*Der Polnische Faust*), by H. Max, Wien, 1879; *Uber Calderons Tragödie vom wunderthätigen Magus. Beitrag zur Verst: der Faust Fabel*, Halle, 1829; *Don Tenorio von Sevilla, und die Schwarzkünstler verschiedener Nationen*, in Scheibele's *Kloster*, Band 2, 3, 5, and 11. Even the name of Faust was probably a generic one for jugglers before the time of the one in question. Vide *Wer war Faustus Senior*, by G. Schwetschke, 1855. Finally, it is almost incredible that the all-reading and all-searching Goethe, while writing the first part of "Faust" at a time when the play was to be seen at every fair in Frankfort and the text on every book-stand, was in ignorance of anything in relation to it.—*Translator.*

[1] *Kein gewohnlicher Höllenlump.*

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he calls himself, very aristocratic and noble, and of high rank in the hierarchy of the lower regions, or in the diabolical diplomacy wherein he is a statesman, of whom an imperial chancellor may yet be made. Therefore I have given him a form corresponding to his dignity. The devil always delighted from the earliest time to take the form of a beautiful woman, and in the older Faust-book it was in such guise that Mephistopheles was wont to soothe and delude Faust when the poor soul was seized with scruples. On which the old book thus naïvely expresses itself:—

"When Faust, being alone, would meditate on the Word of God, the devil adorned himself as a right fair woman for his pleasure, embraced and practised with him all lewdness and indecencies, so that he soon forgot the Holy Scripture, casting it to the wind, and going onward in his evil ways."

In representing the devil and his comrades as female dancers, I have been truer to tradition than you suppose. It was no fiction of your friend that there were *corps de ballets* of devils in the time of Faust, since it is a fact which I can prove by citations from the life of Christian Wagner, who was Faust's pupil.[1] In the sixteenth chapter of this old book we read that the

[1] Vide *Christoph Wagner chemals Famulus des Doctor Faust.* Oldenburg, 1876.—*Translator.*

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evil sinner gave a banquet in Vienna, where devils in the form of women made with stringed instruments the sweetest and most enchanting music, while other devils performed strange and indecent dances. On which occasion they also danced as apes, since we are told, "Soon came twelve apes, who, making a circle, danced French ballets, as people now do in Italy, France, and Germany, leaping and hopping very well, so that many marvelled thereat." The devil Auerhahn (mountain-cock), who was the familiar spirit of Wagner, generally appeared as a monkey, especially as one which danced. The old book declares that when Wagner invoked him he became a monkey. "Then he sprang up and down, danced *gaillards* and other wanton dances, beat on the tambourine, and blew on the cross pipes and trumpet, as if he had been a hundred."

And here, dearest friend, I cannot resist the temptation to explain to you what the biographer of the necromancer means by the name "gaillard-dances," for I find in a still older book by Johann Prætorius, printed at Leipzig in 1668, and which contains information as to the Blocksberg, the remarkable information that the above-mentioned dance was invented by the devil, the honourable author saying expressly:—[1]

[1] Heine here refers to a work, the full title of which is as follows: "Blockes-Berges-Verrichtung, oder Ausführlicher

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"Of the new galliard-volta, an Italian dance in which the performers act in a most unseemly manner, and spin and reel round like tops when whipped,[1] and which was brought by sorcerers from Italy to France, one may say that such a whirling is full of infamous and revolting gestures and indecent movements, and brings evil with it, since from it come murders and miscarriages. Which is indeed, where there is a proper police, a thing to be looked after, and most severely prohibited. And while the city of Geneva especially detests dancing, Satan taught a young daughter

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Geographischer Bericht, von den hohen trefflich alt und berühmten Blockes-Berge: ingleichen von der Hexenfahrt und Zauber-Sabbathe, so auff solchen Berge die Unholden aus gantz Teutschland, jährlich den I Mai in Sanct Walpurgis-Nacht anstellen sollen. Aus vielen Autoribus abgefasset und mit schönen Raritäten angeschmücket sampt zugehörigen Figuren, von M. Johanne Prætorio, Poëtâ Laureato Casareô. Nebst einen Appendice, vom Blockes-Berge, wie auch des alten Reinsteins, und der Baumanns Höhle am Harz. Zu Leipzig, Bey Johann Scheiben und Franckfurth am Mäyn, bey Friedrich Arnsten zufinden. Gedruckt, Anno 1669." Heine was indebted to this rare work for several suggestions in his *Harzreise*, if he did not indeed take the idea of the whole from the ascent of the Brocken by Prætorius. The passage here attributed to Prætorius was in a great measure taken by the latter from Pierre Delancre.—*Translator.*

[1] "Wo man einander au schamigen Orten fasset, und wie ein getriebener Topf herumhaspelt und wirbelt." This evidently indicates a waltz. Delancre adds to this a Bohemian dance, which was probably the polka.—*Translator.*

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of that place how she could make everybody there dance and spring as much as she pleased, by touching them with an iron switch or rod which he gave her. And she also mocked the judge, and said that they could never bring her to be executed, and had for the evil deed no remorse."

You see from this citation, dearest friend, firstly, what the galliard is, and secondly, that the devil encourages dancing to vex the pious. Truly to force the holy city of Geneva, the Calvinistic Jerusalem, to dance with an iron rod of magic was going far, even to the pinnacle of insolent injury.[1] Just imagine all these little Genevese saints, all these God-fearing watchmakers, all these chosen of the Lord, all of these virtuous female teachers, these firm, stiff, angular preacher and pedagogue figures, all at once dancing the galliard! The story must be true, for I remember to have read it also in the *Dæmonomagia* of Bodinus, and I had a great fancy to work it up into a ballet, to be called Dancing Geneva.

The devil, as you see, is a great artist as to

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[1] *Tempora mutantur.* I am translating this in Geneva, July 14, 1891, and there is a notice of a dance to be held or played in the public garden. Delancre tells this story of the witch with the iron rod, but adds significantly that the judge "found a way to blunt her petulance." *Vide* "Gypsy Sorcery," p. 158, where the quotation from Delancre is given in full.—*Translator.*

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dancing, and therefore no one should wonder when he presents himself as a *danseuse* before a highly honourable public. Another metamorphosis which is less natural, but of deep significance, is that in the oldest work on Faust Mephistopheles metamorphoses himself to a winged horse, and carries Faust to all lands and places wherever sense or sensuality (*Sinn oder Sinnlichkeit*) desire to go. The spirit here manifests not only the swiftness of thought, but the power of poetry; he is actually the Pegasus who bears Faust to all the splendours and joys of life in the shortest time. He brings him in a second to Constantinople, and there into the harem of the Grand Turk, where Faust, who is believed by the odalisques to be Mahomed, enjoys himself divinely. Again he is transported to Rome, where in the Vatican, invisible to all, he snaps from the Pope his best food and wine; and being merry, often laughs aloud, so that the Pope, who believes himself to be alone, is terribly frightened. Here, as everywhere in the "Faust" legend, we observe sharp animosity to Papistry and the Catholic Church; and in this connection it is characteristic that Faust, after the first invocation, expressly orders him to appear in future when summoned, in the cowl of a Franciscan. The old chap-books, not the puppet-plays, show him in this monkish garb, when he disputes with Faust on religious

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subjects. Here blows the air of the time of the Reformation.

Mephistopheles not only has no real form, but he has never become popular in any determined one,[1] like other heroes of the chap-books—as, for instance, Tyll Eulenspiegel, that laughter personified in the rude and tough form of a German travelling journeyman; or like the Wandering Jew, with long beard of eighteen hundred years' growth, whose white hairs have again become black at the tip, as if rejuvenated. Nor has Mephistopheles any peculiar shape in the books of magic, like other spirits—as, for example, Aziabel, who always appears as a little infant; or the devil, Marbeul, who, as is expressly declared, invariably presents himself in the form of a boy of ten years.

And I would here remark, that I leave it entirely to your machinist whether Faust and his diabolical companion shall fly through the air on two horses, or both be wrapped in a great

[1] This is but partially true. Mephistopheles, as portrayed by Retsch, was taken from a figure which often appears in the works of a painter of the sixteenth century (unless I err), as mentioned by Kugler; and I am certain that the devil in this form of a slender man with the cock's feather occurs in other works of the Middle Age. As regards the Wandering Jew of the next sentence, it may occur to the reader to inquire how he can have a beard of eighteen hundred years' growth in pictures in books of the sixteenth century, which are certainly here referred to.—*Translator.*

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magic cloak. The magic cloak is the most common in popular legend.

As for the witches when flying to their festival, we must let them fly, no matter whether it be on household implements or monsters. The German witch generally uses a broomstick on which she smears salve, such as she has previously rubbed all over her own naked body. When her infernal gallant comes in person to accompany her, then he sits before and she behind, during the journey. The French witches say, "*Emen-hetan! Emen-hetan!*" while they are salving themselves. "*Oben hinaus und nirgends an*—" Out above and nowhere on "[1]—is the cry of the German *chevalières* of the broom, when they fly out of the chimney. They know how to arrange it, so that they meet in the air, and fly in swarms to the Sabbath. As the witches, like the fairies, hate the Christian sound of church-bells from the depths of their hearts, they are accustomed when passing belfries to take the bells and throw them with horrible laughter into some morass. Accusations of this occur in witch trials, and the French proverb justly declares that a man should take to flight

[1] This means to go through and out of the chimney-top without touching, or, as the French version gives it, "Du bas en haut, sans toucher." From the "Ingoldsby Ballads" it would seem that the English witch formula was: "Hey up the chimney-pot! Hey after you!"—*Translator.*

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if he be accused of stealing the bells of Nôtre Dame.[1]

As for the place of their meeting, which the witches call their *convent* or their Diet, there are widely differing popular opinions. But from the united testimony of a Remigius, a Godelmann, a Wierus, a Bodinus, and even of a Delancre,[2] I have determined on the top of a mountain grown about with forest, as I have indicated in the third act of my ballet. In Germany, the witch-meeting was, or is usually held on the Blocksberg, which forms the central point of the Harz mountains. And it is not only witches of our native growth who assemble, for there are also many foreigners, and not only living, but also long dead sorceress-sinners who have no rest in the grave, and who, like the Willis, are tormented in their graves by an irrepressible desire to dance. Therefore we see at the Sabbath a mixture of dresses of all countries and ages. Aristocratic ladies—*les dames de haut parage*—in order to be at their ease, are

[1] Not exactly a proverb, but the saying of a distinguished man, who took the idea not from witch trials, but from Gargantua's stealing the same church-bells in the Chronicle of Rabelais. But the origin of the saying lay in the stealing of bells by witches.—*Translator.*

[2] By some oversight, Heine here omits his great authority, to whom he was chiefly indebted. This was, as usual, Johannes Prætorius, who devotes thirty-seven pages in his *Blockes-Berg* to the subject of the witch convents in all the countries of Europe.

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mostly masked. The wizards, who are also present in great numbers, are often men who, in ordinary life, affect the most honourable and Christian conduct. As for the fiends, who fulfil the functions of lovers, they are of all degrees, so that an old female cook or cow-girl must content herself with a very low-class, poor devil of a devil, while proud and stately patrician ladies or dames of high degree are proportionately accommodated or served with highly-refined and beautifully-tailed devils, and may solace themselves with the most gallant nobles of hell—*enfin les diables comme il faut.* These latter generally wear the old Spanish or Burgundian court-dress,[1] but either all black, or else of some very "loud" light colour, and on their cap waves the indispensable blood-red cock feather. Yet, however admirable in form and elegant of dress these cavaliers seem at first sight, it is always unpleasantly remarkable that a certain "finish" is wanting, and close consideration of their whole being reveals a want of harmony, or something out of keeping, which jars on eye and ear. They are always too fat or too lean; their faces are too

[1] This very graceful costume is still worn by the Pope's chamberlains on ceremonial occasions. It is black. In the German text we have "entweder von ganz schwarzer oder gar zu schreiend heller Farbe." In French, "on tout noir ou d'un *blanc* vif et cru."—*Translator.*

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pale or too red; the noses are a trifle too short or too long; and now and then fingers like bird's claws, or even a horse's hoof, reveal themselves. They do *not* smell of brimstone, like the lovers of the lower-class witches, who have to content themselves with common snob-goblins, and with the stokers of hell—*les ramoneurs, fumistes et chauffeurs de l'enfer, et autre menu fretin.* But there is one sad infirmity common to all the devils of which all the witches of every rank complain bitterly, according to all the judicial investigations, which is the icy coldness of their embraces and their gush of love.

Lucifer, King of Darkness by the disgrace of God, presides at the witch meeting in the form of a black he-goat, with a human face and a candle between his two horns. In the centre of the arena of the meeting, his majesty stands on a high pedestal, or stone table, and seems to be very serious and melancholy, like a man who is bored to death. All the assembled witches, magicians, devils, and other vassals worship him by passing in pairs, kneeling and then piously kissing his rear. But even this *homagium* seems to cheer him very little, still he is not happy, and he remains melancholy and serious while the whole very much mixed society dances in jubilation round him. This round is the famous Witches' Dance, the peculiarity of which consists in this,

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that the performers all turn their faces away so that they show their backs to one another, and none see each other's faces.[1] This is certainly a rule of precaution, and instituted so that the witches in case of judicial investigation by torture might not be able to declare whom they had seen at the Sabbath.[2] For fear of such betrayals the aristocratic dames came to the ball in masked faces. Many danced *en chemise*, other ladies dispensed with this garment.[3] Many in dancing

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[1] This turning away of the face at intervals is, strangely enough, still preserved in the true Bohemian polka, which Delancre calls the *Trescone alla Boema*, and says was specially a witch-dance.

> "*Tunc læva situ tunc, dextra,*
> First to the left, then t'other way ;
> *Aspice retrô in vultu,*
> You look at her, and she looks at you.
> *Das palmam,*
> Join hands, ma'am !
> Turn away, run away, just in sham."—*The Polka.*

[2] This is only a conjecture, taken almost verbatim from the puritanically modest Prætorius. The witches first danced in a ring looking outwards, with their backs to the goat or centre. After kissing the goat, they danced in couples back to back, and then the bodily connections with the devils took place. That the dancers could have remained with faces unseen by one another through all these performances is preposterous.

[3] According to Delancre this dispensation was *de rigeur* and general. According to Prætorius the peculiar disposition of the arms was not exactly as Heine describes it, but "die Hände schlossen sie in einen gerundeten Krayss zusammen"—"they

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crossed their arms or held them akimbo, others stretched them widely out, numbers airing their brooms and shouting "*Har! Har! Sabbath! Sabbath!*" It is a bad omen when any one while dancing slips and falls. And should a witch lose a shoe in the tumult of the dance it forbodes that she will be burned alive during the coming year.

The musicians who play for the dance are either infernal spirits of eccentric or hideous form, or else vagabond virtuosi, picked up on the public roads. Blind fiddlers and flutists are, however, preferred, so that they may not be terrified by the horrors of the Sabbath, as would be the case if they could see.[1] Among these horrors is the initiation of novices, or young witches, into the most fearful mysteries. Then they are officially wedded to hell, and the devil, their gloomy spouse, gives them a new name or *nom d'amour*, and brands them with a secret sign as souvenir of his tenderness. This mark is so well concealed that the

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closed their arms together in a rounded *circle*" (not *cross*, as Heine thought). This was as if they were hugging some one. It is a very indecent gesture, which is often performed by dancing girls in Egypt, as I have seen.—*Translator.*

[1] Blind musicians are mentioned by several novelists of the last century as having been in great demand at the shameless orgies which were then commoner than at present. Albeit the *ballo angelico* is still tolerably well known in Florence, despite the police.—*Translator.*

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judges at witch trials often had a hard time to discover it, for which reason they caused every hair to be shorn from the body of the accused witch by the beadle.

The prince of hell has among the witches of the meeting a chosen one, who is known by the title of *archi-sposa* or arch-betrothed, who is his special mistress. Her ball costume is simple, or more than simple, for it consists of only one shoe of gold, for which reason she is known as the Lady of the Golden Shoe. She is a beautiful and grand, yes, almost colossal lady, for the devil is not only a *connaisseur en belles formes*, like a true artist, but also an amateur of flesh, and thinks that the more flesh the more sin. In his refinement of wickedness he seeks to increase his sin by never selecting a maid, but always a married woman, for his chief bride, thus adding adultery to simple immorality. This *archi-sposa* must also be a good dancer, and at an unusally brilliant Sabbath ball the illustrious Goat sometimes descends from his pedestal and in eminent person executes with his naked beauty a peculiar dance which I will not describe, "for very important Christian reasons," as old Widman would say. Only so much will I hint, that it is an old national dance of Gomorra, the tradition of which after the destruction of the Cities of the Plain was preserved by Lot's daughters, and is kept to the

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present day, as I myself often saw it executed in Paris at No. 359, Rue Saint Honoré, near the Church of the Holy Assumption. And when we consider that there is on the dancing-ground of the witches no armed morality in the uniform of municipal guards, as in Paris, to check Bacchantic frenzy, one may easily imagine what wild goat capers are cut at the aforesaid *pas de deux*.[1]

According to many authorities the great goat and his chief bride preside at the banquet after the dance. The table, furniture, and food at this meal are of extraordinary richness and delicacy; but whoever carries aught of it secretly away, finds the next day that the golden goblet is only a coarse earthenware pipkin, and the fine cake a cow-flap. What is characteristic in the meal is the entire absence of salt.[2] The songs which the guests sing are mere blasphemies, and they squall, bleat, or whine them to the airs of pious hymns. The most venerable religious ceremonies are aped by infamous buffooneries. Thus, for example, baptism is ridiculed by christening toads, hedgehogs, or rats exactly according to the rite of the Church; and during this abominable deed the godfather

[1] These two sentences are omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] Here there is a contradiction between mediæval and classic tradition. Salt, according to Monesimus, was sacred to the infernal deities.—*Translator.*

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and godmother act like devout Christians, and make the most hypocritical faces. The baptismal water is that of the devil. The witches also make the sign of the cross, but reversed, and with the left hand. Those who speak Latin tongues pronounce meanwhile the words: "In nomine Patrica Aragneais, Petrica, agora, agora, Valentia, jouando goure gaits goustia," which means, "In the name of Patrike, of Petrike, of Aragonia, in this hour, Valentia, all our suffering is past."[1] To mock the divine doctrine of love and forgiveness the infernal goat at last soars his most terribly thundering voice, "Revenge yourselves, revenge yourselves, else ye shall die!" These are the sacramental words with which the witch meeting closes, and to parody the sublimest act of the passion, the Anti-Christ sacrifices himself, but not for the good, but for the evil of mankind; that is, the goat burns himself, flaming up with a great crackling sound, and every witch endeavours to obtain a handful of his ashes, to be used in subsequent sorceries. Then the ball and the banquet are at an end, the cock crows, the ladies begin to shiver, and as they came, so they go, but far faster; and

[1] "In the name of Peter of Aragon, Peter, now, now (*ahora*) Valentia, now our suffering passes." *Patrica* is, I think, master or priest. This passage is curious and interesting as probably explaining the origin of the word *patrico*, a priest, in early English cant.—*Translator.*

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many a Mrs. Witch lies down in bed by her snoring spouse, who has not observed that it was only a log of wood, which, having assumed the form of his wife, had lain during her absence by his side.

I, too, my dear friend, will go to bed, for I have written deep into the night, to bring together all the items which you wished to have noted. I have in so doing thought less of the theatrical director who is to bring my ballet on the stage than of the *gentleman* of great culture, who is interested in everything relating to art and thought. You understand the most fleeting hint of the poet, and every word from you is of value to him. It is incomprehensible to me how you, the experienced and practical man of business, can be so gifted with that extraordinary sense of the beautiful; and I am even more astonished how you, amid the many tribulations and trials of your professional activity, have been able to retain so much love and inspiration for poetry.

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THE GODS IN EXILE.

1836 *and* 1853.

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PREFACE TO THE FRENCH EDITION.

THE study here presented is the last product of my pen; only a few of its pages date from an earlier time. I make this remark that it may not seem as if I were treading in the footsteps of certain book-smiths who have often profited by my researches into legendary lore. I would gladly promise a continuation of this work, for which I have accumulated material in my memory, but the very critical state of health in which I now am does not permit me to contract any obligation for the future.[1]

We are all passing away, men, gods, creeds, and legends. It is perhaps a pious work to preserve the latter from oblivion, so that they are embalmed, not by the hideous process of Gannal, but by employing secret means which are only

[1] This passage, as the German editor of Heine's works declares, formed the introduction to the first publication of "The Gods in Exile" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 1, 1853. It is not found in the latest French edition, and is given in the German as a note.—*Translator.*

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to be found in the *apotheca* of the poet.[1] Yes, creeds are fleeting and traditions too; they are vanishing like burnt out tapers, not only in enlightened lands, but in the most midnight places of the world, where not long ago the most startling superstitions were in bloom. The missionaries who wander over these cold regions now complain of the incredulity of their inhabitants. In the report of a Danish clergyman of his journey in the North of Greenland, the writer tells us that he asked of an old man what was the present state of belief among them. To which the good man replied, "Once we believed in the moon, but now we believe in it no longer."[2]

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *March* 18, 1853.

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[1] Among the thousand wise, witty, or true remarks of Heine, there is not one better worthy of note, especially by folk-lorists, than this, at a time when so many show by their comments that the differences, dates, and origins of traditions are all that is of any interest to them.—*Translator.*

[2] It is perhaps worth while to remark that this old Greenlander referred to the legend which may be found in Rink's work on the traditions of Greenland, that the moon is a girl who, having been debauched by her brother the sun, constantly flies from him. The same story is found among Hungarian gypsies, and it exists or did exist in forms more or less modified among the old Irish, the natives of Borneo, and in Northern Italy.

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THE GODS IN EXILE.

A QUEER thing is this writing! One man has luck in the practice thereof, and another none; but the worst mischance in such work which could well befall any man happened to my poor friend, Heinrich Kitzler—Henry Tickler—*Magister Artium* in Göttingen. There is not a man there so learned, so rich in ideas, so industrious as this friend; and yet to this hour no book by him has ever appeared at the Leipzig fair. Old Stiefel[1] in the library always smiled when Heinrich Kitzler asked him for a book "which he needed for a work which he had 'under his pen.'" "It will be a long time under the pen!" murmured old Stiefel, while he went up the ladder. Even the cook-maids laughed when, having been sent for books, they cried for "something for the Kitzler!"[2]

He was generally regarded as a goose, but in fact he was only an honest man. No one

[1] *Stiefel*, lit. boot. "True to one as an old boot."

[2] This passage is omitted from the French version.

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knew the real cause why no book by him was ever published, and it was only by chance that I discovered it, and thus it was. One midnight I went to his room to light my candle, for his apartments adjoined mine. He had just completed his great work on the "Magnificence of Christianity,"[1] but he seemed in nowise to rejoice thereover, and gazed with sorrow on his manuscript.

"And now," I remarked, "your name will figure at last in the catalogue of the Leipzig Fair among the books really published!"

"Ah, no!" he sighed from the depths. "This work too must be burned like the others."

Then he confided to me his terrible secret, and truly it appeared that whenever he wrote a book bad luck befel him in abundance; for when he had fully developed for the subject in hand every point in its favour, he felt himself in duty bound to give every objection which an opponent might adduce. Therefore he sought out with care all the arguments on the other side of the question, and as these unconsciously took root and grew in his mind, it came to pass that his opinions changed, and in the end he was thoroughly convinced that his book was all wrong. But

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1 "Die Vortrefflichkeit des Christenthums. Vortrefflich" implies pre-eminent as well as admirable or good in itself.

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he was then honourable enough (as every French author would be, of course, under similar circumstances[1]) to sacrifice the laurel of literary fame on the altar of truth—that is, to throw his manuscript into the fire. It was for this reason that he sighed from his very soul after having perfectly proved the magnificence of Christianity.

"I have," he said sorrowfully, "copied twenty basketfuls of quotations from the Church Fathers. I have bent for whole nights over my study table and read the *Acta Sanctorum*, while in your rooms punch was drunk and the *Landesvater* sung. Instead of buying a meerschaum pipe, which I deeply desired, I spent thirty-eight hardly earned thalers, for recent theological works, on Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht the booksellers. I have worked like a dog for two years, two precious years of life, and all to make myself ridiculous, and to cast down my eyes like a baffled braggart when the church-counsellor's wife, Madame Planck, asks me, 'When will your work on the Magnificence of Christianity appear?' Ah, the book is ready," sighed the poor man, "and it would please the public, for I have in it exalted the victory of Christianity over Heathenism; and I have proved in it, too, that thereby Truth and

[1] This clause in parentheses is omitted in the French version.

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Reason prevailed over Hypocrisy and Folly. But I, miserable man, feel in my heart of hearts that"[1]——

"Silence!" I cried with, just indignation. "Do not dare, oh infatuated and blinded man, to blacken the sublime and pull the brilliant light down into dust.[2] Even if thou wouldst deny the miracles of the New Testament, still thou canst not deny that the victory of that Evangel was in itself a miracle. A little troop of unprotected men pressed into the great Roman world, defying both its satellites and its sages, and triumphed by the Word alone. But what a Word! Dry and crumbling heathenism shook and was shattered by the words and voice of these foreign men and women, who announced a new kingdom of heaven, and feared nothing in the old world, not the claws of wild beasts, nor the wrath of wilder men, nor fire or sword—for they themselves were the fire and sword—sword and fire, of God. That sword, trimmed away the dead leaves and dry twigs

[1] French version, "Mais infortuné mortel que je suis, je sais au fond de mon âme que le contraire a eu lieu, que le mensonge et l'erreur"——

[2] By this beautiful mixed metaphor Heine intimates what he anon confesses, that this is the eloquence of a student after many pints of beer. In the French version, "Oses-tu bien, aveugle que tu es, rabaisser ce qu'il y a de plus sublime, et noircir la lumière?" Which is probably an intelligent "correction" by a French reviser.—*Translator.*

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from the tree of life, and thereby cured it of the rottenness which was eating in; this flame warmed again to life the frozen trunk, so that fresh foliage and perfumed blossoms bloomed anew. It is the most terribly sublime manifestation in the history of the world, this first appearance of Christianity, its battles and its perfect victory."

I uttered these words all the more grandly as became the subject, because I had that evening drunk a great deal of Eimbecker beer, for which reason my voice resounded in its fullest tones.

Henry Tickler was in nowise touched by this discourse, nor was he disconcerted, and with ironic yet suffering smile he said, "Brotherly heart, give thyself no needless inconvenience! All which thou hast said I have stated in this manuscript, far better and far more fundamentally. In it I have depicted in the harshest colours the corrupt condition of the world during heathenism, and I dare to flatter myself that my bold touches with the brush recall the works of the best of the fathers of the Church. I have shown how debauched and debased the Greeks and Romans became from the bad examples of those gods who, to judge by the vices attributed to them, were hardly worthy to be classed with men. I have, without mincing the matter, boldly declared that even Jupiter, the chief of the gods, deserved, according to the criminal law of Hanover, a hundred

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times the penitentiary, if not the gallows; while, on the other hand, I have appropriately paraphrased the moral axioms of the New Testament, and shown how, according to the example of their divine prototype, in spite of the scorn and persecution which they thereby incurred, taught and practised the most perfect moral purity. That is the most beautiful passage in any work where I depict, as if inspired, how youthful Christianity, like a little David, enters the lists with ancient heathenism and slays the great Goliath. But, ah me! since then this duel appears to me in a new and doubtful light! Alas! all love and joy for my apology disappeared when I vividly presented to myself how an opponent would represent the triumph of Christianity! There fell, unfortunately, into my hands the works of several later writers, such as that of Edward Gibbon, who did not speak so favourably of that victory, nor did they seem to be much edified by the fact that the Christians, when the spiritual sword and flame did not suffice, availed themselves of material weapons and material fire. Yes, I must confess that there at last stole over me a terrible pity for the remains of heathenism, for those beautiful temples and statues, for they no longer belonged to the religion which had been dead long, long before the birth of Christ, but to *Art*, which lives for ever. And tears came to my eyes when I one

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day, by chance, read in the library the "Defence of the Temple," in which the old Greek Libanius implored most touchingly the pious barbarians to spare those precious masterpieces with which the artistic genius of the Greeks had adorned the world. But all in vain! Those monuments of the spring-tide of mankind which could never return, and which could only bloom once, perished irrecoverably through the gloomy zeal for the destruction of the Christians. . . .

"No!" continued the master, "I will not by publishing this work contribute to such sacrilege. No, that will I never. And to you, ye shattered statues of beauty—to you, ye manes of the dead gods—to you who are now only lovely phantoms in the shadowy world of poetry—to you I sacrifice this book!"

Saying this, Henry Tickler threw his manuscript into the flames of the fireplace, and nothing remained of the "Magnificence of Christianity" save grey ashes.

This happened at Göttingen in the winter of 1820, a few days before that awful New Year's night when the University beadle, Doris, received the most terrible beating, and eighty-five duels were *contrahiert*, or arranged, between the Burschenschaft and Landsmannschaft.[1] Those were

[1] Student associations, the Burschenschaft being of a general

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fearful blows which fell like sudden showers of sticks on the broad back of the poor beadle. But he consoled himself, as a good Christian, with the conviction that we shall be recompensed at some time in heaven for the pains which we have undeservedly suffered here below.[1] That was all long ago. Old Doris has since many years bid adieu to trouble, and sleeps in peaceful rest before the Weender Gate. The two great parties who once made the duelling grounds of Borden, Ritschenking, and Rasenmuhle ring with their crossing swords, have long since, in deep consciousness of their common worthlessness, drunk together with extreme tenderness to common brotherhood, and the law of time has made his mighty influence felt likewise on the author of those pages. In my brain less gay and wild caprice or fancy plays, and my heart has grown heavy, and where I once laughed I now weep, and I burn with vexation the altar pictures which I once worshipped.

There was a time when I in faith kissed the hand of every Capuchin whom I met in the street. I was a child, and my father let me do so undis-

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and political nature, and the Landsmannschaft local unions of those from different parts of Germany.—*Translator.*

[1] The two pages which follow this sentence, to the words "I am not at all of the opinion of my friend Kitzler," are omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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turbed, well knowing that my lips would not always be satisfied with Capuchin flesh. And I indeed grew up and kissed beautiful women. But they often gazed at me so pale and painfully that I was frightened in the arms of joy. Here was a hidden trouble which no one beheld, and with which every one suffered, and I often reflected on it. And also whether renunciation and abstinence are to be really preferred to all the joys of this life, and whether those who have, while here on earth below, contented themselves with thistles, will be on that account the more liberally treated with pine apples in the land above. No, he who ate thistles was an ass, and he who receives blows keeps them. Poor Doris!

However, it is not permitted to me to speak out plainly as to everything over which I have reflected, still less to impart the results of my reflection. Yet must I too go to the grave with closed lips, like so many others?

But I may be permitted to cite a few fleeting facts in order to impart some reason, or at least the appearance of it, to the fairy fables which I here compile. The facts refer to the victory of Christianity over heathenism. I am not at all of the opinion of my friend Kitzler that the iconoclasm of the early Christians was so bitterly to be blamed. They could not and dared not spare the

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old temples and statues, for in these still lived the old Greek joyousness which seemed to the Christian as devildom. In these temples he saw not merely the subjects of a strange cultus and a worthless and erroneous faith which wanted all reality, but the citadels of actual devils, while the gods whom the statues represented existed for him in reality, but as the devils themselves. When these Christians refused to kneel and sacrifice before the images of the gods, they always answered that they dared not worship demons. They preferred martyrdom to manifesting any act of adoration before the devil Jupiter, the deviless Diana, or the arch-female fiend Venus.

Poor Greek philosophers! They could never understand this contradiction, just as they subsequently never understood that they, in their polemics with the Christians, had by no means to defend the old dead doctrines but far more living facts. What was wanted was not in reality to prove the deeper meaning of mythology by Neo-Platonic subtleties, to infuse new symbolic blood of life into the dead deities, and to terribly torment themselves by trying to refute the coarse and material abuse of the early Church fathers who ridiculed the moral character of the gods in a manner almost Voltarian—the point in question was to defend Hellenism itself or Greek methods of feeling and of thought, and to defeat the exten-

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sion of Judaism or of Jewish ideas and sentiment.[1] The real question was whether the dismal, meagre, over-spiritual, ascetic Judaism of the Nazarenes, or Hellenic joyousness, love of beauty, and fresh pleasure in life should rule the world? Those beautiful gods were not the essential part of the polemic; no one believed any longer in the ambrosial dwellers on Olympus, but people amused themselves divinely in their temples at festivals and mysteries; they crowned their heads with flowers; there were charming religious dances; they stretched themselves on couches in merry banquets, and perhaps for still sweeter pleasures.

All this joy and gay laughter has long been silent, and in the ruins of the ancient temples the old Greek deities still dwell; but they have lost their majesty by the victory of Christ, and now they are sheer devils who hide by day in gloomy wreck and rubbish, but by night arise in charming loveliness to bewilder and allure some heedless wanderer or daring youth.

The most fascinating legends are based on this

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[1] This is most strikingly illustrated by Lanctantius, who by his employment of ridicule for argument, and his appeals to vulgar common sense, quite deserves the title of the Christian Voltaire. (*L. Coelii Lactantii Firmiani*, Geneva, 1613.) But his arguments against heathenism are of such a nature that they would be used to-day by a Voltarian infidel far more effectively against the Catholic Church itself.—*Translator.*

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popular belief, and our more recent German poets drew from them the subjects of their most beautiful poems. Italy is generally the scene selected, and the hero some German knight who, on account of his youthful inexperience or his fine figure, is ensnared by the beautiful uncanny belles who seek him for their prey. He wanders forth on a fair autumn day with his solitary fancies, thinking perhaps of his native oak-forests and the blonde maiden whom he left behind—the vain boy! But all at once he stands before a marble statue, at the sight of which he stops, startled. It may be the Goddess of Beauty, and he regards her face to face, and the heart of the young barbarian is secretly seized by the sorcery of the olden time. What can it mean? He never saw such graceful limbs before, and he strangely realises that in this marble there is a livelier life than he ever found in the red cheeks and lips and all the rosy fleshiness of his fair countrywomen. Those white eyes gaze at him so voluptuously, yet with such suffering sorrow, that his breast swells with love and pity, pity and love. And now he often goes to walk among the old ruins, and the club of his fellow-countrymen is astonished that he is now so seldom seen at their convivial meetings and in their knightly sports. There are strange tales current as to his deeds among the ruins of heathen days. But one morning he burst with pale dis-

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torted features into his inn, pays his reckoning, buckles his knapsack, and hastens over the Alps. What has happened to him?

Well, it happened that one day later than usual, he strolled, after the sun had set, to his beloved ruins, but owing to the growing darkness, could not find the place where he was accustomed to gaze for hours at the statue of the beautiful goddess. After wandering about for a long time at random, he suddenly found himself about midnight before a villa which he had never observed before, and was not a little astonished when servants with torches came forth and invited him in the name of their mistress to enter. What was his astonishment, on entering a vast and brilliantly lighted hall, to behold a lady who was walking to and fro alone, and who, in form and features, had the most startling resemblance to the beautiful statue of his love. And she was the more like that marble image from being clad in dazzling white garb, her countenance being also very pale. When the knight with a courtly reverence advanced to her, she gazed at him long and in silence, and at last asked him with a smile if he was hungry. And though the heart of the knight was leaping within him for love, he still had a German stomach; in consequence of his wandering for hours he needed a bait, and so very gladly allowed himself to be led by the fair lady

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to the dining-hall. She took him graciously by the hand, and led him through vast and echoing apartments, which, in spite of all their splendour, seemed to be strangely desolate. The girandoles cast a pale spectral light on the walls, on which variegated frescoes represented all the legends of heathen love, such as those of Paris and Helen, Diana and Endymion, Calypso and Ulysses. The great and strange flowers which stood in marble vases before the windows exhaled a corpse-like, bewildering odour, the wind sighed in the chimneys like a dying man. At last the beautiful lady sat in the dining-room opposite the knight, filled his cup with wine, and, smiling, presented him with the choicest delicacies. And yet many things seemed significantly strange to the guest. When he asked for salt a convulsion which was almost hideous appeared on the face of the hostess, nor was it till the knight had several times repeated his request that she, visibly vexed, bade her servants bring the salt-cellar; and as they placed it with trembling hands on the table, half of it spilled! However, the good wine, which glowed like fire in the throat of the knight, soothed the secret terror which often thrilled him; yes, he became confident, confiding, and amorous, and when the beautiful lady asked if he knew what love was, he answered with burning kisses, till at last, intoxicated with passion, and perhaps too

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with sweet wine, he slept on the bosom of his tender hostess. Yet wild and strange dreams whirred through his mind; harsh and odd faces, such as we see in the delirium of fever, passed before him. Then he seemed to behold many times his old grandmother, as she sat at home in her great chair, praying with trembling lips. Anon he heard a mocking tittering which came from great bats, which fluttered around, bearing great candles in their claws; but when he looked more closely, it seemed to him that they were the servants who had waited on him. At last he dreamt that his beautiful hostess had changed to a hideous monster, and that he, in reckless fear of death, had drawn his sword and cut her head off!

It was not until a late hour, when the sun was high in the heaven, that the knight awoke. But instead of the splendid villa in which he thought he had passed the night, he found himself amid the well-known ruins, and he saw that the beautiful statue, which he so dearly loved, had fallen from its pedestal, and its head, broken from the body, lay at his feet!

Of a similar character is the legend of the young knight who once, while playing at ball with some friends, finding that the ring on his finger was in the way, drew it off, and to keep it in safety, put it on the finger of a marble statue. But when the game was over, and he went to the

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statue, which was that of a heathen goddess, he saw with terror that the marble finger on which he had placed the ring was no longer straight as before, but bent so that he could not reclaim the ring without breaking the hand, from which a certain feeling of sympathy restrained him. He ran to his companions to tell the strange tale, bidding them come to see it with their own eyes, but when they were before it, the statue held out its fingers straight as before, and the ring was gone.

Some time after this occurrence, the knight determined to enter the holy state of matrimony, and the wedding was celebrated. But after the bridal, when he would retire to bed, a female form which was identical with that of the statue in face and form, came to him and claimed him for her own, declaring that as he had put his ring on her finger, he was thereby betrothed to her, and was her spouse by right. In vain did the knight resist this claim; every time when he sought to approach his bride the heathen woman interposed herself between him and his wife, and this happened again and again, so that the knight became sad and troubled indeed. No one could help him, and the most pious people shrugged their shoulders at it. At last he heard of a priest named Palumnus, who had often shown himself potent in defeating heathenish delusions of the devil. But

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this man was very loath to aid him in this difficulty, declaring that he himself would incur the greatest danger by so doing. At last, however, he yielded to oft-repeated prayers, and wrote for the knight sundry strange characters on a parchment. Then he advised the latter to go at midnight to a certain cross-road near Rome, and wait. He would see pass by the strangest apparitions, but he must not be moved or terrified at anything, and when at last the woman should come who had taken his ring he must go to her and give her the parchment.

The knight did as he was bid, but it was not without a beating heart that he stood at the cross-roads and awaited the spectral procession. It came, and there were in it pale men and women, magnificently arrayed in festive garments of old Roman time, some bearing golden crowns, others laurel-wreaths on their heads, which, however, hung down in sorrow; and there were also carried, as if in anxious haste, all kinds of silver cups, goblets, and such things as belong to the service of temples. Then in the crowd were seen great oxen with gilded horns, and hung with garlands, and at last, on a grand triumphal car, magnificent in purple and crowned with roses, appeared a tall and wonderfully beautiful goddess. To her the knight advanced and gave the parchment leaf of Palumnus, for he recognised in her

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the statue which kept his ring. And when the beautiful woman had read the writing on the parchment, she raised her hands, as if in agony, to heaven, burst into tears, and cried, "Cruel priest Palumnus! thou art not yet satisfied with the suffering which thou hast inflicted on us! But thy persecutions will soon come to an end, cruel priest Palumnus!" With these words she gave the knight again his ring, and on the following night there was no hindrance to his nuptials. But on the third day after this the priest Palumnus died.

I first read this story in the *Mons Veneris* of Kornmann, and more recently found it in the absurd book on magic by Del Rio, who took it from a work by a Spaniard. It is probably of Spanish origin. Baron von Eichendorff, a recent German writer, has availed himself of it most charmingly in a beautiful narrative, and Willibald Alexis has founded on it a novel which belongs to his most poetically inspired works.[1]

The book by Kornmann, *Mons Veneris*, is the most important source for all the subject of which I treat. It is a long time since I saw it, and I can only speak of it from memory,[2] but it always sweeps before me in memory, the little work of

[1] This sentence is wanting in the French version.

[2] Of which rare book I can say quite the same. I had a copy of it which, with a number of valuable works of the same kind, was stolen from me some years ago.

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about 250 pages, with its charming old letters.[1] It was probably printed about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The doctrine of elementary spirits is there most concisely set forth, and it is with this that the author concludes his strange information as to the Venusberg. After Kornmann's example, I must, as regards elementary spirits, also speak of the transformation of the old heathen divinities. And these are no spectres, for they are not dead. As I have said full many a time and oft, they are uncreated immortal beings who, after the victory of Christ, were obliged to retire to under-earthly secrecy, where they in company with other elementary spirits carry on their dæmonic house-keeping. Among the German race rings most exquisitely romantic the legend of the goddess Venus, who, when her temple was destroyed, fled into the heart of a hidden mountain, where she leads the gayest, strangest life with a mad and merry mob of fairy, airy sprites, beautiful nymphs of forest and of stream, and many a famous hero who has suddenly vanished from the world. From afar, as you approach the mountain, you can hear the happy laughter and the sweet sounds of the

[1] The French version says of it, "avec ses vieux et charmants characteres *gothiques*." But the book is not in black-letter, and if my memory does not deceive me, it is much larger than Heine describes it to be.—*Translator*.

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cithern, which twine like invisible threads round the heart, and draw you to the hill. But, fortunately, not far from the entrance, an old knight keeps watch and ward; he is called the trusty Eckart. He stands leaning on his great battle-sword, motionless as a statue, save that his honourable and iron-grey head constantly shakes, warning the one approaching against the dangers which threaten him. Many take warning and are terrified, many more never heed the bleating voice of the ancient warner, and plunge blindly into the abyss of voluptuousness and of perdition. For a while all goes well, but man is not made for laughter without end; many a time he falls into silence and seriousness, and thinks back into the past, for the past is the true home of his soul, and he has home-sickness for the feelings of the old time, even though they should be of pain. And so it happened to the Tannhäuser according to the story of a song, which is one of the most remarkable records of language preserved among the German people. I read it first in the already-mentioned book of Kornmann. Prætorius has taken it from him almost verbatim, and the compilers of the *Wunderhorn* from the latter, and I must here communicate the ballad from a probably erroneous copy from it.[1]

[1] The deviations from the copy of Prætorius (*Blockesberg*, p. 19) are very insignificant, but I give them in notes. The Ger-

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"Now I again will raise my voice,
Of Tannhäuser we'll sing;
And what he with Dame Venus did,
It is a wondrous thing.

Tannhäuser was a noble knight,
Great wonders he would see,
So went into the Venusberg,
Where other fair ones be.

'Sir Tannhäuser, thou'rt dear to me,
So lay it to thy heart;
And thou likewise hast taken oath,
From me thou'lt never part.'

'Dame Venus, that I never did,
And firmly I deny't;
If no one says the same save you,
God help me to the right!'

'Sir Tannhäuser, how speak you so,
You'll stay here all your life;
I'll give you of my playfellows
The fairest for a wife.'

'And if unto another wife
At any time I turn,
So must I in the flame of hell
Ever in torment burn.'

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man editor here remarks, "In the French version Heine's own parody of the Tannhäuser song is here inserted. I have retained the order of the German edition, but have, however, worked the missing portions into the proper places from the French edition."

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'Thou speakest much of the fire of hell,
Yet ne'er hast felt its power;
O think upon my rosy mouth,
Which smiles in every hour!'

'What care I for your rosy mouth?
'Tis naught to me, I trow;
For the honour of all women-kind
I pray you let me go!'

'Sir Tannhäuser, would you take leave?
To you no leave I'll give;
Oh, stay by me, Tannhäuser dear,
And merrily let us live!'

'My life is sick, I must be gone,
No longer can I stay;
Your face is fair, and proud your form,
But let me haste away!'

'Tannhäuser, speak not so to me,
You are no more the same;
Come with me to a chamber, dear,[1]
And play our secret game.'

'Thy tender love is lost on me,
I have it in my heart;
O noble Venus, beautiful,
That thou a devil art!'

'How darest thou speak so to me?[2]
None could save thou alone;

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[1] "Nun lasst uns in ein Kammer gehn."—*Prætorius.*
"Nun lasst uns in die Kammer gehn."—*Heine.*

[2] "Tannhäuser wie sprecht ihr also."—*Prætorius.*
" Tannhäuser, ach, wie sprecht Ihr so."—*Heine.*

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And should'st thou longer stay by us,
These words thou would'st atone.

'Sir Tannhäuser, the leave you ask
You must of our elders seek;
But see where'er abroad you roam[1]
You still my praises speak.'

Tannhäuser from the hill has gone
With rue and pain in soul;
'To holy Rome I'll wend my way,
And tell the Pope the whole.

'I'll go full gaily on the road—
God governs it all, I'm sure—
Unto the Pope who's called Urban,
He'll find me certain cure!

'Lord Pope, spiritual father mine,
My sins are dire distress,
And all I ever did commit
I will to you confess!

'I have lived a year with Venus fair,
That sin I now deplore;
No prayer or penance will I spare
To be with God once more.'

The Pope he held a wand so white,
Broke from a barren tree:

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[1] "Und wo ihr in dem Land ümbfahrt."—*Prætorius.*
"Und wo Ihr in dem Land umfahren."—*Heine.*

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'Not till this rod bears leaves again
Shall thy sins forgiven be!'[1]

'And I live but a year on earth,
One year in bitter pain,
'Twill pass in prayer and penitence,
To win God's grace again.'

So from the town he went his way
In grief and misery;
'O Mary Mother, purest maid!
Must I then part from thee?

'So I will seek the hill again,
And there for ever stay
By Venus, my own lady dear,
Since God points out that way.'

'Now welcome, my good Tannhäuser,
I've missed you since you're gone;[2]
Be welcome now, my dearest lord,
My hero, my own true one.'

'Twas on the third day after this,
The rod bore leaves so green;

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[1] "The Pope he held in his right hand
A dry and sapless rod;
Look not until this wand shall sprout
For pardon from thy God."

This is from a version, I know not by whom, which I read many years ago.

[2] "Ich hab euch lang entboren.
Seyd wilkommen mein liebster Herr!"—*Prætorius.*
"I hab Euch lang entbehret.
Willkommen seid, mein liebster Herr!"—*Heine.*

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And men went far and wide to find
Where Tannhäuser had been.[1]

But he was in the hill again,
And there he now must stay,
Till God shall judge him as he may,
Upon the final day.

No priest shall ever here on earth
Deny man's hope of heaven,
For by his penitence and prayer
His sins shall be forgiven."

I remember when I first read this song in Kornmann's book how I was struck by the contrast of its language with that of the pedantic, be-Latinised, unrefreshing style of the seventeenth century.[2] I felt like one who, in the gloomy shaft of a mine, has suddenly discovered a great vein of gold; and the proudly-simple, original, and strong words flashed up so brightly that my heart was well nigh dazzled at the

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[1] "Wohin der Tannhäuser were kommen."—*Prætorius.*
"Wohin der Tannhäuser kommen."—*Heine.*
This verse is given as follows in the anonymous version :—

"'Twas on the third day after this
The rod began to sprout,
And messengers through all the land
Sought Sir Tannhäuser out."

[2] Heine would appear to have had no appreciation whatever of the naïveté, or simple unconscious quaintness of expression, either in the works of Kornmann or Prætorius.

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sudden gleam. It seemed as if from this song there spoke to me a well-known joyous voice. I heard in it the notes of those heretical or suspected nightingales who during the Passion season of the Middle Age must needs hide themselves in silence, and only now and then, when it was least expected, perhaps even behind some cloister grating, pipe forth a few joyous tones. Knowest thou the letters of Heloise to Abelard? Next to the high song of the great king (I mean King Solomon), I know of no more burning or flaming song of tenderness than the dialogue between Venus and the Tannhäuser. This song is like a battle of love, and in it runs the reddest heart's blood.

Ah, how magnificent is this poem! Even in its beginning we strike on a startling passage. The poet gives us the reply of Lady Venus without having set forth the question of Tannhäuser which called for it. By this ellipsis our imagination gains room in which to play, and permits us to fancy what Tannhäuser might have said, what perhaps would have been difficult to express in a few words.[1] Despite his mediæval

[1] A careful study of songs which have become very popular, and also been transmitted for several generations, cannot fail to convince the reader that these ellipses or omissions, which are generally so vigorous and effective, are due principally to the people, who leave out all which is not essential to the

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poverty and piety, the old poet has admirably depicted the unholy arts of seduction and shameless love-tricks of Lady Venus. Even a vicious and sinful modern writer could not have better described the form of this enchanting witch—*cette diablesse de femme*—who with all her *morgue Olympienne*—celestial pride and splendid passion—still shows the *femme galante* or fast woman. Yes, she is a heavenly courtesan perfumed with ambrosia, a camelia goddess, and, so to speak, *une déesse entretenue*—a kept divinity.[1] When I turn over my memories it seems as if I must have met her some day on the Place Bréda, walking with a divinely light and graceful step. She wore a *petite capote grise*—a little grey head-covering of deliberate simplicity, and was wrapped from chin to heels in a magnificent cashmere shawl, whose fringe swept the pavement. "What is that woman?" I asked of De Balzac, who was with me. "A kept woman,"

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understanding of the narrative or argument. And it is more than probable that the greatly admired simplicity and conciseness and strength of the Bible, Homer, and the *Nibelungenlied* are due to their having passed through long stages of oral tradition. This is according to the principle that a sketch by an artist is superior to a finished picture by an amateur.—*Translator.*

[1] So Heine in "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" speaks of Cleopatra as a kept queen. It is very amusing to observe the peculiar light in which the Venus of the ballad appeared to our author, and the Parisian baroque trimmings with which he naïvely surrounds his *idéale.*—*Translator.*

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was his reply. I indeed was much more inclined to believe that she was a duchess. And from a third friend, who just then stepped up, I learned that we were both quite in the right.

The old poet of the ballad has sketched with a skill equal to his character of Venus that of Tannhäuser, who is the Chevalier des Grieux of the Middle Age. What a fine touch is that when Tannhäuser, in the midst of the ballad, suddenly speaks in his own name to the public, and relates what the poet should really tell—that is, how he goes as a pilgrim in despair. Herein we see the want of skill of a poet poor in invention, but such tones produce by their naïveté wonderful and winsome effects.

The real age of the Tannhäuser ballad would be difficult to determine. It existed in flying leaves, or broadsides, of the earliest age of printing. A young German poet, Mr. Bechstein, who kindly remembered in Germany that when in Paris he had met me at the house of our mutual friend Wolf, when the Tannhäuser had formed the subject of our conversation, has recently sent me one of those broadsides, entitled *Das Lied von den Danheüser*. It was only the greater antiquity of the language which prevented me from giving this older version. It contains many variations, and is, to my mind, of a far more poetic character.

And by accident I also received not long ago a

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version of the same song, in which there is hardly the outer form of the old version, while the inner motives are most strangely changed. In its older form the poem is unquestionably more beautiful, simple, and grand. All that the younger version has in common with it is a certain truth of feeling, and as I certainly possess the only copy of it, it shall here find place:—

"Good Christians, be not led astray
By 'lurements of the devil,
I sing you the Tannhäuser song,
To warn your souls from evil.

The Tannhäuser, a noble knight,
Would win him love and pleasure,
And so he lived in the Venusberg,
Just seven years full measure.

'Dame Venus, lovely lady mine,
No longer I'll deceive thee,
By thee I can no longer stay,
Oh, give me leave to leave thee.'

'Tannhäuser dear, my chevalier,
To-day we've had no kissing;
Come, kiss me quick, and let me know
What it can be that's missing.

'Have I not poured the sweetest wine
For thee, my darling, daily?
And hast thou not with roses red
Been crowned, and that right gaily?'

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'Your too sweet wine, fair lady mine,
And kisses give me twitters;
My very soul is sick in me,
Because I long for bitters.

'Until this day we've joked and smiled,
I long for tears to-morrow;
Instead of roses, I would fain
Be crowned with thorns of sorrow.'

'Tannhäuser brave, my chevalier,
Why wilt thou be unruly?
For thou hast sworn a thousand times
To never leave me—truly.

'Come to my room—let's conjugate
Of love all the moods and tenses;
My beautiful form, so lily-white,
I am sure will revive your senses.'

'Dame Venus, lovely lady mine,
Thy beauty is eternal;
But many have read those pages before,
And many will read thy journal.

'And when I think of the heroes and gods
Who have browsed in that field before me,
A certain unpleasant *je ne sais quoi*
For your beautiful form comes o'er me.

That beautiful form, so lily-white,
Gives me the horrors—heed me—
When I think how many gentlemen
Are destined to succeed me.'

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'Tannhäuser, noble chevalier!
With that thou shalt not twit me;
I'd rather by far thou would'st hit me again,
As thou often before hast hit me.

'I had rather by far be beaten outright,
Than told that others will win me;
How canst thou, ungrateful Christian knight,
Break the pride of my heart within me?

'Because I loved you far too well,
All love for you now I banish;
Adieu! you have full permission to go—
And the door is open—now vanish!'"

"At Rome, at Rome, in the holy town,
There is ringing and singing and fiddle;
A grand procession is going about,
And the Pope he walks in the middle.

That is the pious Pope Urbán,
With a triple tiara, like Aaron's;
He wears a red-purple mantle grand,
Its train is held up by barons.

'O holy father, Pope Urbán,
By thy power o'er things eternal!
Thou shalt not go till thou hear'st me confess,
And sav'st me from pains infernal.'

Then all the crowd around draw back,
Silence o'er all is stealing;
Who is the pilgrim so wasted and pale
Before His Holiness kneeling?

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'O holy father, Pope Urbán,
With power o'er good and evil;
Oh, save me from the terrors of hell,
And the fearful might of the devil!

'I am called the noble Tannhäuser,
With loving and sinning wearied;
For I have been in the Venusberg,
Where for seven long years I tarried.

'Dame Venus is a lady fair,
So winsome and enchanting;
Like sunlight and the scent of flowers
Is her voice my senses haunting.

'As the butterfly flits about a flower
And drinks the dew of posies,
So my soul once fluttered every hour
Around her lips like roses.

'And clustering, blooming, deep black hair
Round her noble face is wreathing;
And should once at you her great eyes stare,
'Twould certainly stop your breathing.

'If her grand black eyes should stare at you,
You would certainly be enraptured;
'Twas with greatest trouble I escaped
From the hill where she held me captured.

'It was with trouble that I escaped,
Yet I'm still possessed by that fairest
Of women, whose glances seem to say,
"Come back—oh, return to me, dearest."

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'I am but a wretched ghost by day,
But by night in dreams beguiling,
I am ever with that lady fair,
Who sits by me sweetly smiling.

'Her laugh is so real, so gay, so wild,
With beautiful teeth in keeping;
Oh, when I think how once she smiled,
Oh, then I burst out weeping.

'My love is like a wild spring flood,
All things before it jamming;
It is a roaring waterfall,
Whose course defies all damming.[1]

'It springs adown from cliff to cliff,
With terrible roar and foaming;
Though it broke its head a thousand times,
It would still keep rushing and roaming.

'If all the heaven above were mine
(In confidence between us),
I would give it with the sun and moon,
And also the stars to Venus.

'I love her with almighty power,
Fire clothes my soul like a raiment;
Is that a touch of the fire of hell,
Which I get in advance for payment?

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[1] "Du kannst seine Fluthen nicht dämmen." There is a suggested sound in this as of *fluchen und verdammen*. I think the poet had here in mind the excommunication.

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'O holy father, Pope Urbán,
With power o'er good and evil,
Oh, rescue me from the pains of hell,
And from the might of the devil.'

The Pope in sorrow upraised his hand,
When all of these words were spoken:
'Tannhäuser, most unfortunate man,
This charm can never be broken!

'The devil Venus is worst of all,
Without any respect or reverence;
When a man is once in her beautiful claws
He has not a chance of deliv'rance.

'For lust of the flesh thou hast utterly lost
All chances of salvation,
And now for ever thou must burn
In the depths of all damnation.'

Tannhäuser returned so rapidly
That his feet were sore with piking,
He came again to the Venusberg
As the midnight hour was striking.

Lady Venus awoke, and hearing his voice,
Out of her bed came springing;
And in an instant, with snow-white arms,
To the dear good fellow was clinging.

Sir Tannhäuser tumbled dead weary to bed,
O'er his ears she drew the cover;
Then went into the kitchen below
To warm a bouillon for her lover.

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She gave him bouillon, she gave him a roll,
She washed his sore feet so neatly;
She combed his awfully touseld hair,
And laughed so divinely sweetly.

'Tannhäuser dear, sweet chevalier,
How long you've been gone—oh gracious!
Pray tell me now, wherever on earth
Have you travelled about, my precious!'

'Dear Venus, beautiful lady mine,
I have been to Rome a rover;
I had business there—but now, I think,
That job is pretty well over.[1]

'There's a river called Tiber near, and the town
Is in seven hills dismembered;
I saw the Pope—he mentioned you—
And begs to be remembered.

'I stopped at Florence on my way,
And also looked in at Milan;
And went as a traveller through Switzerland—
The Swiss were perfectly willin'.

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[1] The French version of the poem here ends very appropriately and properly with the following verse:—

"J'avis hâte de revenir auprès de toi, dame Vénus, ma mie.
On est bien ici, et je ne quitterai plus jamais ta montagne.

'But I was in haste to return to thee,
Dame Venus, so sweet to me ever;
I am happy here in the mountain, dear,
And now I will leave thee never.'"

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'And as I crossed the Alpine pass,
The sun was flying and falling;
But the fair blue lakes smiled far below,
And eagles were croaking and calling.

'And as I on the Gotthardt stood,
Where the snow and ice are coolers,
I heard a snoring—'twas Germany,
With its six-and-thirty rulers.

'In Suabia I saw the poet-school
Of ninnies—past all bearing;
They sat in a circle, each on a stool,
With guards round their heads all wearing.

'To Frankfort I came on the *Schabbes* day,
Where I ate *schalet* and *klösse;*
Ye have the best religion, I own,
I am fond too of geese *gekröse.*[1]

'In Dresden, too, I saw a dog
Once among better numbered,
But now his teeth are falling out,
He only barked or slumbered.

'In Weimar, the widowed muses' seat,
To grief full utterance giving;
Men wept and wailed that Goethe was dead,
And that Eckermann still was living.

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[1] *Schabbes*, the Sabbath. *Schalet*, *klossé*, and *Gansegekröse*, Hebrew dishes described in the "Jewish Cook-Book."—*Translator.*

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'In Potsdam I heard a mighty shout.
"What's the matter?" I cried, while speeding;
"Oh, that is Professor Gans in Berlin,
On the eighteenth century reading."

'In Göttingen still much learning blooms,
But produces no fruit for dining;
I passed through the town in stock dark night,
For never a light was shining.

'In the workhouse in Celle I only saw
Hanoverians—O German nation!
Ye need a national workhouse for all,
And one whip—for your salvation!

'In Hamburg I asked them why it was
The streets all stunk so sadly,
And Jews and Christians declared it came
From the gutters, which ran so badly.

'In Hamburg, which is a right good town,
Lives many a right bad fellow;
But when I came upon the Exchange
I thought I was still in Celle.

'In Hamburg, in that right good town,
The people will see me never,
For now I will live in the Venusberg
With my beautiful lady for ever.'" [1]

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[1] The German editor here remarks that Heine subsequently re-wrote this concluding verse, as follows:—

"In Hamburg I saw Altona,
A place which seemed to woo me;

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I will not impose upon the public, be it in verse or prose, and I publicly confess that this poem is by myself, and does not belong to any Minnesinger of the Middle Age. I felt myself, however, tempted to follow the original song in which the old poet used the same material. Comparison of the two will be most interesting and edifying for the critic, who would fain see how differently two poets of entirely opposed epochs would handle one and the same theme, should they retain the same subject, measure, and almost the same mould. The spirit of the two ages must become more manifest from such juxtaposition; it is, so to speak, a specimen of comparative anatomy in the field of literature. In fact, when one reads the two together, he cannot fail to perceive how the ancient faith inspired the older poet; while in the modern, who was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the scepticism of his age reveals itself. One sees how the latter, limited by no authority, gives his imagination full flight, and has no other aim than to properly and well express, *bien exprimer*, in his verse, purely human feelings. The older poet, however,

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Another time I'll tell you all
That happened there unto me."

This English version of the poem is very free, but I believe it is true to the *spirit* of the original, which no very literal version could be.—*Translator.*

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is under the yoke of ecclesiastical authority, he has a didactic aim, he will exalt a religious doctrine, he preaches the virtue of Christian love, and his last words indicate the gracious power of repentance for forgiveness of all sins. The Pope himself is reproved because he forgot this sublime Christian truth, and the dry rod which burgeons in his hands teaches him, unfortunately too late, the infinite depths of divine mercy.

The previously given original Tannhäuser ballad was probably composed just before the Reformation. The legend itself does not go much further back; it is probably hardly one hundred years older.[1] Lady Venus also appears at a very late period in German legend, while other divinities, as, for instance, Diana, were known all through the Middle Ages. The latter appears even in the

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[1] Heine appears to have been quite ignorant that there was a Minnesinger-knight of the twelfth century named Tanhûser, who was equally distinguished as a love-poet and a bitter satirist of the priests, as is shown by a single one of his lines :—

"Got minnet valsche kutten nit."

"God does not love false cowls" (*i.e.*, priests).

These two characteristics, eked out by a popular misconception of a passage in his poems, and the wandering life and wild adventures of the minstrel, most unquestionably gave birth to the song, which I believe to be much older than Heine supposes, and probably of the time of the Minnesinger himself. *Vide* "Sunshine in Thought," by Charles G. Leland, 1862, for remarks on this subject.—*Translator.*

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seventh and eighth centuries as an evil demon, decried in the decrees of the bishops. She appears since then generally as riding, she who of yore in Greece ran so lightly shod through the forests. During fifteen hundred years she had to flit about in varied forms, and her character underwent strange transformations. I shall in another place set forth the legends relating to them.

And here a remark suggests itself, the development of which suggests material for most interesting researches.[1] I again speak of the metamorphoses into demons which the Græco-Roman gods underwent when Christianity gained the upper hand in the world. Popular opinion assigned to those deities a real but banned or exorcised existence, agreeing in this with the doctrine of the Church, which by no means explained the ancient deities, as the philosophers

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[1] Here the German edition of "The Gods in Exile," edited by Heine himself, began with the words: "I have already in my earliest writings mentioned the idea from which the following contribution sprung." In the French version the two following pages are omitted. In the latter, and probably in the original German manuscript, we have instead, "I will here give only an indication hint for the benefit of young scholars who are wanting in ideas, that is, I will in a few words show how the old heathen gods of whom we speak when the triumph of Christianity had became definite, &c."—*German editor.*

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had done, as mere chimeras or births from falsehood and error, but regarded them as evil spirits who, by the triumph of Christ, had been thrown from the shining pinnacle of power, and who now lead a gloomy secret life on earth in the darkness of old ruined temples or enchanted forests, where they allure weak Christian souls, who have therein lost their way by seductive devilish arts, lust, and beauty, specially by dances and song, to their ruin. All which refers to this theme—the transformation of the early worship of Nature into devil-worship, and of heathen priesthood into sorcery or witchcraft, or the diabolisation of deity—I have freely discussed in my contributions to the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany, as well as in the Elementary Spirits; and I may hold myself to be the more excused from further following up of the subject since many other authors, following in my track, and inspired by the hints which I had given as to the importance of the subject, have treated it far more extensively, comprehensively, and thoroughly than I have done. If they in so doing did not mention the name of the author who had the merit of taking the initiative or being first in the field, this was of course mere forgetfulness, of but little consequence.[1]

[1] Heine here soars to the full height of his amusing arrogance. He was as little the first as the last of German authors

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I myself will not set a very high value on the claim. It is true that the theme which I brought forward was no novelty, but it had with such vulgarisation of old ideas the same relation as with the egg of Columbus. Everybody knew the fact, but no one expressed it. Yes, what I said was no novelty, and was long since to be found printed in the honourable folios and quartos of compilers and antiquarians; in those catacombs of erudition where, duly arranged with a terrible symmetry, which is far more terrible than wild freewill or fancy, the most heterogeneous bones of thought are piled together. And I also admit that modern scholars have handled the same themes; but they have, so to speak, coffined them in the wooden mummy-chests of their confused and abstract scientific language, which the public cannot decipher and takes to be Egyptian hieroglyphs. Out of such vaults and catacombs I have evoked these thoughts to real life by the magic power of generally intelligent language, by the black-art of a sound, clear, popular style.[1]

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to discuss these subjects genially, or to offer the ideas which he claims as original, while as regards adopting them without mention of the source whence they came, he was certainly unequalled by any of those of whom he complains.

[1] This flight is all, very wisely, omitted from the French version. It may be here observed that the French, though so often reproached for self-conceit, condemn it more severely than any other people. A few years ago, a man who was the

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But I return to my theme, whose leading idea, as I have already intimated, shall not be further elaborated here. I will only with a few words call the reader's attention to the fact that the poor old gods above-mentioned were, at the time of the definite victory of Christianity—that is to say, in the third century—in sad difficulties, which bore the greatest resemblance to those in which they had been involved at a much earlier period. They found themselves in the alarming and dire need which they had suffered in the primevally early time, at that revolutionary epoch when the Titans, bursting the bounds of Orcus and piling Pelion on Ossa, stormed Olympus. The unfortunate gods were compelled to take to ignominious flight, and hid themselves in all disguises among us here on earth. Most of them fled to Egypt,

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notoriety of the hour, began a letter to a newspaper with the words, "Depuis quelques jours on ne parle que de moi." There was a general roar of laughter and hisses from all Paris, and the celebrity was forthwith extinguished. Yet the expression, probably a very careless one, was modesty itself compared to what Heine most deliberately declares in these passages. He speaks proudly of his "researches" in what is now called Folk Lore, but there are very few, if any, instances of any writer who had read so little of any subject, yet who has treated it so boldly and confidently as if he alone of men had exhausted and understood it. And with all this, it must be admitted that he made more of what he did know than the most learned man living could have done. "Had he not praised himself unto the skies, others would willingly have praised him more."

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where for greater safety they, as is generally known, assumed the forms of animals. In the same manner the poor heathen gods were again driven to flight, and to seek under all kinds of disguises in remote retreats a refuge, when the true lord of the world planted his crusading banner on the castle of heaven, and those iconoclastic zealots, the black bands of monks, destroyed the temples and hunted down the gods with fire and malediction. Many of these poor emigrants, who were without shelter or ambrosia, were obliged to take to some everyday trade, to earn at least their daily bread. In such circumstances, many whose holy groves had been confiscated were obliged, among us in Germany, to work by the day as hewers of wood, and to drink beer instead of nectar. Apollo seems to have taken kindly to his tasks, and entered the service of cattle raisers; and as he once took care of the cows of Admetus, so he now lived as shepherd in Lower Austria. But there he, having become suspected on account of his beautiful singing, was recognised by a learned monk as an old magical god of the heathens, and handed over to the spiritual court. He confessed on the scaffold that he was the god Apollo. But before his execution he begged that he might be allowed to play on the cithern, and to sing one more song. And his playing was so exquisitely charming, and his song so enchanting,

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and he was so beautiful in face and form, that all the women wept, and many of them from their emotion fell ill. After his death they sought to take his body from the tomb, to drive a pole through it, thinking that he must have been a vampyre, and that the women who had suffered would be cured by such a well-proved remedy. But the grave was empty.

I have not much to relate of the destiny of Mars, the ancient god of war, since the Christians won their victory. I am inclined to think that during the feudal times he exercised the *Faustrecht*, or law of the strong hand. The tall Westphalian Schimmelpfennig, nephew of the executioner of Münster, met him in Bologna, where he had with him a long conversation, which I will relate anon. Some time before he served under Frundsberg as a Landknecht or mercenary soldier, and was at the storming of Rome, where he must have suffered bitterly in seeing the merciless ruin of his favourite ancient city, and of the temple in which he had been worshipped, as well as the shrines of all his relations.

It went better with the god Bacchus than it did with Mars and Apollo; and a legend relates the following: "There are in the Tyrol large lakes surrounded by forests whose trees rise to heaven, and which are mirrored in the blue depths below. Trees and waters rustle so strangely and

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uncannily, that a wondrous feeling steals over him who wanders there in solitude. By the shore of such a lake stood the hut of a young fisher, who also acted as ferryman when any one wished to be carried over the water. He had a great boat which was bound to a tree, not far from the house in which he lived alone. Once during the autumnal equinox, towards midnight, he heard a knocking at the window, and going to the door met three monks, whose heads were deeply hidden in their cowls, and who seemed to be in great haste. One of them begged him hurriedly to lend them his boat, and promised to return it in a few hours. The fisherman had no cause to hesitate, and so untied the boat; and while the monks entered it and rowed away, he returned to his bed and slept. After a few hours he was awakened by their return. One of them gave him a piece of silver, and all three departed. The youth went to look at his boat, and found it tied fast: then he shivered, but it was not the night-air. When the monk paid him the money, he had touched his fingers, which were icy cold, and a frosty shudder ran through all his limbs. He could not for several days forget this; but youth soon dismisses what is uncanny, and he thought no more of it when the following year at the same time, and towards midnight, there was again a tapping at the window, the three monks

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again appeared, and again in great haste asked for the boat. This time he let them have it with less care and when they returned a few hours after, and he was again paid, he again felt with a shudder the icy cold fingers.

The same thing happened again and again, till on the seventh year the fisherman began to long —cost what it might—to find out the mystery which was hidden under those three cowls. So he put into the boat a pile of nets, which formed for him a hiding-place, into which he crept, while the monks went on board. They came at the usual time, and he concealed himself unseen by them. To his great amazement the passage across the lake, which always required an hour, was executed in a few minutes; but what was his amazement when he, who knew the whole country so well, found that the boat had arrived at a vast open space in the woods, which he had never before seen, which was grown about with trees of a kind all unknown to him. Many lamps hung on the branches of these trees, while here and there, on pedestals, were vases full of blazing pitch, and the moon also shone so brightly, that he could perceive all the many persons who were present, as if it had been daylight. Of these there were hundreds, young men and young women, nearly all beautiful, though their faces were white as marble, and this, with their cloth-

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ing, which consisted of white tunics, girt up very high, with purple borders, gave them the appearance of walking statues. The ladies wore on their heads garlands of grape leaves, which were either real or made of gold and silver thread, while their hair was partly woven from the parting in a kind of crown, and partly flowed wildly from this crown in tresses to the neck. The young men were also crowned with grape-leaves. But men and women all, flourishing golden wands bound with similar leaves, came bounding joyously to welcome the three newly arrived. One of these threw off his cowl and frock, and appeared as an impudent fellow of middle age, who had a repulsive, lascivious, yes, lewd face, with pointed he-goat's ears, and a laughably exaggerated stupendous virile organ. The second, laying aside his garments, revealed an enormously fat paunch, and a bald head, on which the wanton women placed a wreath of roses. But the faces of both monks were white as marble, as was that of the third, who stripped off his disguise with a hearty laugh. As he unbound the rope round his waist, and threw away the pious dirty dress, cross, and rosary with every sign of disgust, he appeared as a young man of extraordinary beauty, clad in a tunic glittering with diamonds, and who was of perfect form, only that his supple rounded haunch and slender waist seemed feminine. And

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his delicately arched lips and soft features gave him a maiden air, though his face had a bold and almost haughty and heroic expression. The women caressed him with wild inspiration, placed a garland of ivy-leaves on his head, and threw a magnificent leopard's skin over his shoulders. At the same time there came a two-wheeled golden triumphal chariot drawn by two lions, on which the young man, with the dignity of a conqueror, yet with joyous smile, leaped. He drove the wild span with purple reins. On one side of his chariot walked one of his unfrocked companions, whose lustful gestures and indecent extravagance amused the multitude, while his companion with the mighty paunch, whom the merry wives had lifted up on an ass, rode along holding a golden goblet, which was constantly filled for him with wine. Slowly went the chariot, and behind it whirled in wild eddies the reckless troop of vine-clad revellers, while before it advanced the court-choir of the victor. Beautiful full-cheeked youths blowing the double flute, then high-girt maidens with their tambourines, drumming with knuckles on ringing skin; then other beauties beating triangles; then horn-players, he-goat footed fellows with fair but lascivious faces, who blew flourishes on strange horns of animals or sea-shells, and then the lute-players.

But, dear reader, I forget that you are very well

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educated and informed, who have long observed that all this is a description of a Bacchanalian orgie or festival of Dionysius. You have seen often enough old bas-reliefs, or in the engravings of archæological works, the triumphal processions which glorify the god, and in faith with your classic and refined sense you would be but little alarmed, I trow, should you even at midnight, in the darkest solitude of the forest, encounter the beautiful apparition of such a Bacchic train, even if all its gloriously tipsy crew were to dance on before your very eyes. At the utmost you would only feel a slightly licentious thrill, an æsthetic shiver, at seeing this assembly of delightful phantoms, risen from the sarcophagi of their monuments or their lairs in ruined temples, to again renew their ancient gay and festive rites, to once more celebrate with games and dance the triumph of the divine liberator, of the saviour of sensuality, to revive the joyous dance of heathendom, the cancan of the merry world of yore, without any of the policemen of spiritual morality to hinder—all revelling, rioting, hurrahing, Evoe Bacche![1]

[1] In the French version the following passage is here added :—

"Comme j'ai dit mon cher lecteur, vous êtes un homme instruit et éclairé qu'une apparition nocturne ne saurait épouvanter, pas plus que si c'était une fantasmagorie de l'académie imperialé de musique, évouquée par le génie poétique de M. Eugéne Scribe, en collaboration avec le génie musical du célèbre *maestro* Giacomo Meyerbeer."

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But, dear reader, the poor fisherman of our story was not, like you, familiar with mythology; he had not studied archæology, and he was terrified and agonised at the sight of that beautiful *triumphator* with his two strange açolytes, when they leaped from their monk's dress; he shuddered at the immodest gestures and leaping of the bacchantæ, the fauns, the satyrs, who, from their he-goat's feet and horns, seemed to him to be devils, so that he regarded the whole society as a congress of spectres and demons, who sought by their sorceries to bring destruction to human beings. The hair stood on his head as he saw the neck-breaking impossible postures of a mœnad, who with flowing locks cast her head back, and only kept her balance with the thyrsus. His brain reeled at beholding Corybantes, who wounded themselves with short swords, madly seeking for ecstasy in pain. The soft, sweet, and yet terrible tones of the music flowed through his soul like flames—flashing, shuddering, awful! But when the poor mortal saw that abominable Egyptian symbol which, of enormously exaggerated size, and crowned with flowers, was carried by a shameless beauty on a long pole,[1] he fairly lost his

[1] The French version is here somewhat more flowery or expansive:—

"Ce symbole, ou plutôt cette hyperbole, était couronnée de fleurs, et la belle devergondée l'agitait avec des gestes impu-

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senses, and, rushing back to the boat, crept under the nets, shivering with clattering teeth, as though the devil already held him by one foot. Soon after the three monks returned and pushed forth. And when they reached the opposite shore, the fisherman contrived to slip away so quietly, that the monks thought he had waited for them behind the willows; and so, when one of them had pressed with icy-cold fingers into his hand the usual fee, they went their way.

For his own salvation's sake, which he deemed endangered, as well as to preserve all other good Christians from perdition, the fisherman believed it was his duty to denounce the unholy and strange events to a spiritual tribunal; and as the superior or prior of a Franciscan convent not far off was president of such a court, and was in great repute as a learned exorcist, he determined to seek him without delay. Therefore the early morning sun saw him on his way to the cloister, and it was with his eyes humbly cast down that he found himself before his reverence the prior, who sat with his

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diques, en psalmodiant a tue-tête une infâme cantique, auquel faisaient chorus ses compagnons velus avec leur gros rire et leurs gambades burlesques. En même temps les accords de la musique de la procession triomphale, accords mollement tendres et désespérés à la fois, pénétrèrent dans le cœur du pauvre jeune homme comme autant de brandons enflammés; il se crut déjà embrasé du feu infernal, et il courut à toutes jambes vers sa barque."—*Translator.*

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capuchin drawn deep over his eyes in a high arm-chair, remaining in this reflective attitude while the fisherman narrated the terrible tale. But when the young man had ended, the prior suddenly raised his head, and the visitor was startled at recognising in his reverence one of the three monks who went annually over the lake, and he was indeed the very one whom he had seen the night before seated as a heathen deity on the triumphal chariot with the yoke of lions. There was the same marble, pale countenance, the same regular and beautiful features, the same mouth with its delicately arched lips, and over those lips played a pleasant smile, and from that mouth flowed the soft-ringing and sanctimonious words:—

"Beloved son in Christ! we truly believe that you have passed this night in company with the god Bacchus, as your fantastic ghost-story perfectly proves, and we would not for our life say aught unloving of this god. Many a time doth he break the sorrows and soothe the heart of man; but he is also very dangerous unto those who cannot bear much, and verily you seem to me to be one of those weak mortals.[1] We therefore counsel you

[1] Here the French version is again diffusive to originality: "Nous nous garderons bien de dire du mal de ce dieu, bien de fois il nous fait oublier nos soucis, et il réjouit le coeur de l'homme, mais les dons que la bonté divine accord aux humains

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to enjoy in future with great moderation the golden juice of the grape, and to trouble no further in future the spiritual authorities with the imaginary tipsy fancies of your brain, and also to be silent as regards this last vision—that is, to hold your jaw altogether (*das maul zu halten*), else the secular arm of the beadle shall count off on you five and twenty stripes with a cart-whip. But now, dearly beloved son in Christ, go to the cloister-kitchen, where the brother butler and brother cook shall serve you with a luncheon."

With this the spiritual lord gave the fisherman his blessing; but when the latter, quite bluffed and abashed, packed away to the kitchen, and saw the *pater* cellarer and the *pater* cook, he nearly fell flat with terror, for they were the two very nocturnal companions of the prior, the two monks who had rowed with him over the lake; for right well did the visitor know the great paunch and

sont différents, beaucoup sont appèles, et peu sont élus." (Here Heine may have had in mind the ancient saying, "Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few the bacchantae.") "Il y a des hommes qu'une douzaine de bouteilles ne sauraient abattre En toute humilité Chretienne j'avoue que je suis un de ces êtres d'élite, et je 'n rends grâces au Seigneur. Il y a aussi des natures incomplètes et faibles qu'une seule chopine peut renverser, et il parait, mon cher fils en Jésus Christ, que vous êtes de nombre. Nous vous conseillons donc de n'absorber qu'avec mesure le jus doré de la treille." Heine here borrows the pious thanks of the prior that he can drink twelve bottles from an ancient flight of *facetiæ*.—*Translator*.

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bald head of the one, and the grinning, lustful face and goat's ears of the other. But he held his tongue, and spoke thereof word to none till many years after.

Old chronicles which relate similar tales transfer the scene to Spires on the Rhine.[1]

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[1] I have not been able to find whence Heine took the *whole* of this story, and until I do, shall believe that all the part referring to Bacchus is his own invention. Grosius, *Magica, seu mirabilium Historiarum*, &c., 1597, tells effectively the same tale in reference to three fishermen of the Rhine, and many monks who proved to be a party of devils going to take part in the great Council of Spires. On which subject Georgius Sabinus wrote a rather clever Latin poem of 118 verses, which latter approaches in several points more closely to the tale of the text, as in depicting the amazement of the fisher at seeing the monks on the chariot:—

"Qui que manu flexas auriga tenebat habenas,
Terribili naso conspiciendus erat,
Attonitus curru stat prætereunte viator,
Nec Monachos illos spectra sed esse vident."

There is, however, in all this no allusion whatever to Bacchus or Silenus. It may be observed that in the "Gods in Exile," Heine gives several "legends" without mentioning his authorities or the source whence he derived them, though as a rule he is generally very careful to do so when he can, and of all these unaccredited stories I have failed to find a trace elsewhere. Perhaps my readers may be more fortunate. Grosius declares that the event took place "anno millesimo, quingentesimo tricesimo, Juliidecimo octavo." It is rather amusing to contrast this neglect to mention obligations with our author's previous complaint that other authors have not acknowledged their indebtedness to him. But the *mot d'enigme* in criticising Heine is never to take him quite *au grand serieux*. The tale, as told by him,

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There are similar traditions of the East Frisian coast in which the ancient heathen description of the voyage of the dead to the realm of shadows is most significantly set forth. Nothing indeed is said in them of a Charon who steers, though this old cock—*alter Kawz*—has not kept his place in legends, but in puppet-shows. But we recognise a far more important mythological personage in the so-called *Spediteur*, or forwarding agent, who attends to the passage of the dead, and the ferryman who performs Charon's duties,[1] and who, as a common fisherman, receives the due payment. Yet, despite his *baroque* disguise, we can readily divine his true name, and I will therefore give the tradition as accurately as possible.

In East Friesland, on the North sea-coast, are many coves, which are also small harbours, known as *siehle*.[2] On the jutting headland of one of these stands the lonely house of a fisherman, who lived with his family, peaceful and contented. Nature is sad here, not a bird is heard save the

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has a great resemblance to a Venetian story narrated by Bernoni of a fisherman who hid himself in his boat while three witches sailed in it to Egypt, and I have heard the same in greater detail in Florence. But in neither of these did any heathen gods appear. Hawthorne has also used the same idea.

[1] "And that grim ferryman whom poets write of."

The French version, though effectively the same, is here differently expressed from the German.

[2] *Siel*, a drain or sluice.—*Translator.*

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sea-mews, who often fly with evil cry from their nests in the sand announcing a storm. The monotonous plashing of the surging sea agrees well with the gloomy flying clouds. Even man never sings, and on this melancholy coast there is never heard a verse of any popular song. The people here are serious, honest, more reasonable than religious, and very proud of the bold common-sense and freedom of their ancestors.[1] They are not imaginative, and speculate but little. The main object of the fisherman who dwelt on his lonely *siehl* was fishing, and now and then the fare of the travellers who wished to be ferried over to some neighbouring island of the North Sea.

At a certain time of the year, it is said, just at noon, when the fisher and his family sat at their meal, a stranger appeared in the great family room, and begged the master of the house to speak with him apart for a few minutes, on business. The fisherman, having in vain endeavoured to induce the visitor to take part in the meal, complied with his request, and both retired to a bow-window. I will not describe the

[1] French version, "Et bien qu'ils aient perdu leurs institutions démocratiques d'autre fois, ils n'en ont pas moins gardé un ésprit d'indépendance, héritage de leurs intrépides aïeux, qui avaient combattu avec heroïsme contre les envalissements de l'océan et des princes du Nord."

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appearance of the stranger in the leisurely manner of modern novelists, a simply accurate account must suffice. He is a man somewhat advanced in years, but still fresh; in short, an old boy, well rounded but not fat, his cheeks as red as Borsdorfer apples, and with merry eyes glancing everywhere, while on his powdered head is a three-cornered hat. Under an overcoat of clear yellow, garnished with innumerable small capes, the man wears the old-fashioned dress which we see in old portraits of Dutch merchants, and which denotes a certain ease—a silk parrot-green coat, a flower-embroidered waistcoat, short black breeches, striped stockings, and buckled shoes, the latter so bright and shining that it seemed strange that he could have come through the mud of the Siehl with such clean feet. His voice is asthmatic, wiry, and sometimes passing into a whine or treble; but the demeanour and manner are grave and measured, as becomes a Dutch merchant. This gravity seems, however, to be more assumed than natural, and often contrasts oddly with the searching glances of the eyes here and there, as well as the indifferently suppressed and nervous activity of his limbs. That the stranger is a Dutch merchant is shown, not only by his clothing, but by the mercantile accuracy and caution with which he conducts a negotiation to the advantage of his employers. He is, as he

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says, a forwarding agent, and has received from one of his business friends an order to have conveyed a certain number of souls, or as many as may find room in an ordinary boat, from the East Frisian coast to the White Island. On this account, he continued, he would like to know whether the fisherman could carry such a cargo on that very night, in which case he would pay the money down in advance, but hoped that in conscience he would put the price as low as became a Christian. The Dutch merchant—albeit the word is a pleonasm, since every Dutchman is a merchant—made this proposition as if it was concerning carrying so many cheeses, and not the souls of the departed. The fisherman was startled indeed somewhat by the word "souls," and he felt a shiver in the back, and observed at once that he had before him the spectral Dutchman who had so often given a similar commission to his colleagues, who had been well paid for it. But, as I have before remarked, these East Frisian coast dwellers are courageous, healthy, and sober; they are wanting in that morbid, sickly imagination which renders us so susceptible to the ghostly and supernatural, therefore the secret shudder of our fisherman lasted but an instant, he soon became himself, and with an air of perfect indifference began to bargain the ferry-money up to the highest possible figure. After some chaffer-

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ing and higgling the two came to an understanding, shook hands over it, and the Dutchman drew out a soiled leather purse, full of small silver pennies, the smallest which had ever been coined in Holland, and paid down all the sum in this Lilliputian money. After having instructed the fisherman that he must be ready about midnight, at the time when the full moon would appear from the clouds, with his boat at a certain place on the shore to receive his cargo, he took leave of the family, who again repeated in vain their invitation to share their meal, and the ever dignified figure tripped away with strange agility.

At the appointed time the skipper found himself at the proper place with his barque, which, being empty and light of ballast, rocked lightly on the waves; but as the moon rose he observed that it became steadier, and gradually sank deeper, till the water was within a hand's-breadth of the gunwale. By this he knew that his passengers, the souls, were now all on board, so he pushed forth with his freight. But however he strained his eyes he could see nothing in his boat but something like trails of mist moving about, but which assumed no certain form, and which seemed to whirl into one another. Nor could he hear anything save a soft chirping and whisper-like sound. Now and then a sea-gull shot with shrill cry overhead, or some fish lifted its head from the water

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with a strange glare. The night wore on and the air grew cold; everywhere all was water, moonshine, and silence; and silent as his surroundings, the fisherman came to the White Island, where he moored his boat. He saw no one on the strand, but heard a sharp asthmatic gasping and whining voice, which he recognised as that of the Dutchman. He seemed to be reading a list of proper names monotonously, as if verifying them, and among them were those of many whom the fisher had known, but who had died during the past year. During this calling off the boat was lightened, so that while at first it had lain deep in the sand, it now swam lightly on the waves when the reading was over, and the skipper, perceiving that his cargo was duly delivered, sailed quietly back to wife and child, and his dear home on the Siehl.

So it passes every year as regards the transport of souls to the White Island. A skipper once remarked as a peculiar circumstance that the invisible controller, while reading the names, suddenly paused and said, "But where is Pitter Jansen? That is not Pitter Jansen." Whereupon a piping, wailing little voice replied, "I am Pitter Jansen's Mieke, and have had my name inscribed in his place."

I have already ventured, despite their crafty disguises, to surmise the names of the important mythological characters who appear in these tradi-

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tions. This one is nothing less than the god Mercury, the ancient leader of souls, Hermes Pyscopompos. Yes, under that shabby overcoat, and in that sober shopman's form, the most brilliant and youthful of the heathen deities, the crafty son of Maia, is disguised. On that three-cornered hat there is not the least sign of a feather which could recall the wings of his divine head-covering, and the heavy shoes with steel buckles do not at all suggest pinioned sandals; this heavy Dutch lead is different from the mobile quick-silver to which the god gave a name, but the very contrast betrays the identity, and the god chose this disguise to be the more securely concealed. Yet it may be that he in nowise chose it from mere caprice. Mercury was, as you know, at the same time the god of thieves as well as merchants, and it was natural that in choosing a garb which rendered him incognito, and a calling by which he could live, he had in mind his antecedents and talents.[1] Therein he was experienced,

[1] The French version varies here very much from the German. It is as follows :—

"Mercure était comme vous savez le dieu des voleurs et des marchands. . . . Il n'avait qu'a calculer lequel des ces metiérs, qui ne diffèrent que par des nuances, lui affrait le plus de chances de réuissite. Il se disait que le vol, par des préjugés séculaires était flétri dans l'opinion publique, que les philosophes n'avaient pas encore réussi à le réhabiliter en l'assimilant à la propriété, qu'il était mal vu de la police et des gendarmes, et

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he had discovered the tortoise-shell lyre and the helioscope, he robbed men and gods, and even as a babe he was a little Calmonius, who slipped from his cradle to steal a yoke of oxen. He had to choose between the two occupations, which are in reality not very different, since in both the aim is to obtain the property of others as cheaply as possible; but the shrewd god reflected that thievery does not stand so high in public opinion as trade, that the former is interdicted by the police while the latter is even protected by law, that merchants reach the top-rung on the ladder of honour while those of the thieving fraternity must climb a ladder of a much less agreeable description, that the latter stake liberty and life while the merchant only risks his capital or that of his friends; and so the cunningest of gods became a merchant, and to be as perfect a one as possible, Dutch at that. His long practice as Theopompos, or leader of the shades, specially adapted him for forwarding souls, the transport of which to the White Island is by him carried on.

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que pour tout prix de son déploiement de courage et d'habileté, le voleur était quelquefois envoyé aux galéres, sinon à la potence; qu'au contraire le négoce jouissait de la plus grand impunité, qu'il était honoré du public et protégé par les lois, que les negociantes étaient décorés, qu'ils allaient a la cour, et qu'on en faisait même des présidents du conseil. Par consequent, le plus rusé des dieux se decida pour l'état le plus lucratif et le moins dangereux, et pour être négociant par excellence, il se fit négociant hollandais."—*Translator*.

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The White Island is sometimes called Brea or Britinia. Does this allude to white Albion and to the chalk cliffs on its coast? It would be a droll idea to set forth England as a land of the dead, as the realm of Pluto or hell. Great Britain does, in fact, appear to many strangers in such a light.[1]

In my discussion of the legend of "Faust" I have entered fully into the subject of the realm of Pluto and of himself. I have there shown how the ancient realm of shadows became a complete hell, and how its gloomy and ancient ruler was altogether diabolised. But it is only in the formal official style of the Church that the matter sounds so harsh, for in spite of the Christian anathema the position of Pluto remained much the same as it was. Neither he, the god of the world below, nor his brother Neptune, ruler of the ocean, emigrated like their mates, and even after the prevalence of Christianity they ruled on in their domains or in their elements. Though the wildest

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[1] Here our author fully illustrates the fact that "comparaison n'est pas raison," as a MS. of the twelfth century (*Leroux de Lincy Proverbes*) declares. The White Island of the old Breton and Norman *lais* was doubtless the Isle of Wight or England, but it was like Avalon, a fairyland or paradise, and the souls who were ferried over were of the *élite*. It would have been unjust indeed if the woman mentioned by Heine, who sacrificed herself to keep her husband, Pitter Jansen, alive, had been damned for so doing.—*Translator*.

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and most absurd fables were circulated on earth relative to him, old Pluto sat down below, warm by his Proserpine. Neptune suffered even less from calumny than did his brother Pluto, and neither church-bells nor the peals of organs offended his ears far below in the ocean depths, by his white-bosomed Amphitrite and his dripping courtiers, the Nereids and Tritons. Only now and then, when some young sailor for the first time crossed the Line, did he rise from the flood, holding the trident, his head crowned with seeds, with a silver beard hanging down to below his waist. Then he bestowed on the neophyte the terrible baptism of the sea, delivering on these occasions a long address full of unction and pathos, also abounding in hard old salt-water jokes, rather spit forth than spoken in company with tobacco-juice, to the great delight of his tarry audience. A friend who described to me in detail how such a water mystery-play was acted by sailors on ships, assured me that those very sailors who laughed the most insanely at the droll burlesque of Neptune, never doubted for an instant of the existence of such a marine god, and often prayed to him when in peril.[1]

[1] This story would appear to be an extract from Neptune's log-book of salt yarns. It has certainly a highly maritime flavour. Heine seems to have met his match in this "friend." —*Translator.*

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Neptune, therefore, remained ruler of the waves, as Pluto, despite his being devilled, continued to govern the lower regions. It went better with them than with their brother Jupiter, the third son of Saturn, who after the fall of his father attained the sovereignty of heaven, and led, free from care, an ambrosial *régime* of joyousness with the splendid retinue of laughing gods, goddesses, and nymphs of honour.[1] When the sad catastrophe took place, and the rule of the cross, of suffering and sorrow, was proclaimed, the great Chronidas also fled and disappeared in the migration of races. All traces of him were lost, and I have questioned in vain old chronicles and old women—no one could give me tidings of his fate. With the same view I have rummaged and hunted through many libraries, where I had shown me the most magnificent manuscripts, adorned with gold and jewels—true odalisques in the havens of learning; and I thank with all my heart the literary eunuchs who guard them for the ungrumblingness, and even affability, with which they unlocked for me their shining treasures. But it seemed as if no popular tradition as to a mediæval Jupiter had been preserved, and all

[1] To which the French version adds, "Tous menaient joyeuse vie, repus d'ambroisie et nectar méprisant les manants attachés ici-bas à la glèbe, et n'ayant aucun souci du lendemain."

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which I forked up[1] consists of a story which my friend Niels Andersen told me. This was a man whose droll delightful figure rises in life before me as I write. To him I here devote a few lines, for I willingly indicate the sources whence my tales are derived, and set forth their peculiarities, that the kind reader may himself judge how far they deserve his confidence. Therefore a few words as to this particular source.

Niels Andersen, born at Drontheim in Norway, was one of the greatest whale-fishers whom I ever knew. I am deeply indebted to him for all my knowledge relating to his craft. He told me of all the tricks which the cunning animal employs to escape the fisherman, and confided to me the secrets of war by which those tricks are defeated. He taught me the trick of handling the harpoon; how one must push with the right knee against the forward edge of the boat when throwing the harpoon, and at the same time give a good kick to the sailor whose duty it is to pay out the harpoon rope, should he not let it go fast enough. All this I owe to him, and if I never become a great whaler myself the fault is neither Andersen's nor mine, but that of my evil destiny, which never allowed me in all my life to come

[1] *Aufgegabelt.* I have in no instance, I believe, given a cant or slang word which did not correspond to a similar expression in the text.—*Translator.*

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across a whale with which I could have a conflict worthy of me. I have met hitherto only common dun-fish[1] and—ill or well—red herrings. But what is the use of a harpoon against a herring? And now I must abandon all hopes of all fishery whatever, on account of my stiff leg. But when I first made the acquaintance of Niels at Ritzebuttel near Cuxhaven, he himself was not in best condition as to his feet, inasmuch as one of them was gone. A young shark by Senegal, who perhaps mistook his right leg for a stick of sugar-candy, had bitten it off, and poor Niels ever after had to hobble about on a wooden leg. His great delight was to sit on a hogshead and drum thereon with that wooden leg. Many a time did I help him to climb, and many a time too I refused to help him down until he had told me one of his marvellous salt-yarns.

As Mahomet Eln Mansur began all his poems by praising the horse, Niels Anderson prefaced his tales with an eulogy of the whale. Therefore the story which I here repeat commences with such exaltation.

"The whale," exclaimed Niels Andersen, "is not only the greatest but also the handsomest of animals. From his two nostrils spring great

[1] *Stockfische*, dried cod, called in America dun-fish. Also an equivalent for a stupid person in both words, German or Yankee.

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streams of water, which look like wonderful fountains, and which in the night, by moonshine, seem like magic. He is also good-natured, peaceable, and very fond of family life. It is a touching sight when father whale with his folk are gathered together on an enormous ice-flake, and young and old frolic and contend in loving and harmless games.[1] Very often they all jump together into the water to play at blind man's buff among the floating blocks of ice. The purity of manners and chastity of the whale are far more due to the ice-water in which they continually paddle their fins than to any moral principles. Nor can it be denied that they have no sense of religion, nay, are utterly wanting in it."

"I believe," I said, interrupting my friend, "that *that* is a mistake." I lately read a narrative by a Dutch missionary in which he describes the glory of creation as revealed in the high polar regions, when the sun rises and day shines on the stupendous and strange masses of ice. "These," he says, "which remind us of fairy-palaces of diamonds, afford such striking proofs of the power of God, that not only man but even the coarse

[1] Here the ancient mariner, or Heine himself, manifestly confounds the *walfisch* or whale with the *wallross* or walrus. A school of whales playing on the ice out of water, high and dry, would be indeed "a pensive sight." But "'tis nothing to what's a-coming."—*Translator.*

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natures of fish are so moved at the sight as to adore their Creator. "Yea," declares the *dominie*, "I have with my own eyes seen many whales who, leaning against a wall of ice, stood up and moved the upper part of their bodies after the fashion of people who pray."

Niels Andersen shook his head doubtfully. "He had himself seen," he said, "whales leaning against upright ice-blocks, making movements like such as we behold in the religious exercises of many sects, but he could not attribute such acts to piety." He explained the phenomenon physiologically, remarking that the whale—the Chimborazo of animals—has under his skin such an enormous layer of fat (blubber) that a single individual often yields from one hundred to a hundred and fifty barrels of tallow.[1] And this tallow is so thick that many hundred water-rats make their nests in him, while the great animal

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1 *Talg.* There is an insect which annoys the whale, but I believe that for all this romance of the rats Heine was entirely indebted to an epigram on Dussek the singer, which was in vogue in Paris in his days :—

"Le grand Dussek etait sigras,
Que des souris ou bien des rats,
Faisaient une carrière
Dans l'immensité de son derrière,
Et ils y firent leur carnival,
Sans qu'il sentit le moindre mal."

—*Translator.*

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sleeps on a flake of ice; and these creatures, which are infinitely larger and more voracious than our land-rats, lead a joyous life under the skin of the whale, where they by day and night eat the best of fat without leaving their nests. This revelling becomes at last somewhat annoying or intolerably painful to the unwilling host, who, not having hands like man wherewith to scratch himself when tickled, seeks to allay his pain by placing himself on the sharp edge of an ice-floe, and rubbing his back up and down against it, as dogs do when they scrape themselves against any board when they are afflicted with fleas. The honest Dominie mistook these movements for those of prayer and so ascribed them to piety, while they were merely caused by the orgies of rats. "The whale," said Niels Andersen, in concluding his proeme, "though he holds so much oil, is utterly wanting in the least sense of religion." It is indeed only among the middle-sized animals that one finds it, vast creatures like the whale are not endowed with this quality. What can be the cause of this? Is it because they cannot find a church sufficiently roomy or "broad" enough to receive them in its bosom? This monster honours neither the law nor the prophets; even the little prophet Jonas, whom he once heedlessly swallowed, went against his stomach, and after three days he spat him out. This magnificent animal no more

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adores the Lord our God than does the false heathen deity who lives on Rabbit Island near the North Pole, and whom he sometimes goes to visit.[1]

"What place is that—the Rabbit Island?" I asked Niels Andersen. He drummed awhile with his wooden leg on the hogshead, and answered:—

"Well, it was the island on which the thing happened which I am going to tell you. But I can't tell you exactly where it is. Nobody has ever been able to find it again since it was first discovered. Perhaps the great icebergs which float everywhere round it, and don't allow many approaches to it, have prevented ships from getting there. However, it may be a hundred years ago, the crew of a Russian whaler, driven there by storms, landed on it. Going ashore with a boat they found it a very desolate place. Broom plants waved sadly along the quicksands; only here and there grew a dwarf fir, or there

[1] Heine is here altogether at issue with the New England Primer, a school-book of the time of Charles II., still known in America, and which was the first work ever put into my hands. When I learned the alphabet from it I began by acquiring the information that "In Adam's Fall, we sinned all," and coming to W found that—

"Whales in the sea
Their Lord obey."

—*Translator.*

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were some worthless dwarf bushes. But they saw many rabbits jumping about, from which they called it Rabbit Island.

"At last they saw a poor hut, which showed that some human being dwelt there. Going into it they found a very old man, who, badly clothed in rabbit skins sewed together, sat on a stone bench by the fire-place warming his lean hands and tottering knees by a few burning twigs. By him at his right hand stood an immense bird, which seemed to be an eagle, but which time had gnawed so cruelly that only the long bristly quills of his wings remained, giving him a comic and yet horribly ugly look. On the left side of the old man cowered on the ground a very large hairless she-goat, which also seemed to be very old, though full udders with fresh and rosy nipples were on her belly.

"There were among these Russian sailors several Greeks, and one of them, not supposing that he would be understood by the old man, said to a comrade in Greek:—

"'This old fellow is either a ghost or an evil spirit.'

"But on hearing this the old man rose from his seat, and to their astonishment the sailors saw a tall and stately figure, who in spite of his age appeared to be of majestic or royal dignity, whose head almost touched the timbers of the

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roof—a man whose features, though wasted and worn, indicated that he had once been very handsome, for they were noble and strongly outlined. A few spare silver hairs hung over his forehead, which was stern with age and pride; his eyes gleamed sharply, though pale and staring, and from his high-curling mouth came forth in ancient Greek the sonorous and mournful words:—

"'You are wrong, young man. I am neither a ghost nor an evil spirit, but only an unfortunate being who has seen better days. But who are ye?'

"The sailors told him of the disaster which had befallen them, and asked for information concerning the place, but obtained very little. The old man said that he had lived since time immemorial on the island, whose bulwarks of ice protected him securely against bitter enemies. He lived chiefly by catching rabbits, and once a year when the icebergs were solidly frozen there came to him on sledges certain savages, to whom he sold his rabbit-skins, and who gave him in exchange the articles which he most needed. The whales, which often swam about the shore, were his favourite companions. But it gave him pleasure then to talk with them, for he was a Greek by birth, and therefore begged his fellow-countrymen to tell him something about the

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present condition of Greece. He seemed spitefully pleased to learn that the Cross had been torn from the battlements of the Greek cities, but less glad to know that the Crescent had taken its place. And it was very strange that none of the sailors knew the names of the cities of which the old man inquired, and which he said were flourishing in his time, nor did he recognise the names of the towns and villages of Greece of which they spoke. On this account he often shook his head sorrowfully, and they gazed at one another in amazement. But they observed that he knew the situation of every place in detail; the bays, the promontories, the cliffs, often even the smallest hills and little groups of rocks, so that his ignorance of the chief places caused the greatest wonder. Then he inquired of them with great interest, indeed with some anxiety, as to a certain great temple, which he declared had been in his time the most beautiful building in all Greece. Yet none of his listeners knew the name which the old man pronounced with tenderness, till at last, when he described its situation closely, a young sailor recognised the place.

"The young man said that the village where he was born stood on that very spot, and that he had in it long tended the swine of his father. There, as he declared, were really the ruins of

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very ancient buildings, which indicated a magnificence now departed. Only here and there stood a few great marble pillars, either singly or connected by the blocks of a pediment, from the fissures in which hung down blooming masses of honeysuckles and red bell-flowers, like tresses of hair. Other columns, among them several of rose-marble, lay broken on the ground, and the grass grew exuberantly on the magnificent capitals, which were carved in leaves and flowers. And there too were great four-cornered or triangular slabs of marble, which had covered the roof, lying here and there, half sunken in the ground, overshadowed by an immense wild fig-tree, which had grown from among the fragments. The youth related that he had often passed hours under the shadow of that tree, looking at the wondrous figures in high relief on the sculptured stones, which represented all kinds of games and conflicts, but which were full sadly worn, as if by time, or overgrown with moss and ivy wild. His father, whom he had questioned as to the meaning of all these columns and images, had replied that they were the remains of an ancient temple, in which a heathen god of evil fame had dwelt in days of yore, who was given, not only to the most naked and shameless debauchery, but who also practised unnatural crime and incest; yet the blind heathen ever held him in such reverence

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that they often sacrificed to him hundreds of oxen at once. And that the basined marble block into which the blood of the victims ran was there before his eyes, and it was that very stone trough in which he fed his pigs with offal or gave them drink.

"When the young man had said this the grey-beard sighed bitterly, and then manifesting the greatest grief sank, as if heart-broken, on his stone seat, covered his face with both hands, and wept like a child. The great bird screamed horribly, and flapping his monstrous wings threatened the strangers with beak and claws. But the old goat licked the hand of her master, and bleated sorrowfully, as if to soothe him.

"An uncanny dread seized the sailors, they hastened from the hut, and felt relieved when they no longer heard the sobs of the old grey man, the screams of the bird, and the bleating of the she-goat. When returned to the ship they told the tale. Among others on board was a learned Russian, professor of the philosophical faculty of the University of Kasan, and he declared, placing his forefinger knowingly on his nose, that the discovery was of great import, for the old man on the Island of Rabbits could be none other than the ancient deity, Jupiter, son of Saturn and Rhea, once the king of all the gods. The bird at his right side was probably

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the eagle who once bore the terrible lightnings in his talons. And the old she-goat could be no other person than Amalthea, the old nurse who had suckled the god long since in Crete, and which now in exile again fed him with her milk."

Such was the story of Neils Andersen, and I confess that it filled my soul with sorrow. I will not deny that what he had already told me of the secret sufferings of the whales had greatly excited my sympathy. Poor colossal beast! There is no help for thee against the despicable rabble of rats which have nested in thee and gnaw thee continually, and whom thou must bear about with thee for life, though thou shouldst flee in despair from the northern to the southern pole, and rub thee on the icy corners of the bergs! It is all of no avail, and withal thou hast not the consolation of religion! And such rats gnaw at every great being on this earth, and the gods themselves must at last go in shame to sorrow and a lowly end. Such is the will of the iron law of fate, and unto it the grandest and highest of immortals must bow in suffering. He whom Homer sung and Phidias did counterfeit in gold and ivory, he who had but to wink to crush the world, he who had folded in his passionate arms Leda, Alcmena, Semele, Danae, Kallisto, Io, Leto, Europa — he must after all hide at the

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North Pole behind icebergs, and trade in rabbit-skins like a beggarly Savoyard!

I doubt not that there are many people who would take spiteful pleasure in such a spectacle. Such folk are possibly the descendants of the unfortunate oxen who were slaughtered in hecatombs on the altars of Jupiter. Rejoice, oh rejoice, ye children of cattle, for the blood of your ancestors, the sacrifice unto superstition is avenged! But we who have no hereditary grudge are shocked at the sight of fallen grandeur, and devote to it the deepest pity of our hearts. This susceptibility hinders us perhaps from imparting to the narrative that air of seriousness which is the charm of history; only in a degree can we master that gravity which is only to be attained in France. Modestly, therefore, do we commend ourselves to the kind indulgence of the reader, for whom we ever manifest the utmost respect, and therewith we conclude the first part of our history of "The Gods in Exile."[1]

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[1] As Heine certainly intended to continue or enlarge this work no fault can be found as regards incompleteness. Otherwise it might be suggested that it should have contained the marvellous legend which he had doubtless read in Prætorius that Vulcan still lives in Mount Etna, and that he was once seen going with a gang of his men on the 22nd May, 1536, up to the summit. Being interrogated by a merchant, Vulcan replied that he was going to work, after which he entered the crater. And that night and the next day there was a terrible eruption. The god

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was at his anvil. There are also curious legends of Diana, who is still Queen of the Witches in Tuscany, and in fact quite a number of analogous tales. It should, however, be fairly and honestly indicated to the reader who is really interested in folk-lore that our author in this work is only to be taken half-seriously, and that the whole story of Jupiter is possibly a mystification or joke. I do not think he meant by it anything worse.

It happened by a most extraordinary coincidence that while engaged in translating this work I made a discovery which would have doubtless delighted Heine, and been of signal assistance in giving him material for "The Gods in Exile." This was that in La Toscana Romagna, a very little known and remote mountain district lying between Forli and Ravenna, and which appears to have been as yet unexplored by folk-lorists, there are still preserved, chiefly in certain families and among certain old people, an incredible amount of very ancient legends, poems, incantations, and sorceries. Among these, as I was not a little astonished to learn, are names of the principal old Etruscan deities, in most instances but slightly changed, and also the invocations or prayers which are still occasionally offered to them. Among the *spiriti* or *folletti* thus reverenced are *Tinia* or Jupiter; *Faflon*, the ancient Fufluns or Bacchus; *Teramo, i.e.*, Turms, or Mercury; *Tago*—Tages—*Aplu*, or Apollo; *Turana*, or Venus; and others who are all perfectly identified by the attributes and stories or prayers referring to them. In addition to these are also preserved the names of a number of the Roman minor rural gods, such as Fanio or Faunus, Silvano or Silvanus, Palo or Palus, &c. The material which I collected on this and other very closely allied subjects makes a very large work. Jupiter in this lore is still, even at this end of the nineteenth century, the terrible spirit who wields the thunder-bolts and directs the storm; Faflon-Bacchus laughs behind the vines and plays tricks on the vintagers, while Teramo-Mercury aids merchants, thieves, and messengers, including among the latter those who send letters by means of carrier-pigeons, for whom there is a special invocation. The stories narrated by the recorders of this very ancient mythology are every whit as interesting or curious as those told by Heine, and are far more

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numerous. Thus in a certain way the gods still live in Tuscany, even as of yore. I propose to publish my collections on this subject with comments in a work which I provisionally entitle "Etruscan and Roman Remains in Tuscan Traditions." The resemblance, or in fact identity, of this subject with that of the present work by Heine will, I sincerely trust, prove a sufficient excuse for my speaking of it.—*Translator.*

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THE GODDESS DIANA.

A SUPPLEMENT TO

THE GODS IN EXILE.

1853.

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PREFACE TO "THE GODDESS DIANA."

THE following pantomime originated in the same manner as my choreographic poem "Faust." During a conversation with Mr. Lumley, the director of the Queen's Theatre, London, he expressed a desire that I would suggest to him the subjects for ballets, which would afford the opportunity to make a great display of magnificence in decoration and costumes, and when I offhand suggested several, among which was the legend of Diana, the latter seemed to the clever and brilliant impresario to be what he wanted, and he begged me to sketch a *mise en scène* of the whole. This was done in the following light outlines, to which I devoted no further work, because it was subsequently ascertained that it could not be used. I publish it here, not to increase my fame, but to prevent the jackdaws who from everywhere come sniffing after me from dressing themselves up too proudly in the peacock's plumes of another. The fable of my pantomime is substantially given in the first part of the preceding work, from

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which many a Maestro Bartholomew has stolen many a pint of new wine.[1] I also publish this Diana legend here as the fittest place, because it directly closes and fits to the cyclus of tales of "The Gods in Exile," and relieves me from the necessity of making further remarks in explanation of it.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *March* 1, 1854.

[1] In allusion to a well-known proverb, "Er weiss wo Bartel den Most holt," "He knows where Bartel got the new wine." As "Bartel" is the nickname for Bartholomew, this saying is explained by the fact that about the day of the saint of that name, *Most*, or new wine, begins to ripen or mature. It has many applications. Analogous to it are the following: "He knows whence the water runs to the mill," "He knows where the devil has his nest," "He knows where the cat got the dough" (Suabian).—*Translator.*

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FIRST TABLEAU.

A VERY ancient decaying temple of Diana. The ruins are still in tolerable preservation, only here and there is a column broken away. Through a cleft in the roof the crescent moon and something of the evening sky are perceptible. To the right a forest, to the left an altar with a statue of the goddess Diana. Her nymphs are crouching here and there on the ground in careless groups, apparently rather vexed and *ennuyée.* Now and then one of them leaps up, dances a few paces, and seems to be absorbed in joyous memories. Others join her and execute ancient dances. At last they all dance round the statue of Diana — half-jestingly, half-solemnly, as if rehearsing for some festival of the temple. They light the lamps and twine garlands.

Diana, dressed in the well-known huntress costume in which she is also represented in the statue, suddenly enters from the woods. She seems to be as frightened as a flying fawn, and narrates to her nymphs how some one has pursued her.

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She is in a great excitement of distress or fear, and yet not from them alone. She looks continually at the forest, and at last, seeing her pursuer, hides herself behind her own statue.

A young German knight enters. He is seeking the goddess. Her nymphs dance round him in order to distract his attention from the statue of their mistress. They caress or threaten, and at last wrestle and struggle with him, while he sportively defends himself. At last he frees himself from them, sees the statue, raises his arms to it, throws himself at its feet, and devotes himself to her service for ever, life and soul. He sees on the altar a knife, a sacrificial cup. A terrible thought pierces him. He remembers that the goddess once loved human sacrifices, and in the intoxication of his passion he seizes the knife and goblet. He is just about to pour out his blood as a libation, the point of the steel is at his heart, when the true and living goddess leaps from her hiding-place, grasps his arm, takes the knife from his hands, and both look deeply into one another's eyes during a long pause with mutual amazement, thrillingly enraptured, yearning, trembling, death-defying, full of love. In a *pas de deux* they avoid and seek each other, but always to come together again, to again fall into each other's arms. At last they sit caressingly together like happy children on

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the pedestal of the statue, while the nymphs dance in chorus round, and manifest by their pantomime what it seems the lovers are saying. For Diana meantime is telling the knight that the old gods are not dead, but concealed in mountain caves and ruined temples, where they make nocturnal visits to one another and hold festivals.

There is suddenly heard charming and soft music, and Apollo and the Muses enter. He plays them a song, and his companions dance a beautiful, regularly marked circle around Diana and the knight. The music becomes louder, wild and exciting motives mingle in it, with cymbals and beat of drum, indicating the approach of Bacchus, who makes a joyous entrance with his satyrs and bacchanals. He rides on a tame lion, accompanied to the right by plump Silenus on an ass. There is a wild and reckless dance of this troop, who with vine-leaves or serpents in their flowing locks, or wearing golden crowns, swing and flourish their thyrses, and execute those arrogant, incredible, in fact, impossible postures,[1] which we see on ancient vases

[1] Heine in the "Faust" may be said to have taxed the patience of the stage-manager and property-man beyond all endurance. Here he literally exacts the impossible from the chorus girls. We are, however, assured on good authority that "the word 'impossible' is not French," and it is perhaps in this French sense that it is to be understood. It may, however, be

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or in bas-reliefs. Bacchus dismounts to the lovers, and invites them to his joyous ceremonies. They rise and dance a *pas de deux* of intoxicating rapture, in which Apollo and Bacchus, with all their train, including the nymphs of Diana, join.

---

here observed that however "impossible" they seemed to Heine, there is not a single feat or attitude, however extravagant, depicted on Etruscan or Greek vases which is not outdone by dancing girls to-day in Egypt.—*Translator.*

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SECOND TABLEAU.

A GREAT hall in a Gothic castle. Servants in variegated gaily-coloured armorial suits are busy with preparation for a ball. To the left a platform or estrade, filled with musicians tuning their instruments. To the right a high arm-chair, on which sits the knight, brooding and melancholy. By him is his wife in closely-fitting, chatelaine costume, with lace ruff, and his jester with fool's-cap and wooden sword. Both endeavour ineffectually to cheer the knight by their dancing. The chatelaine expresses by a respectful, regularly measured step her conjugal tenderness, and becomes almost sentimental; the jester parodies this to extravagance, making absurdly wild jumps. The musicians play in accordance irregular and distracted airs. A peal of trumpets is heard without, and there enters a grand procession of guests, knights and ladies, who are rather formal and stiff figures, in the most extravagant style of dress of the Middle Age—the men martially rough and awkward, the women affected, moral, and simpering. As they enter the lord of the castle

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rises, and there is a mutual interchange of the most ceremonious bowings and courtesies. The knight and his lady open the ball with a majestically grave German waltz. The chancellor and his secretary advance in black official costume, their breasts covered with gold chains, bearing lighted wax candles. They dance the well-known torch-dance, while the jester jumps up into the orchestra, seizes the baton, and leads, beating time sarcastically.

Trumpet peals are again heard, and a servant announces that unknown masqueraders desire to be admitted. The knight makes a sign of assent, the doors in the flat open, and there enter three processions of disguised persons, among whom are several who bear musical instruments. The leader of the first train plays on a lyre. These tones seem to awaken strange and sweet memories in the knight, and all the bystanders listen amazed. While this first leader plays the lyre, his troop dance gaily round. From the second band come several with cymbals and tambourines. At the sound of this music the wildest feelings of delight seem to inspire the knight; he snatches a tambourine from one of the masks, and while playing on it dances, adding thus to the mad and merry crowd. In the same wild manner do the *personæ* of the second train, who hold thyrses in their hands, dance and leap about him. A still greater

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astonishment seizes the knight and the ladies, and the lady of the castle can hardly contain herself for modest amazement. Only the jester, who comes leaping from the orchestra, seems to most perfectly and delightedly seize the spirit of such merriment, and dances with lascivious capers. But suddenly the masked person who leads the third procession advances to the knight and imperiously commands him to follow her. The lady of the castle seems to be deeply disturbed or shocked at this mask, and advancing to the latter seems to ask her who she may be. The latter throws away her mask and cloak, and appears as Diana in her hunting dress. The others also now cast away their disguises; they are Apollo and the Muses, who form the first array, the second is made by Bacchus and his company, the third is of Diana and her nymphs. At the sight of the goddess revealed, the knight throws himself at her feet, seeming to implore her not to forsake him. The jester does the same, as if entreating her to take him away too. Diana commands silence, dances her divinest and noblest step, and makes the knight understand by signs that she is going to the Venusberg, where he will subsequently find her. The chatelaine gives vent to her anger in the wildest leaps, and we see a *pas de deux* in which Greek and heathen divine joyousness dances a duel with German spiritual domestic virtue.

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Diana, weary of such competition, casts contemptuous glances at the whole assembly, and departs with her companions through the centre door. The knight in desperation will follow her, but is held back by his lady, her maids, and all the servants. Without the wild Bacchantic music is heard, while in the hall the formal and stately torch-dance still goes on.

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THIRD TABLEAU.

A WILD mountain region. To the right, fantastic groups of trees and part of a lake. To the left, a projecting steep cliff in which a large door is seen. The knight wanders about distractedly, seeming to invoke heaven and earth and all nature to restore him his love. Undines rise from the lake and dance round him in a solemn but seductive manner. They wear long veils, and are adorned with pearls and coral. They wish to entice the knight into their watery realm, but the sylphs or spirits of air sweep downwards from the foliage of the trees and restrain him with joyous wanton will. The Undines leaving him, sink in the lake.

The sylphs are clad in clear light colours, and wear green garlands on their heads. They dance lightly and gaily round the knight. They rally him, console him, and would bear him away to the realm of air, when the ground opens before him, and there come storming forth the subterranean sprites, or little gnomes, with long white beards and short swords in their

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small hands. They hew at the sylphs, who fly away like frightened birds. A few of them flutter up into the trees, where they rock on the branches, and before they take their flight into the air mock the gnomes, who threaten them with fierce gestures.

The gnomes dance about the knight, seeming to exhort him to courage, and to wish to inspire in him their own ill-tempered daring. They show him how a man should fight, and form a sword-dance, acting arrogantly, like conquerors of the world, when all at once appear the salamanders, and at the mere sight of these the gnomes creep back rapidly, and in abject terror sink into the earth.

The salamanders are slender and tall men and women, in closely-fitting garments, fiery red. They all bear large crowns of gold, with sceptres and emblems of royalty in their hands. They dance round the knight with glowing passion, they offer him also a crown and a sceptre, and he is whirled away with them into the flaming air, which would have consumed him, when all at once the sound of hunting-horns is heard, and the Wild Hunt is seen in the background. The knight tears himself away from the spirits of fire, who flash forth a fire as of rockets and vanish; the knight, freed from them, extends his arms to the lady leader of the Wild Hunt.

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This is Diana. She sits on a snow-white horse, and beckons to the knight with joyous greeting. Behind her ride—also on white horses—her nymphs, as well as all the host of divinities who previously appeared in the ancient temple; or Apollo with the Muses, and Bacchus with his jovial crew. The rear-guard on winged horses consists of the great poets of antiquity and of the Middle Age, as well as beautiful women of the latter period. Winding their way about the summits of the hills, the train at last advances to the front, and enters the open gate to the left.

Diana, however, dismounting from her horse, remains by the knight, who is intoxicated with happiness. The two manifest their joy at meeting again by enraptured dances. Diana shows the knight the portal in the cliff, and explains to him that this is the entrance to the Venusberg, the home of all pleasure and delight. She will lead him in as in triumph, when all at once there advances towards him an old white-bearded warrior in harness from head to foot, who holds the knight back, warning him against the danger which his soul will incur in the heathen Venusberg. But as the knight pays no attention to the well-meant remonstrances, the grey warrior, who is called the trusty Eckhart, draws his sword and challenges the latter to duel. The knight accepts,

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and bids Diana not to interfere, but he is slain at the first passage of arms. The trusty Eckhart totters away clumsily, probably rejoicing that he has at least saved the soul of the knight. Diana, despairing and disconsolate, wails over the corpse.

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FOURTH TABLEAU.

The Venusberg, a subterranean palace, the architecture and ornament of which are in the Renaissance style, but more fantastic, and recalling an Arab fairy-tale. Corinthian pillars, whose capitals change into flowers, forming leafy passages, and exotic flowers in tall marble vases, which are adorned with antique bas-reliefs. On the walls are pictures representing the loves of Venus. Golden candelabras and hanging lamps spread a magic light, and everything has a character of enchanted luxury. Here and there are groups of people, who lounge lazily on the ground or play at chess, while others play at ball, or practise with arms in mock-combats. Knights and ladies stroll together in couples, talking of love. Their costumes are of the most different epochs, for they are the celebrated men and women of the antique and mediæval world whom popular tradition has placed in the Venusberg, either from their reputation for sensual pleasure, or romance. Thus among the ladies we see the beautiful Helen of Sparta, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Herodias, and,

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strangely enough, Judith, the slayer of the noble Holofernes—also many heroines of Breton lays. Among the men we see prominent Alexander of Macedon, the poet Ovid, Julius Cæsar, Dietrich of Bern (Verona), King Arthur, Ogier the Dane, Amadis of Gaul, Friedrich II., Von Hohenstaufen, Klingsohr of Hungary, Gottfried of Strasburg, and Wolfgang Goethe.[1] They all wear the costume of their age and rank, nor are there wanting ecclesiastical decorations which indicate men holding the highest offices of the Church.

The music expresses the sweetest *dolce far niente*, but it suddenly changes to a voluptuous burst of joy. Venus appears with her *cavaliere servente*, the Tannhäuser. These two, very slightly clad, with rose-wreaths on their heads, dance a very lascivious *pas de deux*, which almost suggests the forbidden dances of the present day. They seem to quarrel while dancing, to jeer, to sneer, to turn their backs in mockery of each other, and suddenly to be reconciled by an imperishable love, which is by no means, however, based on mutual respect. Others join the dance in a similar reckless manner, and there are most extravagant quadrilles.

This wild merriment is, however, suddenly inter-

[1] To which a grateful posterity should now, in all conscience, add the name of Heinrich Heine.—*Translator.*

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rupted. A piercing music as of lamentation is heard. The goddess Diana rushes in with flying hair, making gestures of agony, while behind come her nymphs bearing the body of the knight, which is placed in the centre, while the goddess places with loving care a silken cushion beneath its head. Diana dances in extreme despair, with every indication of tragic passion, without any indication of gallantry or caprice. She invokes her friend Venus to raise the knight from death. But the latter indicates her inability to do so by shrugging her shoulders. Diana casts herself madly on the body, and bedews with tears and covers with kisses his stiff cold hands and feet.

The music changes, as if announcing peace, and a happy harmonious end. Apollo appears with the Muses to the left. The music changes again to exulting joy, and to the right appears Bacchus with his crew of revellers. Apollo tunes his lyre, and while playing dances with the Muses around the dead knight. At hearing the sound, the latter awakens as if from a heavy sleep, rubs his eyes, gazes about him as if amazed, but relapses into his death-like insensibility. Bacchus now seizes a tambourine, and, surrounded by his maddest Bacchantæ, dances round the knight. A mighty inspiration seems to possess the lord of life and joy, he almost bursts the tambourine. These melodies again arouse the

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knight from the cold sleep of death, and he raises himself to a sitting position, slowly, however, and with yearning, opened mouth. Bacchus takes a cup filled with wine by one of the Sileni and pours some into the knight's mouth. The latter has hardly swallowed the draught before he leaps up, as if new-born, from the ground, shakes his limbs, and begins a reckless and intoxicated dance. The goddess Diana is also once more joyous and happy; she snatches a thyrsus from the hands of a Bacchante, and joins in the rejoicing and wild ecstasy of the knight. The whole assembly share in the happiness of the lovers, and celebrate in continued quadrilles his revival from death. Both Diana and the knight kneel at last at the feet of Lady Venus, who places her own wreath of roses on the head of Diana, and that of Tannhäuser on the head of the knight. Magnificent transfiguration.[1]

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[1] As Heine places this pantomime of Diana after the "Gods in Exile," and expressly declares that it is connected with, or forms part of that work, it may not be uncalled for to mention that the tradition of Diana as an existent being was very generally and commonly sustained in Italy during the Middle Age, and that, as I have abundant proof, there are many now living who believe in the existence of witches, of whom she is the acknowledged queen. Grillandus, Pipernus, and in fact almost all the writers on witchcraft of the sixteenth centuries, basing their statements partly on the confession of innumerable witches, and partly on old chronicles, inform us that all these

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latter declared that they meet at the Sabbath to worship, not the devil, but Diana and Herodias—a coupling of names which amused and puzzled Horst, to whom, by the way, Heine was deeply indebted, and to whom he makes scant acknowledgment, Horst having been truly the first to treat such folk-lore in a genial and singularly liberal style, based on vast erudition. Horst was not aware that the Herodias in question was vastly older than the danseuse of the New Testament, having been an ancient Shemitic duplicate of Lilith, who in turn, as queen of all sorcery, was a counterpart, or the same with the true Diana, the sovereign of the night—the cat-queen, who drove the starry mice, the Hecate ancestress of the German Hecse—Hexe—or witches. Diana was in fact specially adored by all sorceresses—in Egypt as Bubastis, in Italy by her own name—as their mistress and ruler, and is well known as such to this day, as I have learned not only from books but from a fortune-teller in Florence, who had learned it as a peasant girl in the country. The colleague of Diana, or rather her identity, Herodias, borrowed, however, as goddess of dancing, a great deal from the lady of the New Testament, but did not *begin* with her.

It happened one day that the fortune-teller gave me an old recipe with which I had been familiar from boyhood, "for making the tree of Diana, *la magia delle strege*" (the magic mistress of the witches). It had been preserved as a rare secret of sorcery among the initiated or *adepti*, on account of the name of Diana. It is a secret which may be found in "The Boy's Own Book," and it derives its name from the silver which with nitric acid enter into its composition. But anything which bears the very name of Diana has to this day a strange, unholy, delightful fascination for those in Tuscany who tread the darksome paths of divination and sorcery.—*Translator.*

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Telegraphic Address:
Sunlocks, London.

21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
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